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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CXXVIII.

JULY, 1845.

ART. I. — *The Library of American Biography*; conducted by JARED SPARKS. Second Series. Vol. IV. Boston: Charles C. Little & James Brown. 1845. 12mo. pp. 446.

THIS volume of Mr. Sparks's "Library of American Biography" contains memoirs of three persons who, though for very different reasons, deserve to be ever freshly remembered by the American people. They are Roger Williams, Timothy Dwight, and Count Pulaski. Especially are we pleased to see a new life of Roger Williams, ably and tastefully written by Professor Gammell, of Brown University. Before the appearance of this biography, the only memoir of Roger Williams of any value was that by the late Mr. Knowles. He was the first American writer to do justice to the great merits of the founder of the State of Rhode Island. His work, elaborately though not elegantly written, minute in its details, and learned in the knowledge both of its subject and of early New England history, left to the subsequent biographer but little chance of throwing additional light upon the life or character of Williams. Mr. Gammell, though he has consulted all the works of our Colonial history relating to his theme, has not found occasion, in any important points, to correct the statements made, or, in the main, to vary from the opinions expressed, by his predecessor. The memoir which he has prepared, as its position in a series of popular biographies required, is more brief, and more closely confined to the life of the individual. The writer has shown more skill in the selection and ar-

rangement of his materials, equal soundness of judgment in the views of individual character and of colonial policy, and very commendable impartiality in the narration of events the history of which has been too often distorted and colored by prejudice or malevolence. The style is remarkably well suited to a work of this kind. It is chaste, easy, and animated, showing the taste and skill of an accomplished and accurate scholar. The portrait of the character of Williams gives us a vivid and distinct conception of the man in the different stages of his eventful career, and in his various relations to the times in which he lived; and it deserves — much more, we suspect, than the delineation of his features on the title-page of this volume — to be hung up in no inferior place among the illustrious figures which compose the gallery of early American history.

According to traditions which seem to be entitled to credit, Roger Williams was born in Wales, in the year 1599, and of parents in the middle ranks of life. He early removed, however, into another part of England, bearing with him, no doubt, pleasant recollections of a boyhood spent among the mountains. The eager, inquisitive boy is said to have attracted the favorable notice of Sir Edward Coke, and to have been educated by him at the University of Oxford. This connection, it is believed, continued for a long time, and Williams afterwards corresponded with a daughter of the great jurist; but his opening mind certainly could not have received the seeds of his subsequent opinions from intercourse with one who openly declared that "to advise toleration was little short of high-treason." Under the direction of this distinguished patron, Williams is reported to have turned his attention to the study of the law; but he afterwards relinquished it for the more congenial profession of divinity; and, before leaving England, was admitted to orders in the established church, if not appointed to the charge of a parish.

Williams did not come to this country until he had passed the thirty-first year of his age. His early life, accordingly, was spent amid the stirring scenes which were then fast preparing the way for the outbreak of the Revolution. He grew up as the friend of Cotton and Hooker, and the contemporary, if not the associate, of Vane and Cromwell, to the latter of whom he is reputed to have been distantly re-

lated. The principles of religious freedom inculcated by Wickliffe, and the seeds of political liberty planted during the latter years of the reign of Elizabeth and the early part of the reign of James, were then rapidly springing up in the form of new opinions and new institutions. The English Anabaptists, inheriting the germs of their free opinions from the Lollards, had declared, in a confession of faith published as early as the year 1611, that "the magistrate is not to meddle with religion, or matters of conscience, nor to compel men to this or that form of religion; because Christ is the King or Lawgiver of the church and conscience." Many of the Puritans had already asserted, that "the ministers of the gospel ought to be maintained by the voluntary contributions of the people, and that the civil power had no right to make or impose ecclesiastical laws." From the moment that James crossed the Tweed, the Catholics, as well as the Puritans, ceased not to harass him with petitions for religious toleration. In Scotland, the clergy were discussing the authority of civil magistrates, inculcating principles of resistance to despotic sovereigns, and endeavouring to establish a republican form of church government. In the neighbouring kingdom of Holland, the Arminians were openly disputing the supremacy of the established faith of Calvin, and filling the public ear with new notions respecting grace and predestination, universal redemption and free will. And in the new world recently discovered across the ocean, there had just been established an asylum for the fugitives from religious and political persecution in Europe.

Growing up to manhood under influences like these, Williams was early prepared to maintain the peculiar principles which afterwards governed his life; and when the good ship *Lion*, with "Mr. Williams, a godly minister," on board, anchored at Nantasket, on the 5th of February, 1631, he was ready to assert, to its fullest extent, the inalienable freedom of conscience in his new home.

The settlements then forming the Colony of Massachusetts Bay had been made two or three years previously. The civil code established by the colonists was founded on the institutes of Moses; crime was punished according to the laws of Scripture, rather than the laws of England; and though a republic in form, the infant state was governed by the spirit of the Jewish theocracy. The state was second-

ary to the church. Its principal use was considered to be that of securing the privilege of religious worship, and maintaining the purity of Christian faith. Every inhabitant was compelled to contribute, in proportion to his ability, to the support of religion; and very soon after the founding of the colony, it was "ordered and agreed, that, for time to come, no man should be admitted to the freedom of the body politic, but such as are members of some of the churches within the limits of the same." Thus church and state were closely united.

Such were the fundamental principles of the community of which Williams became a member on landing upon these shores. His own opinions on the subject of civil and ecclesiastical government were, in many particulars, directly at variance with them. Nor was it long before his peculiar views were boldly set forth. A few weeks after his arrival, when he was invited to become an assistant to the pastor of the church at Salem, the Colonial authorities remonstrated against the appointment, on the ground, that "Mr. Williams had refused to join with the congregation at Boston, because they would not make a public declaration of their repentance for having communion with the churches of England, while they lived there; and besides, had declared his opinion that the magistrate might not punish a breach of the Sabbath, nor any other offence, as it was a breach of the first table." What his views were on the first of these points is not exactly known. The Puritans of Massachusetts Bay had never formally renounced their connection with the church of England. Some of them, up to the period of their leaving that country, though opposed to the ritual, and grieved at the corruptions of the mother church, had not become open separatists; while others, even at the moment of their departure, had gratefully acknowledged themselves as her children. They had, in fact, all dissolved their connection with the church at home by coming to this country; but they had never publicly testified their repentance for the previous existence of such a connection. Nor does there appear any good reason why they should have done so. It seems to us, supposing the account we have of the matter to be correct, that Mr. Williams, being a new comer, may well be considered as having shown a disposition to meddle in matters without the limits of his responsibility,

when he insisted that this step should be taken by the Massachusetts churches. The second charge against him, of advocating the doctrine of the freedom of conscience, was certainly well founded ; but it will not, at the present day, be imputed to him as a fault.

The remonstrance of the magistrates did not change the minds of the church at Salem ; and Williams was settled as their minister on the 12th of April, 1631. In the month following, say both of his biographers, he took the usual oath of allegiance prescribed on the admission of freemen to the colony. But this statement, we think, must be a mistake. Williams regarded the taking of an oath as an act of worship, which a Christian might indeed perform of his own accord, but to which he could not be compelled by the civil magistrate ; for, said he, "persons may as well be forced unto any part of the worship of God as unto this." Besides, it was at the meeting of the Court on the 19th of October, 1630, almost four months before his arrival in the country, that the name of Roger Williams appears on a list of one hundred and eight persons "desiring to be made freemen." Upon this list, all who were ministers had the title of "Mr." prefixed to their name, while that of Roger Williams was not so distinguished. We think there must have been another person of the same name, who came over in 1630, and was one of the fifteen persons, mentioned in the Colony Records, who composed the jury empanelled to inquire into the circumstances of the death of one Austin Brutcher.

Mr. Williams's stay in Salem was short. Though respected and beloved by his congregation, he was constantly harassed by the magistrates and elders of the Colony on account of his obnoxious sentiments ; and therefore, at the expiration of a few months, with the hope of finding elsewhere a more agreeable field of labor, he removed to the neighbouring colony of Plymouth. This settlement was much more liberal in its policy than that of the Bay ; the Pilgrims had purified themselves, after their connection with the English church, by a residence in Holland ; and Williams was therefore well received by them. However, he soon found himself, by reason of his peculiar opinions, ill at ease as an assistant to the Plymouth pastor ; and receiving, in 1633, an invitation to return to his former charge

in Salem, he asked for his dismission. Though several persons were anxious not to be deprived of his acceptable ministrations, yet, as he was beginning to be suspected of "Anabaptism," his request to be dismissed was not denied.

The second residence of Williams in Salem was made more uneasy than the first. Reëstablished in the office of an assistant to the pastor of the church, he began with setting his face against a meeting of the ministers of the Colony, who were in the habit of assembling for mutual improvement, — fearing, as it was said, "that it might grow, in time, to a presbytery, or superintendency, to the prejudice of the churches' liberties." The apprehension in this particular case was groundless; though it must be confessed that a person of Williams's strong democratic opinions might reasonably have looked with suspicion upon an association of ministers who had so much to do with politics, as had those of the Massachusetts Colony. Another matter, which involved Williams in difficulty with the Colonial government, was a treatise which he had written at Plymouth, and presented to the governor and council; wherein, says Governor Winthrop, "he disputed their right to the land they possessed, and concluded, that, claiming by the king's grant, they could have no title, nor otherwise, except they compounded with the natives." This treatise, written in another Colony and retained in the privacy of his own desk, Williams was required to submit to the governor of Massachusetts for his examination; and was afterwards summoned to appear in Court to receive censure for the same. Contrary to what might have been expected, he obeyed this order, and offered his manuscript to be burned, though he must have thought that the conduct of the authorities was in the highest degree inquisitorial and despotic. It was also objected to him, that he preached upon the duty of women's wearing veils in church; and that, by a discourse on the unlawfulness of all Popish symbols, he instigated Mr. Endicot, one of the Salem magistrates, to order the cross to be cut out of the king's colors. But the most serious charges brought against him were made after he had been raised to the office of teacher of the church, on the death of the elder pastor, Mr. Skelton. At that period, hardly a session of the Court took place, but that he was summoned before it to

give an account of his opinions, or to receive censure for them. At one time, it was for calling in question the validity of the king's patent; at another, for "usual terming the churches of England antichristian"; then, for publicly teaching, that "a magistrate ought not to tender an oath to an unregenerate man," and opposing the introduction of the unlawful "Freeman's Oath." While the Bay churches still maintained a connection with the mother church of England, we find him pronouncing its "bloody tenet of persecution most lamentably contrary to the doctrine of Christ." When the authorities enacted a law requiring every man to attend public worship, and to contribute towards its support, he asserted that the civil power "extended only to the bodies, and goods, and outward estates of men." The Court unjustly refusing to allow a claim of the people of Salem to a certain tract of land, Williams appealed from their decision to the people, and, in conjunction with his church, wrote "letters of admonition unto all the churches, whereof any of the magistrates were members, that they might admonish the magistrates of their injustice." In the issue of this matter, the town having been disfranchised for its independent course, Williams, more moved than became his office or himself, declared to his people, "that, if they would not separate as well from the churches of New England, as of Old, he would separate from them." And finally, when the Boston ministers sent a committee to Salem "to deal" with him, he disputed their ecclesiastical jurisdiction; and instead of retracting his principles, boldly told them that he was "ready to be bound, and banished, and even to die in New England."

The difficulties between Williams and the Colonial authorities were thus brought to a crisis. The people of Salem refused to follow him in his extremity of opposition to the government, and even his wife, disapproving of his course, assailed him with reproaches; his health, also, seemed about to fail. Summoned before the General Court, he was charged with maintaining, "First, That the magistrate ought not to punish the breach of the first table, otherwise than in such cases as did disturb the civil peace; Secondly, That he ought not to tender an oath to an unregenerate man; Thirdly, That he ought not to pray with such, though wife, child, &c.; Fourthly, That a man ought not to give thanks after

sacrament, nor after meat." Upon this accusation no verdict was rendered until the next session of the Court, that Williams might have time to repent, and mend his life. But he stood firm on what he conceived to be the "rocky strength of his grounds"; and having been found guilty of having "broached and divulged divers new and dangerous opinions against the authority of magistrates; as also writ letters of defamation, both of the magistrates and churches," he was finally sentenced to leave the colony within six weeks. Though sentenced, Williams was not silenced. He withdrew to the sanctuary of his own house, and there set forth his obnoxious doctrines to all comers, — and they were not a few. At length, it being rumored that he had planned the founding of a colony upon Narraganset Bay, the government determined to send him forthwith to England; and, for the execution of this purpose, again ordered him before the Court at Boston. Williams refused to obey the summons, alleging his ill health as a reason. Thereupon a pinnace was sent round to Salem, with orders for his apprehension and conveyance on board a ship then ready to sail for England. It was too late. When the officers arrived at his house, the object of their search was already a wanderer in the woods, and a pensioner upon the bounty of the red men.

The course of Williams at Salem cannot be altogether justified. He was unbecomingly forward in requiring the congregation at Boston publicly to acknowledge the sin of having been united with the church of England, as a condition of his communing with them; and he manifested a contentious temper in urging his people at Salem to withdraw from all fellowship with their Christian brethren of the Colony. But on the other hand, it cannot be said that Williams committed any *crime* against society. It was not for any *overt act* that he was banished, but for the *expression of opinions*. He had preached against Popish symbols, but he had not cut the cross from the king's colors; he had advised his flock to withdraw from the communion of their sister churches, but he had not instigated them to revolt against the state; he had insisted that the king's patent could not confer a perfect title to lands in this country without some compensation to the natives, but this view did not militate with the general practice of the New England settlers. If he had not approved of the meeting of the Massachusetts

ministers for spiritual improvement, neither had he disturbed it; and if he had insisted upon the duty of women's wearing veils, it was no more serious an offence than that committed by such good citizens as John Eliot and President Chauncy, both of whom had inveighed, with no less fervor, against the practice of men's wearing wigs. His offence consisted in asserting — with vehemence, we grant, with unyielding pernacity, with little regard of consequences to others as well as himself; but no more nor less than asserting — the great truth of the *freedom of conscience.* Though he was charged with defaming the character of the churches, or denying the power of magistrates, or wishing to restrict the liberty of individuals, the head and front of his offence really consisted in advocating the doctrine of "soul-liberty."

But it has been said, that the opinions of Williams tended directly to undermine the foundations of the government of the Colony; and therefore that his conduct was in a high degree criminal. The premise may be true, but the inference is illogical. It may be true, that the church and state were so closely allied, and so dependent upon each other, that their severance would, possibly, have been fatal to both; but the principles of truth are insurrectionary only when the foundations of government are unsound. Roger Williams did but proclaim a great moral law, when he asserted that the civil magistrate has no right to intermeddle between God and men's consciences. He was in the right, when he declared, that "the civil magistrate might not intermeddle even to stop a church from apostasy and heresy"; and when the authorities banished him for the utterance of this sentiment, they were in the wrong. Men have no right to construct society on the narrow, arbitrary system of a close corporation. They are bound to make it conformable to the essential requirements of humanity; and in doing this, they certainly cannot overlook so urgent a want, experienced by every enlightened mind, as that of worshipping God according to the dictates of conscience. If the Massachusetts colonists erected their civil and ecclesiastical organization on an illiberal basis, they, and not Roger Williams, must be held responsible for the bad consequences which might have resulted to it from his proclamation of a vital principle.

Williams suffered many privations and was exposed to

imminent perils during his flight from Salem, of which his biographer has given a very graphic description. For these sufferings, however, the Massachusetts government cannot be held responsible ; as it was their intention to have sent him to England, — though, it must be added, on such short notice as would have been very prejudicial to his interests. Befriended by the Indians, whose favor he had secured during his residence at Plymouth, he reached in safety the shores of Narraganset Bay, whither he had been directed by the friendly advice of Governor Winthrop. There he was hospitably entertained in the cabin of Massasoit, and obtained of him a grant of land on the Seekonk river, where, early in the spring, he pitched his tent, and began to plant. But receiving a letter from Governor Winslow, stating that his plantation lay within the jurisdiction of Plymouth, and begging him to remove across the river, that no offence might be given to Massachusetts, Williams, in company with five other persons who had joined him at Seekonk, left the fields which he had planted, and embarked in a canoe for the opposite shore. He finally selected for his new home a spot situated on a sunny slope of the eastern bank of the Mooshausic, and gratefully called it *Providence.*

Williams and his few companions were now beyond the chartered limits of civilization, — in a wilderness inhabited by savages. But these savages were his friends ; for, during his residence at Plymouth, he had cultivated with pains and many presents the acquaintance of the two principal chiefs of the Narragansets, Canonicus and Miantonomo. Through their regard for him, he readily obtained a large tract of land upon the fresh rivers of Mooshausic and Wanasquatucket, though "it was not thousands nor tens of thousands of money, that could have bought of them an English entrance into this Bay." The land thus acquired was not appropriated by Williams to making himself, like William Penn, or Lord Baltimore, or Sir Walter Raleigh, the proprietary of a princely domain. On the contrary, though probably purchased at the expense of his entire property, it was distributed in equal shares among the little company of friends ; for his own services he received only a few pounds, as a "loving gratuity," and he retained in his possession no more land, or authority, than was given to the others. The same liberality was manifested in the form of government which was established. It

was a pure democracy. The following agreement entered into by the settlers constituted the only charter of their liberties.

"We, whose names are here underwritten, being desirous to inhabit in the town of Providence, do promise to submit ourselves, in active or passive obedience, to all such orders or agreements as shall be made for public good of the body in an orderly way, by the major consent of the present inhabitants, masters of families, incorporated together into a township, and such others whom they shall admit into the same, only in civil things."

According to this compact, it will be observed, the inhabitants were to submit to the orders and agreements of the majority *only in civil things.* Thus was fully recognized, in the first form of government adopted by the settlers at Providence, the great principle of religious toleration. The Puritans, who gloried in leaving England because they were persecuted for conscience's sake, established in this country a system of oversight and control in religion, a kind of Protestant inquisition, no less severe, and far more effective, than the Courts of Star Chamber and High Commission. But Roger Williams really founded a "shelter for persons distressed for conscience." No man, whatever were his religious opinions, was on that account excluded from the settlement. Here many of the followers of Mrs. Hutchinson, exiled from Massachusetts, were "lovingly entertained"; here, Samuel Gorton and his associates — rather harshly characterized by our author as men of "wild and fanatical opinions" — were kindly harboured; here, contrary to the earnest solicitations of the Commissioners of the United Colonies, the Quakers were allowed to find a refuge from persecution; and here, as is fully shown by Professor Gammell, from that day unto this, have the rights of conscience ever been respected, and no law has ever been passed sanctioning the interference of the civil magistracy in religious concerns.

The church planted by Williams at Providence was established on the simplest basis. Indeed, we discover no traces of any religious institutions in the Colony until nearly three years after its settlement. At that period, Williams, having before adopted the Congregational form of public worship and church government, established this free system of

ecclesiastical polity in the Plantations. Becoming convinced of the invalidity of infant baptism, and of baptism by sprinkling generally, he was immersed by a layman, to whom he himself afterwards administered the ordinance. Also, after having held the office of pastor of the church at Providence for about four years, he resigned it on the ground that there was then existing in the world no true ministry with authority to dispense the sacraments; and became what, in the language of the times, was called a "Seeker." He still believed in a "ministry of prophecy," who might preach the gospel; but he conceded to them no authority to rule the church, or administer its ordinances, "because it was not derived from the apostles, otherwise than by the ministers of England, whom he judged to be ill authority."

As we have already observed, the government first established at Providence was a pure democracy. For several years, the original settlers, together with those received by them "into the same fellowship of vote," met once a month in town meeting to transact their public affairs on a footing of perfect equality. No power was delegated to any officers. No authority for acting as a corporate body was obtained from the mother country. The "orders and agreements of the majority" passed for law only by general consent of the inhabitants. But this system of pure democracy could not last long. Various differences of opinion, particularly respecting the boundaries of lands, springing up in the Colony, it was soon found necessary to incorporate into the system the principle of representative government. Accordingly, in 1640, five "disposers" were chosen, with power, subject to an appeal to the people, to adjust the disagreements which had occurred in the Colony; and these persons, together with a treasurer previously appointed, formed the body of town officers. From the first, great jealousy of delegated power was felt in this settlement; and its abuse was carefully guarded against by meetings of the citizens once in three months, and by the occurrence, at the same intervals, of new elections of officers. But with the growth of the Plantations there appeared a number of turbulent spirits, who needed to be restrained by the strong arm of power; and there arose, from time to time, acrimonious disputes, which threatened to rend asunder the

bonds of the little community. Sister colonies, also, had been founded on the beautiful island of Rhode Island ; associated action became desirable for the protection of the exposed settlers against the hostility of the Indians ; and a charter of government was wished by many, that it might no longer be tauntingly said of them by their neighbours, that the men of Providence "would have no magistrates."

Roger Williams was sent to England to obtain from the authorities there a chartered recognition of the Rhode Island Colonies. In this attempt he was entirely successful ; and he returned in 1644, bearing an act of incorporation of the Providence Plantations, which granted to the inhabitants ample powers to establish "such a form of civil government as by the voluntary consent of all, or the greater part of them, they shall find most suitable to their estate and condition." It required all the skill and perseverance of which Williams was master to overcome the mutual jealousies of the different towns, so far as to bring them to unite in organizing a form of civil government under the new charter. This was not accomplished until 1647 ; and even then, so small was the power surrendered to the Colonial government, that the freemen of the towns, consisting of all persons owning lands within the same, could annul any law of the confederacy. Under so weak a frame of government, serious practical difficulties naturally arose between men of independent spirits, or, as they were termed by their neighbours of Massachusetts, men "of all sorts of consciences." Williams, together with the venerable John Clarke, was therefore once more despatched to England to obtain farther orders and grants for the establishment of peace and justice in the Colony. The negotiations of the two agents finally resulted in obtaining from Charles the Second a new charter of government, better suited than the previous one to the existing state of the Colony, and which, in compliance with the desire of the petitioners to "hold forth a lively experiment, that a most flourishing civil state may stand, and best be maintained, and that among our English subjects, with a full liberty in religious concernments," recognized most fully the right of freedom of opinion "in matters of religion."

This is a very brief sketch of the progress of Rhode Island legislation during the life, and under the influence,

of Roger Williams. He thought that the best form of government which governed least; but far from being opposed to all magistracy, as was unjustly said of him, he took great pains to prevent liberty from running into license, and confined it more and more, as occasion required, within the wholesome restraints of law. And such has ever been the spirit of legislation in Rhode Island. In the history of no State in this Union has there been manifested a stronger love of freedom, even from the earliest times. As far back as the year 1765, the government of Rhode Island declared that it was the only body having the right to impose taxes on the inhabitants of the Colony, — a declaration which went as far, if not farther, than any legislative proceedings of the same date in the country. In the year following, the town of Providence unanimously agreed not to import or use the articles of British manufacture on which a duty had been laid by parliament, and, also, to encourage home industry. On May 17th, 1774, a few days earlier than the action of any other public body on this subject, the delegates from the town of Providence to the General Assembly were instructed to promote the convening of a Continental Congress; and on the 15th of June, two days before Massachusetts, which has generally been considered the first Colony to take this step, the Assembly elected delegates to Congress. The Rhode Island Assembly was the first to recommend the arming and equipping of a continental navy; and by its acts in May, 1776, was in advance of the legislatures of all the other Colonies in making a virtual declaration of independence of the king of Great Britain. Equally conspicuous, also, has been the active patriotism of the inhabitants of Rhode Island. In 1757, no persons were before the citizens of Providence in their readiness to enlist against the French, after their invasion of the Colonies, and the capture of fort William Henry. On the 9th of June, 1772, the first blood which flowed in the American Revolution was shed on the waters of Narraganset Bay, in the gallant expedition by which the armed schooner Gaspar, sent for the purpose of enforcing the British revenue laws, was boarded and burned.

The conduct of Roger Williams, after his banishment from Massachusetts, towards his persecutors in that Colony, was such as to place in a very favorable light the milder

virtues of his character. Immediately after his settlement at Providence, the warlike Pequot tribe attempting to unite with the Narragansets and the Mohegans in a league for the extermination of the English in New England, Williams was the first person to give information of the matter to the governor of Massachusetts, and was most active in defeating the plot. When Sassacus and his warriors undertook to accomplish by themselves the design which they had thus been prevented from executing in concert with others, Williams was again the constant adviser and assistant of the authorities of the Bay, and to his vigilant and self-sacrificing fidelity is to be attributed in great measure the favorable issue of a war, which left not one Pequot to bewail the defeat and annihilation of his tribe. The prevention of the Indian league was not effected by Williams except by "many travels and charges." When he hastened alone in his frail canoe over the waters of the Narraganset, to dissuade Canonicus and Miantonomo from joining the alliance, he had to "cut through a stormy wind and great seas, every minute in hazard of life"; and during the three days and nights passed in the cabins of these sachems, surrounded by the Pequot ambassadors, whose hands were still reeking with English blood, he "nightly looked for their bloody knives at his own throat also." But his services, though gladly received, were never gratefully acknowledged by the Massachusetts authorities. When lavishing their congratulations and civic rewards upon the principal actors in the war, they passed over unhonored the name of him, who, in preventing the Indian league, performed "the most intrepid and most successful achievement in the whole war; an action as perilous in its execution as it was fortunate in its issue." Governor Winthrop did, indeed, raise the question, whether Williams ought not to be rewarded with some mark of favor, and even recalled from banishment; but it was the opinion of the majority that he should still abide in disgrace at Providence.

This was the first, but it was not the only, occasion on which Williams interposed his friendly services to save the English settlements from the horrors of Indian warfare. It was through his mediation in 1645, that the Narraganset chief Passacus was induced, instead of declaring war, to go to Boston, there to form a treaty which destroyed the

independence, and rendered for ever harmless the power, of his tribe. Ten years later, his counsels were instrumental in preventing war from being declared by the United Colonies against the natives of the country. And when at length the struggle between the two races could no longer be averted, Williams, though then past his six-and-seventieth year, zealously armed his Colony against King Philip, and himself accepted a captain's commission in its militia.

The instance already related is not the only one which illustrates the ingratitude and intolerance of Massachusetts. An obnoxious letter respecting the General Court having been written by some one of the settlers at Providence, it was ordered, that, if any one of them should be found within the jurisdiction of the Bay, who would not disown the sentiments of the letter, he should be sent home, and be forbidden to return on pain of further censure and imprisonment. When Miantonomo expressed his willingness to visit Boston, as desired, for the purpose of making a treaty with the authorities, provided he might take Mr. Williams with him as an interpreter and counsellor, the condition was not granted. When Williams was so poor that his "time was spent day and night, at home and abroad, on the land and water, at the hoe and at the oar, for bread," he was debarred the privilege of trading either at the principal seaport of New England, or with the Massachusetts Indians, to the loss, as he affirmed, "of many thousand pounds." In 1643, the Indians had become so formidable from the use of firearms bought of the Dutch and French, that a confederacy was formed among the Colonies of New England for mutual protection; but the Rhode Island settlements were not invited to join the union; and when, subsequently, they themselves applied for the favor of admission, it was peremptorily refused. Massachusetts even passed laws forbidding the people of Rhode Island to purchase firearms or ammunition within her jurisdiction; and though often solicited to relax the severity of her policy in this respect, she refused to do so, even when the savages were at war with her and her brethren. When three respectable members of the church at Newport, among whom was its minister, the excellent Dr. John Clarke, were once deputed to visit an aged brother of their communion then residing in the town of Lynn, and desiring once more before the

close of life to receive the consolations of religion from the lips of some one of his own faith, these persons, while in the peaceful and private discharge of their Christian offices, were arrested by constables, committed to prison, tried in court, and sentenced to be fined or whipped. Nor were petty persecutions, like these, wholly unaccompanied by graver acts of legislative usurpation. While the government of Plymouth laid claim to the island of Rhode Island, Massachusetts extended her jurisdiction over the settlement at Pawtuxet, sent an armed commission to bring the colony at Shawomet into her General Court, and transmitted an order to Williams, then acting as president of the government in the Plantations, setting forth that its whole territory belonged to herself by virtue of a charter alleged to have been obtained from parliament. It may be added, that this charter has never been found among the archives of Massachusetts.

We cannot entirely pass over the conduct of Williams towards the native inhabitants of this country with whom he was brought into contact. Immediately on arriving in New England, he sought, not without success, to cultivate their friendship ; and he was never weary afterwards in endeavouring "to do them good." In Plymouth he gained the esteem of the famous Massasoit, who, — to quote the language of Mr. Gammell, — "from the seat of his royal race at Mount Hope, often went thither to brighten, by friendly intercourse, the chain that bound him to his early allies." There, also, he became favorably known to the sage Canonicus, and the high-souled Miantonomo, chieftains of the Narragansets ; and in one of his letters he writes, "God was pleased to give me a painful, patient spirit, to lodge with them in their filthy, smoky holes, even while I lived at Plymouth and Salem, to gain their tongue." During his flight from Salem through the territories of the Indians, "these ravens," said he, "fed me in the wilderness." Massasoit welcomed him as a sachem to the royal cabin at Mount Hope ; and gave him land, where to pitch his tent and plant his corn. On the banks of the Mooshausic he ever lived on terms of hospitality with his red neighbours, so that Miantonomo sometimes came to his house "to keep his barbarous court" ; and there he won the regard of the Narraganset tribe to such a degree, that, when Clarke and Coddington

were desirous of purchasing the fair island of Rhode Island, Williams, together with Sir Henry Vane, "obtained it for them by love." Later in life, he was in the habit of going once a month into the Narraganset territory to preach the gospel to the inhabitants; and not long before his death, so great was still his influence among them, that, when some of Philip's forces came to attack Providence, it is said that he took his staff, and went boldly out alone to meet them. The fact that Williams was an exile from the Bay probably went far towards rendering him a welcome guest among the Narragansets; for they hated both the Indians of Massachusetts, and the whites who protected them. But this was by no means the sole cause of his friendly reception. He always maintained their right to the soil of this country. He always made them, in his purchases, such generous compensation as they desired. He "spared no cost towards them, in tokens and presents"; and so much did they rely upon his bounty, that, when the aged Canonicus was about to die, he sent for his friend, Mr. Williams, and "desired to be buried in his cloth of free gift."

It must be added, however, that Williams participated in what is now considered the wrong of Indian slavery. But it was the practice of the times. The articles of the early New England confederacy enumerate slaves among the spoils of war. The noble-minded Winthrop left legacies of Indians to his heirs. In most of the Colonies, the Indians taken prisoners by the English were sent out of the country, and sold into perpetual slavery; but at Providence, they were disposed of to the inhabitants, and only for a short period. As early as the year 1652, the authorities of Providence and Warwick passed laws forbidding under severe penalties the retaining of slaves longer than ten years, or the selling of them at the expiration of that time; and in 1676, with a philanthropy remarkable in those days, the former Colony enacted, "that no Indian in this Colony be a slave, but only to pay their debts, or for their bringing up, or custody they have received, or to perform covenant, as if they had been countrymen, and not taken in war."

The private life and temper, as well as the public services of Roger Williams, are such as his descendants may look back upon with pride and pleasure. We will not deny, that, as he lived in an age of bitter controversies and punctilious

observances in religion, he partook of its disputatious character, and sometimes contended needlessly in matters of trifling import. As a dissenter from the opinions of his brethren both in this country and England, he was not a little pertinacious in the maintenance of his peculiar sentiments. The opposition he met with, first in founding a new colony, and afterwards in managing the turbulent spirits that resorted to it, caused him often to appear self-willed and intractable. So far, Williams was under the influences of his age and of peculiar circumstances ; but his virtues were his own, and they were many. To borrow the language of his biographer, "he was magnanimous and benevolent, patient of suffering and forgiving of injuries, and unwavering in his devotion to the interests of truth, and liberty, and virtue." The asperities of his character were greatly softened down by the experiences of life. No man ever more fully illustrated the Christian doctrine of forgiveness of injuries. If at Salem he was, in any sense, a fomenter of strife, at Providence, on all occasions, he was a friend of peace. He was never free, indeed, from strong antipathies ; but the number of his private and public charities more than covered them all. He had a lively temperament and keen sensibilities, united with great stability of character ; his disposition was eager and fiery, but controlled by great soundness of judgment, and a "rocky strength" of principle. His writings, of which an interesting account may be found in an Appendix to the Life, are frequently enlivened with flights of fancy and wit ; the gravity of theological disquisition is sometimes relieved by learned references to history, and occasional allusions to the classics. His poetry is little better than quaint doggerel, and his prose style has all the intricacy and the cumbersomeness of the old Puritan writers ; but both manifest qualities of mind, which, under more genial culture, might have commanded the admiration of a more refined and tasteful age.

Viewed as a public character, Roger Williams was one of the most remarkable personages of early New England history. The Puritans of Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay were not behind their age ; but he was in advance of it. Other Englishmen had entertained the idea of religious toleration ; but he was the first of them to reduce it to practice. He saw this principle clearly, he followed it out consistently, he suffered for it heroically. Jew or Christian, infidel or

pagan, Arminian or Quaker, Familist or Tunker, were all welcome in Providence Plantations, "so long as human orders, in point of civility, were not corrupted or violated." The community as first formed by him at Providence was an attempt to show that every man might be his own ruler, and every man his own priest; though, when the impracticability of the scheme became apparent upon the increase of the Colony, he gradually introduced the principle of representative government, and surrounded individual freedom with the salutary restraints of constitutional law. As Americans, desirous of giving to the great experiment of popular institutions a fair trial in this country, we are bound to revere the memory of that man, who was foremost in establishing here those maxims of civil and ecclesiastical law, which have since been universally adopted as the foundations of our liberties.

The other biographies contained in this volume, the Life of President Dwight by Dr. William B. Sprague, and the Life of Count Pulaski by Mr. Sparks, the editor of the "Library," we are not able to notice at present. It is enough to say of them, that they are written with ability and care, presenting a succinct narrative of all that is known in the career of these two distinguished persons, and an impartial and satisfactory estimate of their characters and services.

Art. II. — *Histoire du Pape Grégoire VII., et de son Siècle, d'après les Monuments Originaux.* Par J. Voigt, Professeur à l'Université de Halle. Traduite de l'Allemand, par M. L'Abbé Jager. Paris: A. Vaton, Libraire-Éditeur. 1838. 2 Tomes. 8vo.

Surely it is a good sign for our age, that we have such historians as Hallam, Ranke, Hurter, and Voigt, — men who can see truth and excellence out of their own peculiar range of association, their own school of truth and excellence. And surely it is a good sign for Protestantism, which has ever tended so much to worship that intolerance which is the Antichrist of her faith, that such historians are rising among her sons; men who can see good as well

as evil in the Western Christendom of the Middle Ages, and who dare show to their contemporaries, that the spirit of wisdom and reformation was not reserved for our perfect days aone ; — and yet who are not Puseyites or Patristics of any school, but earnest, free-spoken Lutherans. And among these writers, there is no one who has given himself to an age more worthy of thorough and careful examination than the one selected by Voigt. It was the age of Hildebrand, of William the Norman, of the white-haired, firm-hearted, well-taught Lanfranc, of Abelard, and Bernard of Clairvaux, and the wise Mussulmans of Spain ; the age of rising cities, of consolidating feudalism, of literature beginning to breathe, of democracy struggling to be born.

Since Christianity came to man, but one great element has been introduced into European life ; this was the intermingling of the Northern barbarians with the civilized, Christianized, degraded Romans of the South ; the marriage of the fair-haired Teuton with his half-enslaved brunette bride. And a fierce wedding it was, — a dance of torches and of swords. For five hundred years, Frank crowded on Burgundian and Visigoth ; farther Frank on nearer ; Saxon on the farthest Frank ; Slave and Hun on him ; all was bloodshed, license, licentiousness, turmoil, robbery, and woe. A prayer for aid, a cry as of millions in mortal agony, rose unceasingly toward heaven. The ploughman stood idle, with hopeless, down-cast eye ; the hammer of the blacksmith hung in mid-air, as he thought how fruitless was his labor ; the merchant stole along the hedges, shrinking from the eye of the passer, and stepped into rivers cautiously, seeking a ford, lest the man at the bridge should rob him. Over all the West of Europe, the wassail-song of the baron, the mocking laugh of the bandit, the shriek of the virgin, the nasal twang of priestly insult to God, were the only sounds which rose above the chaos of inarticulate moaning and heartfelt prayer, that came from the half-cultured country and half-deserted town. For a time, the reign of Charlemagne acted like oil upon the waters ; but the day which God gave him passed by, and all was storm again ; he came as a sunbeam in a dark day, as a meteor in the tempest, dazzling and wonderful, but shedding no permanent, abiding light. Into the darkness of that tempest let us cast a glance, and try to see a clear outline or two in its great depths.

It is a law of God, that a new organization shall always be preceded by the entire dissolution of what has gone before. The mineral will crystallize anew, only after it has been completely dissolved; the vegetable and the animal must be decomposed, before their elements can recombine into other forms of life. So, too, a new society can arise, only when the old one has been wholly dissolved, its atoms freed from each other, and its old arrangements broken up, so that every particle is at liberty to become part of the new living frame, according to some other law than that which governed the formation of the old social unit. The Roman world had to be ground down and dissolved by barbarian and Christian influences, before the formation of modern society became possible. Whose eyes can watch these processes, through the dust and fumes which rise from them? From Clovis to Hugh Capet, the grinding and fermenting cease not; and it is only within the eleventh century, when every baron, in his stone nest upon the hill-top, rejoices in utter independence of law and government, that we see the freed molecules of society ready to combine anew; while within the same age, in the completed feudalism of France, the rising power of the Church, the birth of the Communes, and the song of the Troubadour, are discernible the first floating filaments of the world in which we live. When the decomposing process was completed, society may be said to have ceased, while each family and individual, passing also through a modified chaos, acquired new ideas and tended to new organizations. To use the language of electrology, each atom acquired a new polarization. Chivalry, female influence, loyalty, romantic devotion, were then born within each separate household. Virtues, which had been unknown to Roman, German, or Christian, sprang into being from the commingling of all these elements.

Would we see a man of those times, of the first half of the eleventh century, — barbarian-Christian, chaotic and contradictory? Let us take the following portrait, sketched by William of Malmesbury. Old Foulques Nerra, Count of Anjou, having for many long years governed his county with glory, and, one act excepted, with honor, at length gave the active administration into the hands of his son, Geoffrey Martel, a haughty, quarrelsome young fellow, who, not content

with the substance, would have the insignia of power, and took up arms against his father to gain them. The old man, who, in leaving the battle-field and council-court, had proposed to attend mainly to the welfare of his soul, no sooner heard of his son's disloyalty than he grew young again with anger. "Once more to horse!" cried the graybeard; "up, every true man of you! The world will go to ruin at this rate! The saints shudder in their tombs at such impiety! Let every father and true son aid me!" They came at his call, and, led to battle by the fiery old warrior, overthrew the usurper and made him prisoner. What shall be done with such an enemy to society? The wrinkled brow of the father lost not its frown, and the proud boy was sentenced to the most humiliating punishment. On his hands and knees, a saddle upon his back, he was forced to crawl for miles to the feet of his father, who sat, trembling with excitement, waiting his arrival. He came in sight, he reached his parent's feet; did that paternal heart melt? Springing up, while the young man was still prostrate, again and again he kicked him, as he cried, "Are you conquered? are you conquered, boy?" The proud youth answered, "Yes, by you, my father; none else can conquer me." The flush of anger in the withered cheek died away; the bloodshot eye filled; those words, full of his own soul, reached his heart; lifting his son from the ground, he threw his arms about him, bade him forget the insult he had received, restored him his command, and forgot the past.

Is this not enough? Look, then, at this same old Foulques Nerra, journeying with two sworn servants to Jerusalem. See him, half stripped, kneeling before the Holy Sepulchre; a wooden yoke is on his neck, and, as the servants scourge him under the eyes of wondering Mussulmans, hear his piercing prayer, — "Receive, dear Lord, this perjured, but repentant soul! Deign, O holy Jesus, to take me to thyself!" His prayer was not granted; three times he visited the Holy Land, and died at last in Europe, engaged in war with the son he had forgiven, because he disapproved of his marriage.

Let us look at that son's employments, as recorded by another Foulques, Fulk, or Fulco, his nephew.

"By and by Geoffrey had a war with William of Normandy, who afterwards took England, and was a great king. Then he had one with the French, and the people of Berry; one with

William, Count of Poictiers; one with Emery, Viscount of Thouars; one with Hoel, Count of Nantes, and the other Breton counts who held the city of Rennes; and then one with Hugh, Count of Maine, who had failed in his fidelity to him. It was because of these wars, and the magnanimity he showed in them, that he was called the 'Hammer' (*Martel*), as being one who hammered well his enemies."

The nephew, who leaves us the memoirs from which this extract is taken, spent the eight years next after his uncle's death, he tells us, in warfare with his brother, "with now and then a truce," trying to settle the division of the domains left them. This record of constant warfare will explain the necessity which existed for the adoption of the "Truce of God," the work of the Church; the history of which we may with propriety sketch, as it was one of the most characteristic features of the times we treat of.

In the year 994, a fearful pestilence raged in the South-west of France. The people, horror-stricken, crowded for safety to the churches where lay the wonder-working relics of the saints; and above all, to the church of St. Martial at Limoges. Thither they flocked, though all around was disease, and death, and pollution. The flesh of the infected fell from their bones; the air reeked with the vapors of decay; day and night, groans and cries of anguish mingled with the unceasing prayers of all the bishops of Aquitaine, who officiated before the altar. The hand of God was seen in the affliction; conscience spoke to the hardened sinners who witnessed these scenes of terror, and princes and barons bound themselves, trembling, to cease their wars and robberies, and to practise peace and justice. But soon impunity made them forget their oath; and again, on every hand, violence and evil reigned unchecked. At length, in 1033, the angel of death once more descended, and in a form more terrible than pestilence. A famine fell upon the land, which carried agony to every hearth; all animals, all roots and grass, were exhausted, and then, as in shipwrecked vessels and besieged towns, man turned on man. The last apple that was left was used to decoy some child to death, that the decoyer might feast upon it. Men became wolves; and the wolves, starving too, broke from the mountains to aid in the warfare upon human kind. Again God's hand was recognized, and when the Church raised her voice and said

that men suffered thus because of the evil that was done, all, gentle and simple, for the moment bowed, and established "God's Peace."

But it was again for the time only ; human nature could not yet bear total abstinence from human blood, and within a few years, "God's *Truce*" was substituted in place of "God's *Peace*." By this truce, which was nominally established throughout nearly all Europe, warfare, plunder, and bloodshed were forbidden from sunset on Wednesday to sunrise on Monday ; also during the great festivals ; and during the Christmas holydays and Lent, no new defences were to be erected, nor old ones repaired. But this was not all. The provisions made for the protection of the laborer, and for the produce of labor, were far more characteristic of the dawning of a new era, — the era of church power, and of the arts of peace. Peasants in hostile territories were not to be injured or confined ; the tools of agriculture, the hay and grain stacks, the cattle, were all taken under the protection of the Church ; if seized, it must be for use, not destruction. He that violated this truce was placed under censure of the ecclesiastical power.

This was about the year 1041, in the pontificate of the wretched Benedict the Ninth, when pilgrims dared not enter Rome for fear of robbery, and just before the great quarrel, when the rivalry of three claimants to St. Peter's chair obliged Henry of Germany to interfere. It was not then the Roman Church, which strove to civilize Europe through the "Truce of God," but the bishops of Spain and France. The Church, indeed, as yet was not a hierarchy, but rather an aristocracy. But let us look more narrowly at the position and past efforts of the Church ; for, in truth, its history is the history of Europe from the fourth to the fifteenth century.

In the last days of the Empire, the only active, energetic officers were those of the great Catholic body. When the barbarians came, the bishops met and tamed them. They became in part barbarous, in order to make the Franks and Lombards in part Christian. Thus were impurity and worldliness carried into the Church. When the Roman ideas died with Charlemagne, and individualism destroyed all political unity, the unity of the Church, in part at least, was lost too. Then the worldly tendency increased, and men, devoid of all learning and spiritual graces, sought to

profit by the Church revenues, either directly or indirectly,—by becoming bishops and abbots, or by selling those places to others, equally worthless. As the feudal relation spread in reference to all else, it seized upon the Church, and subordinated it to the power and pleasure of the suzerain. Still, though seemingly enslaved, the Church was in reality the life of Europe, the one feeble bond which upheld society. She was the refuge of the distressed, the friend of the slave, the helper of the injured, the only hope of learning. To her chivalry owed its noble aspirations; to her art and agriculture looked for every improvement. The ruler from her learned some rude justice; the ruled learned faith and obedience. Let us not cling to the superstition which teaches that the Church has always upheld the cause of tyrants. Through the Middle Ages she was the only friend and advocate of the people, and of the rights of man. To her influence was it owing, that, through all that strange era, the slaves of Europe were better protected by law than are now the free blacks of our United States by the national statutes.

The Church history of the tenth and eleventh centuries especially is an epitome of the history of Europe. While it was all that we have described, it was, at the same time, filled with the records of rapine, lust, ambition, and evil. Cautiously, but widely, the effort was commencing on the part of ecclesiastics to govern the nobles by means of mingled argument and artifice. Of this effort we have some curious evidences in the earlier history of that same old Foulques who saddled his rebel son. It was then, also, that the wonderful stories of the fate of those who took Church property had their rise; for example, that of the knight who, having made free with the property of St. Clement, was attacked by rats. All day he fought against them, sword in hand; but it was useless to slay them, for new crowds constantly came. At length, when evening drew near, the poor, wearied knight was forced to have himself hung up in a cage, suspended from the wall, thinking he was there safe from his enemies. But he mistook. When his attendants in the morning opened the cage to congratulate him on the disappearance of his foes, they found only his well picked bones.

But while more of policy begins to appear in the Church during the first half of the eleventh century, there were yet crowds of churchmen who bore the broad stamp of barba-

rism. We may refer, as an illustration, to the case of the Abbot of Fulda and the Bishop of Hildesheim, as late as 1063. They contended for precedence; and the bishop, upon a certain occasion, anticipating trouble, concealed a body of soldiers in the church where the quarrel was likely to break out. These men, when it did break out, fell upon the unarmed followers of the abbot, and began a slaughter. The friends of the Fulda cause rushed in then, sword in hand, and the church was a battle-field. Standing on high, the bishop cheered on his men, bidding them forget the place and its character, and by his energy he carried the day. And this was done by churchmen, not only in the house of God, but also in the presence of their young monarch, Henry the Fourth of Germany. The abbot was heavily fined. To raise the money, he used the property of his convent unjustly, and starved his monks. The monks rebelled, the abbot was forced to fly. The monks pursued him to the king's feet; but Henry took his part, and the rebels were brought to reason by a detachment of soldiers.

A better idea, however, of the chaotic character of the age may be formed by observing the conduct of two of the chief prelates of the Empire, the Archbishops of Cologne and Bremen. The young king was under the care of his mother, Agnes, whose chief counsellor was the Bishop of Augsburg. The two archbishops, together with him of Mayence, were determined to get the boy into their hands by any means. The Archbishop of Cologne, accordingly, in 1062, contrived to meet Henry on an island in the Rhine, where the young monarch was feasting. One day the prelate told the prince, as he walked with him, that there was a most beautiful bark at the shore, which he had caused to be built. This was the fact; he had prepared it for the occasion, adorned it with tapestry, gilding, carved work, and painting. So eloquent was the account he gave of it, that Henry was readily persuaded to go on board. Instantly, on a signal, hidden rowers swept the vessel from the shore. The despairing Henry cast himself into the Rhine, but was saved and brought on board again; and, followed by the curses and threats of the party of the queen-mother, the reverend robber bore away his prey to Cologne.

But Anno of Cologne was far inferior to his associate, Adalbert of Bremen. Nobly born, well educated, with a

fine person, a strong mind, an unbending will, and boundless ambition, Adalbert came into the world a predestined ruler. Determined to obtain control of the young Henry, and to extend his own wealth and power, until he should be the Pope of the North, — he gave the rein to the prince's passions, and stopped not either for truth, justice, or mercy. Engaged in wars and spoliations which loosened all moral control throughout Germany, he still ruled monarch and people until 1067, when the nobles of the Empire plainly told Henry, that he must leave Adalbert, or abandon all claim to the throne. Then for a season he left the court, but soon returning, remained in power till his death in 1072.

Into such a world of fierce barons and scarcely less fierce churchmen — a world which to those of its own day seemed so bad that they thought it must soon end — was born the boy Hildebrand, at Soano, in Tuscany. The year of his birth is not known. His father, an honest carpenter, saw the lad's parts, and gave him the best education that could be had; his master was John Gratian, afterwards Gregory the Sixth, one of the three popes deposed by Henry the Third in 1046. At some unknown period, Hildebrand crossed the Alps, and became an inmate of the monastery of Cluny, near Macon, in France. In this celebrated house, surrounded by highly cultivated gardens, the young man's mind and soul were watched over by the fathers of the institution, who understood his capacity, and expected great things of his future career. No less was thought of him at the court of Germany, whither he went at a later period. The reigning emperor, Henry the Third, said that he preached God's word with more power than any one he had ever heard. But a court was not the place for Hildebrand, and he soon reached his true position as Prior of Cluny. In this part of his life, the dates are so uncertain and tangled, that we will not undertake to say any thing about them; the first sure point, chronologically, that we meet with in his life, being his entrance into Italy in 1048–9, with Bruno, who had been appointed pope.

Before that time, however, the vast plans to which Hildebrand devoted his after life were formed. In those gardens of Cluny he sat in thoughtful solitude, meditating on the chaotic world about him, and praying for God's spirit to move upon the face of the waters. Can we enter into his

thoughts ? Can we see the evil and the remedy as he saw them ? If we can, we find the key to his life, and to the history of Christendom.

From the shades of his mountain-cinctured retreat, Hildebrand looked out upon a world filled with ignorance, violence, and evil ; upon a world, wherein God's image was effaced from man's soul. The old divisions between Roman and German had melted away, and the people and their language were new and shapeless. Order or supremacy there was none, or but the faintest signs of them. In every land he saw the same scene ; everywhere the material of society, but no hand busy in the manufacture. And what hand ought to reform and create anew the moral world, but that which formed the earth and the sun ? And would he not do it ? Could it be God's will, that men should groan in the agony of that day for ever ? Surely, he would change the whole structure of society, and make justice and peace once more known among men. And how ? How, unless through his Church ? But had not the Church always labored against these evils and iniquities ? Why was she so weak ? — In silent, solitary meditation, Hildebrand weighed all these points ; and as he thought, saying nothing, listening to every thing, the problems one by one were solved by the mysterious power which works in earnest meditation. He saw that the Church, to do God's will, must become far more efficiently one ; must lose its independent, feudal, aristocratic character, and assume the form, substance, and strength of a despotism, — whose head should be Rome, whose agent should be the successor of St. Peter. But that, though much, would be as nothing, unless the Church were independent of the nobles, of the emperor, and of all the world. Not only the Church must be independent, but, above all, the pope must be so. Even if all were as he wished in respect to the independence of the Church, would the wild, proud, fearless, feudal nobles obey the advice of God's representative on earth ? Must not that representative be prepared to order and enforce obedience, as well as to advise ? And how could this be done with power and effect, — how could God's aid be looked for, unless the Church were pure, as well as independent and united ? Thus there rose up in the mind of the solitary thinker in those Cluny arbours four great guiding ideas ; that God's Church should be one, and Rome

its efficient head ; that it should be free ; that it should be pure ; that it should assume the tone due to it as God's inspired organ, and command the princes and powers of the earth.

Calmly impatient, Hildebrand sat revolving his great plans, and biding his time. He opened his plans to the abbot in part, and with care. The good abbot saw the evil, and trusted that God would terminate it ; he knew the Church ought to be free, and prayed that it might become so ; but in the great work what could they do ? Pray ; trust in God ; live pure, and hope for the best. And truly, such a world-making as the Prior of Cluny dreamed of was no slight task. To free the bishop from the baron, and the pope from the emperor ; to stop all simony, and all priest-marriages ; to unite the ecclesiastics of Europe under one despotic head, and make monarchs and warriors bow to that sacred power : — would not most abbots and men have said, " Pray and hope for the best, for what can we do " ? Not so thought Hildebrand ; to him it was clear that the work might and must be done. It would take scores of years, perhaps centuries ; his dust would return to the earth long before the Herculean task could be accomplished. But what then ? It did not follow that he must die before it was *begun*.

And now, in 1048, for the third time, messengers from Rome sought the emperor to ask from him a holy pontiff. At a full synod at Worms, the excellent Bruno was unanimously agreed on, as the most worthy and fit for the chair of the Apostle. Pious, learned, pure, and mild, Henry and his counsellors thought he could reform the Church, and yet not take airs upon himself; could be made to work as they pleased, to reform up to their point. The choice was made known to him, the place accepted, and, as Leo the Ninth, he left Worms, and by easy journeys through the Vosges, reached Toul, of which he had been, and still remained, bishop ; and then, in full pontificals, admired by all men, passed on his southward way toward Rome. It was Christmas day when he drew near to the far-famed monastery of Cluny ; whose abbot and prior hastened out to meet the great Christian father, and to invite him to spend with them the great festival of the Church.

In prayer and sober rejoicing they commemorated the com-

ing of their Saviour. In friendly conversation they brought before them the world, the Church, the infinite evils of Christendom. Did Jesus then come in vain? Did Peter found his Holy See in vain? Had God deserted that Church with which he promised to be while the world stood? God had not deserted it; it needed an effort on man's part; it needed faith in Christ and Christian principle; it needed self-sacrifice and courage on the part of God's representative among the nations. The excellent Bruno felt and acknowledged his duties and his difficulties; he had been chosen by the emperor, who wished truly to aid in reforming the Church, and he was bound by gratitude and honor to consult that emperor's wishes. And these wishes might clash with the true interests of Christ's people; how melancholy that the head of Christendom could not be truly and in power its head! "There was a time," said Hildebrand, "when these things were not so; when the Bishop of Rome was chosen by the people and clergy of Rome, and stood as free of the emperor as of the Caliph of Bagdad." "There was," answered the mild father of the Church; "but alas! it can never be again!" "Can it not be?" asked the Prior, earnestly; "is your Holiness sure it can never be? May not God be waiting even now for you to take the first step in a revolution which shall not merely reform, but recreate, his Church? O most venerated Father, has not Christ called you that you may serve him, and not an earthly potentate? He, by his appointed means, will make you head of his Church, but no emperor can do so. These robes, pardon me for my boldness, are not truly the insignia of Peter's successor; for never did Peter, or his Master, give to earthly monarch the power to choose the Shepherd of the world." Bruno listened; his soul kindled at the words of the bold prior; he saw history by a new light, saw duty by a new light, and was shaken as from a sleep of years.

The Christmas revels were over. The report went forth, that the pope would resume his journey toward Rome. The villagers flocked forth to see the show; the house-tops, even in that cold season, were covered with anxious spectators; the Rhone, far eastward, swarmed with barges; nobles in mail-coats, bishops in rich robes sweeping the earth, ladies in jewelry and gold, — all came to see

the newly chosen head of Christendom. The monastery gates unclosed ; all eyes strained to catch a glimpse ; Leo came forth, — but no longer in the robes of a pontiff, with the pomp of a prince ; in pilgrim weeds, and with a pilgrim's staff to support his steps, Bruno, Bishop of Toul, was on his way to ask of the Roman people and clergy confirmation of the otherwise empty imperial nomination. How noble looked at priest, and priest at peasant, and women's tongues were silent from wonder, and all the world seemed astonished for a moment, is nowhere recorded, but is easily imagined. And who walked by Bruno's side ? The Prior of Cluny, henceforth manager of popes, and recreator of Europe. The Herculean task was visibly begun, and a demonstration given that something might be done by man beside praying and hoping for the best.

The strange procession reached the Eternal City ; barefooted, Bruno walked the streets, and asked confirmation of the emperor's choice. It was given with full hearts and eyes. On the 2d of February, 1049, he was consecrated. Thus had Hildebrand entered his wedge ; he had made his protest against the imperial appointment to St. Peter's chair ; he was next to open his church batteries against the other great evils of the day. In the same year, therefore, in which he was consecrated, Bruno held at Rheims a council, wherein simony, the dependence of priests on laymen, the unlawful marriages of priests, their more unlawful custom of concubinage, their yet viler crimes, — their habits of violence, of warfare, of robbery, of injustice, — were all condemned. The Church must civilize Europe, and it must first purify itself. In twelve canons we have Hildebrand's protest against the iniquities of churchmen.

But a mere verbal protest, though very needful, was not all ; an example was wanted. When Leo had made known to the king of France, that he proposed to hold a council at Rheims to look into the matter of simony, efforts were made to prevent the visit ; but they were made in vain. Even if Bruno would have listened to requests, evidently made by fearful and guilty men, his sub-deacon Hildebrand would hear no such prayers. And good cause had the guilty to fear ; one by one, archbishop, bishop, and abbot, — all the prelates, — were called up to state under oath whether

they had ever, directly or indirectly, been guilty of simony. Two archbishops, six bishops, and one abbot could not swear that they were innocent; six of the nine were deposed.

And now, notice having been given to the emperor and the world, that the imperial nomination of the head of Christendom was nothing, unless confirmed according to old usage by the Romans; and the priesthood having been roused to the danger of buying and selling church dignities; Hildebrand, as soon as temporal matters would allow, turned Leo's mind to the final adjustment of the old quarrel with the patriarch of Constantinople. Rome, by distinct acts, must avow herself sole head of the Church. Accordingly, toward the close of 1053, legates from Rome presented themselves before the proud ruler of the Eastern Church, Michael Cerularius, and demanded the recognition of Rome's claim to be the only orthodox and supreme spiritual power on earth. Michael refused the recognition. Turmoil and threatened violence ensued. Rome would abate no jot of her claim, and her pride was met by equal pride. Her messengers then raised their voice, and in the church of St. Sophia excommunicated the patriarch and all who adhered to him; they placed a copy of their anathemas upon the high altar of the church, shook the dust from their feet, and returned to render an account of their doings. But he, to whom they should have accounted, the good Bruno, had fallen asleep in the month of May, 1054, and Hildebrand was even then seeking for his successor.

In this search he had a delicate part to play; his problem was to prevent the emperor from nominating the pope, and yet not to offend the emperor. Historians differ as to the mode which he adopted, but there seems to be no doubt as to his success. He chose his man, Gebhard; compelled the emperor to nominate him, and then had the election made, as in Leo's case, at Rome. Thus, again, he openly protested against the imperial appointment as conclusive, while, at the same time, he managed not to break with the wise monarch of Germany. Gebhard, as Victor the Second, went back with Hildebrand to the Holy City. Victor lived but two years, but during those years the great plans of the sub-deacon went steadily forward. In two matters especially did he gain strength and success. The one was in the result of his mission to France to repress

simony ; he induced seventy-two bishops and dignitaries of the Church to confess their guilt and abdicate their places ! It is said that he brought about this result by miraculous means, for that, when the first one accused presented himself boldly, and defied inquiry, having previously bribed the witnesses, — Hildebrand asked him to say, " Glory to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost " ; and the false prelate, finding himself unable to pronounce the words " Holy Ghost," fell on his knees and confessed his bribery and his falsehood.

But without stopping to discuss this story, let us look at the other case of success, in which our world-changer laid the foundation for the supremacy of the Roman Church over kings and emperors. Thus far he had striven to free the pope from imperial power ; to free the Church from baronial vendors ; to purify the priesthood, and assert Rome's supremacy. The year 1055 witnessed the first step taken in the most difficult labor he had yet to perform, — the subordination of temporal to spiritual power. The circumstances were these. Ferdinand of Castile had refused to pay due homage to the emperor, and had hinted an intention of assuming that title for himself. This matter was laid before one of the synods held by Hildebrand, who agreed that the conduct of the Spanish prince was a wrong done to the imperial dignity, and through it to all Europe ; but at the same time he contended, that it was easier and better to settle all such matters peaceably, and offered the intervention of the power of the pope. Henry, seeing little of the future, agreed to employ the Church to bring the rebel to his senses. Accordingly, legates set out for Spain, bearing the recognition by the ecclesiastical power of the wrong done to the emperor, and calling upon the usurper to return to his duty, and renounce all claim to the imperial title, under pain of excommunication. Ferdinand called together and consulted his own great prelates, and finding their voice to be in favor of submission to Rome, he announced to the messengers his willingness to obey the papal command. By this action, the Spanish bishops definitely admitted the idea of unity in the Church, and of Roman supremacy ; while Henry and Ferdinand united to teach the princes of Europe, that the imperial dignity, the highest known in the West, was in some sense dependent upon the successor of St. Peter. Thus had Hildebrand, within seven years, promul-

gated widely the four great leading ideas which had risen before his mind in those Cluny arbours.

Victor died; to him succeeded Stephen the Ninth, who reigned only seven months. His view of the monk of Cluny may be gathered from his last words: "Make no choice of my successor," said he, "till Hildebrand returns." The sub-deacon was then absent in Germany, whose emperor was dead, and whose young prince was in the hands of his mother, Agnes. Before his return, however, by means of bribery, the Bishop of Velletri, under the title of Benedict the Tenth, ascended the papal throne. What course, then, was the reformer to pursue, since corruption had thus again dared to lay hands on the Holy See itself? His partisans were driven from Rome, where Benedict, supported by the nobles, ruled supreme. If he turned to the empress, he lost all he had gained toward insuring the pope's independence of the imperial power. The clergy of the North of Italy were opposed to him, because he had caused Stephen to war against their continued habit of marriage. Whither should he turn? Leaving Germany, with the consent of the empress, he called a council in Tuscany, having already fixed in his own mind on Gerard, Bishop of Florence, as Stephen's successor. At this council, he first caused Benedict to be excommunicated, and next caused the nomination of Gerard to be made. At the same time, before the council had named any one to the vacant pontificate, he had sent messengers to the young German prince, expressing the wish of the Romans, that he and his advisers should name whom they thought most fit, but recommending, in a way which Agnes understood, the Bishop of Florence, who thus, by virtue both of the imperial nomination, backed by imperial lances, and of the choice of a proper council, could lay claim to the tiara. Early in 1059, under the title of Nicholas the Second, Gerard entered Rome, while Benedict was forced to retire, crestfallen and powerless, a deposed usurper, to Velletri.

The crisis which had just passed, we may be assured, had been foreseen by Hildebrand. He knew the history of the previous century too well not to perceive from the outset, that it was as needful to set the pope free from the Roman nobles as from the German monarch. It was with pleasure, therefore, in all probability, that he regarded the futile at-

tempt of the factious aristocracy of the Eternal City to oppose the spiritual power ; for it would, of course, afford an excellent opportunity to place the election of pope beyond their control, in part at least, if not entirely. No sooner, therefore, was Nicholas fairly seated, than a council of one hundred and thirteen bishops met at the Lateran, chiefly to consider the momentous subject of papal elections. By them it was determined, that wisdom would not teach an entire and immediate abrogation of the share either of the nobles or the emperor in the choice of the Roman bishop ; but that the difficult matter should be arranged thus. On the death of a pope, the cardinal bishops, — that is, the seven bishops within the Roman territory — were to meet, and consider who should succeed him. They should then call in the cardinal clerks, — or twenty-eight presbyters of the chief Roman churches, — and by these thirty-five, forming the College of Cardinals, the election was to be made, subject, however, to the agreement of the rest of the Roman clergy and the people of Rome, and impliedly to the consent of the emperor ; the emperor's voice in the matter being a personal right, which the Church might withhold from any one it pleased. Thus was arranged a system, which, almost of necessity, would result in the complete supremacy of the College of Cardinals, and which, in fact, did so in the year 1179. It secured perfectly Hildebrand's first object, the independence of the papal power.

This independence was not to be left without substantial support. We have not time to enter into the details of the Norman invasion of Italy ; it will be enough for our purpose to remind our readers, that, when those wild, gallant pirates conquered the whole south of the beautiful peninsula, and defeated and took prisoner the good old Bruno in 1053, they bowed before him and asked his pardon, and bound themselves to be his vassals. The relation then established between Rome and the Normans of Italy was made yet stronger in 1059, when, by the influence of our pope-guiding sub-deacon, Robert Guiscard became the soldier of the Church, and bound himself to fight her battles ; thus insuring the independence of the Roman bishop by the aid of the best lances of the South. Nor was it by the wild Normans alone, that the Holy See was defended. Beatrice, wife of Godfrey of Lorraine, and mother of the celebrated Countess

Matilda, was also ready to throw her power, as Marchioness of Tuscany, in favor of the Roman pontiffs, and with men and arms to aid them. And well was it for Hildebrand that he had secured these stout defenders, for now the time drew near that was to make or mar his plans for ever.

In 1061, Nicholas the Second died, and the canons respecting the mode of choosing his successor were to be enforced, in opposition, probably, to the nobles of Rome, and to the empress of Germany. The cardinals met, and nominated Anselm of Lucca, who was chosen under the name of Alexander the Second. It was supposed, that his great merits, his piety, goodness, and learning would cause all parties joyfully to agree in the election, if agreement in any case was possible. But such was not the case ; a faction arose, opposed to the action of the cardinals ; messengers were sent to the empress ; the Lombard bishops, always hostile to the wife-banishing Hildebrand, crowded to Basle ; the canons of Nicholas the Second relative to the choice of pope were condemned and disavowed ; and soon the Bishop of Parma, as Honorius the Second, was declared the true successor of St. Peter. It was the crisis of the plans of our monk of Cluny. Should the licentious and mercenary priests of Lombardy succeed, simony and concubinage would again be the order of things, and the power of the Church be lost, perhaps for ever. The pope's chancellor, for such had Hildebrand become, girded up his loins for the struggle ; Heaven would not desert him. The profane anti-pope, Honorius, commenced his march on Rome ; many hands there beckoned him forward ; behind was the power of the Empire. Still Hildebrand said, "Heaven will not desert us"; and through the South of Europe, earthquakes, lightning in mid-winter, fearful tempests, and fatal diseases announced to all that Heaven was not unmindful of the doings upon earth. On the 14th of April, 1062, the watchers upon the walls of Rome saw in the distance the lances of the unholy armament. Gold, for two months tried upon the friends of Alexander and his chancellor, had failed ; the fate of Christendom must be decided by iron. In the field of Nero the two armies of the followers of Jesus met ; with stubborn will the usurper and his troops pressed onward, and it seemed certain that they would win the fight, when Godfrey, husband of Beatrice, appeared with fresh troops upon the field. The forces of

Honorius, wearied and surprised, gave way, and Hildebrand triumphed by the arms of Tuscany. But Honorius, though defeated, was not dismayed ; and it was not till Anno of Cologne, as we have related, stole young Henry from his mother, and in a large council of German and Italian prelates espoused the cause of Alexander, that the anti-pope was wholly disabled, by being deprived of the support of the Empire. This occurred in the autumn of 1062. Even then he did not cease his efforts, and in the following year, by the aid of friends in Rome, he was even enabled to enter the city, and seize upon the Vatican itself ; from which he was driven, however, the next day, by a rising of the people. His partisans, even after that, continued active ; and it was not till the Council of Mantua, in 1066, decided the question, that it could be regarded as at rest.

But we must hasten on to the close of the reign of Alexander the Second. In 1067, the leading men of Germany counselled the king's marriage, hoping thereby to diminish the mischievous consequences of the early training Henry had received from Adalbert the Evil ; for a wilder, wickeder boy-monarch has not often afflicted Europe. * But the marriage did no good ; the royal couple soon entertained an honest hatred for one another, and in the very next year, Henry proposed a divorce. In the midst of civil commotions, therefore, a meeting was held at Frankfort to consider the proposed measure. Henry came to the meeting unwillingly, for he had heard that a Roman legate was there to forbid the divorce. And truly there was one there, — of all men in Europe, the one best fitted for such an occasion : Peter Damien, — Peter the Hard, — the boldest, most inflexible of mortals, who reprimanded bishops as if they were schoolboys, and knocked Hildebrand himself over the knuckles without ceremony. Peter, the hater of all the voluptuous and licentious, was a special hater of an immoral king, guided by an unprincipled churchman. When, therefore, the meeting was convened, he delivered the message, with which he was charged from Rome, in the spirit of pride in which it was conceived : — " The measure contemplated by the king," said he, " is full of evil, unworthy not only of a monarch, but of any Christian. If this prince

* In 1067, Henry was seventeen years old.

will not be bound by laws and canons, let him at least spare his reputation, and save himself from the scandal which so vile an act must cause. Let him not do that for which he would punish another. But if he will not renounce his evil purpose, the Holy Church must speak with her God-given authority, and never will the sovereign pontiff crown him emperor who dares thus to outrage the Christian faith." The bold messenger of Rome was sustained by the discontented nobles of the Empire, and the angry prince could do nothing but submit, and bear as he best could the matrimonial burden they had loaded him with.

Four more years passed by ; the evil Adalbert returned to power ; sin and corruption, discord and tyranny, ruled the court and the country of Germany. Alexander was drawing near to his tomb ; but before he passed away, he determined to hold the language of a master to the young monarch who would not listen to the tones of a father. The Empire was in a ferment ; the Saxons and Thuringians were in rebellion ; the royal treasury was stripped to build strongholds to overawe the wild, fierce people ; the nobles openly murmured ; all good counsels were lost upon the reckless Henry. In want of money, he despatched Anno of Cologne and Herman of Bamberg to Italy, to obtain his dues from that land. They went, and came again, with his dues indeed, but not such as he sent for ; they came with letters from the Holy See calling on Henry to appear before St. Peter's tribunal, there to give an account of his past life, and justify himself from the charge of simony, and other equally grave crimes. Thus had the day at length come, when Hildebrand's conception of the tone which the Church should assume was realized, and the spiritual openly claimed supremacy over the temporal head of Christendom. It had wisely been withheld till then ; and then it was wisely used. The German people, who would have rushed *en masse* against Rome, had she asserted such a power against a favorite ruler, rejoiced to hear the voice of the pontiff threatening the mad-cap tyrant then upon the throne ; and so little sympathy was expressed for Henry by his people, that, rash and foolish as he was, he could not but tremble, and promise to reform. His promises and his fears were soon forgotten, however ; for on the twenty-second of March, 1073, Alexander breathed his last, and no prophet stood by Henry to tell him, that the man,

who, as a guiding spirit, had for twenty-four years ruled the court of Rome, was about to ascend the throne himself, and to wield the thunderbolts he had been forging.

The pope was dead; the good, almost great, Alexander had gone to render his account. From mouth to mouth, on that March morning, the news spread through Rome; and every street-group buzzed with praises of the lost pontiff. The artisan had lost a patron, the poor widow a supporter, the scholar a generous friend, the churchman a model of piety; when would Rome see his like again? "And who shall succeed our most excellent Alexander? Hildebrand knows; Hildebrand will choose; we may trust the chancellor; he will arrange it for us; has he not done so since the time of meek old Bruno?" All eyes turn to Hildebrand. The wise, cold, calm archdeacon — cold and calm like Hecla in repose — ordered a fast of three days. Meantime, the last honors should be paid to the body wherein once dwelt Anselm of Lucca, Alexander the Second. Cardinals and bishops, abbots and deacons, priests and monks, in long-drawn, solemn files, enter St. Peter's church; the heavy, wavering crowd sways this way and that, striving to open and admit the sacred throng. Slowly the throng passes in, Hildebrand in the midst of them. Murmurs run through the crowd, — "Let us name our bishop"; "Choose Hildebrand for our shepherd?" "Yes, name him, — the archdeacon, — St. Peter wishes to have him for a successor." In ever louder murmurs, the inarticulate bass of a thousand voices swells toward clear, individual utterance, when Hildebrand springs to the pulpit. The murmurs die away; he bids them to be calm as he is, and to abandon all thought of him as the successor of their sainted father, whose burial they were to celebrate. But the ground-swell of popular feeling is not to be calmed, and the deep ocean tones begin again. A cardinal rises: — "Brethren, this is the man; from the time of sainted Leo, he has guided and defended us; no one can be found so fit to rule; and in unison with your wish clearly expressed, we, cardinals and bishops, with one voice, choose Hildebrand the archdeacon for our lord and pope." The multitude reply "Amen." And now bring forth the robes and the sacred crown, clothe him, and, as Gregory the Seventh, salute him head of Christendom.

For long years had Hildebrand looked forward to that

day, and yet he shrank and trembled when it came. Was he a coward, then, — willing to fight from behind popes' backs, but fearful of being in the front? Surely his own pontificate disproves that suspicion. Was he truly modest, and afraid of his own power and goodness? Few recorded lives show more of self-reliance and dauntless pride. Did he doubt whether the hour had come for the blow to be struck which he had so long meditated? Or did he tremble with excitement? Or was his conduct all hypocrisy? Whatever the motive may have been, he shrank, as we have said, when the power was pressed upon him. Trembling, he ascended the steps of the pontifical throne; mildly and peaceably he asked the approval of the German prince, as was proper by the canons of 1059; with real or assumed humility, he declared his wish to be free from the cares and burden of the papacy. But when once seated firmly, and beyond cavil made the spiritual ruler of Christ's Church, all trembling ceased, and the most fearful outbreaks of popular or regal displeasure could not move his fixed purpose. He had planted himself on eternal truth, and the wind and the rain might beat upon, but they could never stir him. He ascended the throne; European unity began again, and the sundered nations were reunited by a new idea.

Let us look with Gregory, from that throne of his, over Europe, and see, as he saw, what had been done, and what remained to be accomplished. For twenty-four years had he been laboring, since that holyday evening when Bruno yielded to his eloquence. Which of his ideas had been realized? Neither of them. The pope was not free from the emperor; the Church was not free from the laity; Rome was not absolute; the priesthood was not pure. And yet, something had been done. Did the far-seeing dreamer in those Cluny gardens expect to see all realized within one quarter of a century? Was he disappointed, when he looked at the world as it yet lay about him? Confidently we may answer, No. He knew the work he had undertaken, and knew that his dust would mingle with the earth again before one half that meditated work was done. The spirits which bring despondency may have haunted the throne of Hildebrand, but his pride and his faith strove with and vanquished them. His ideas were not yet realized; an unregenerate

Europe yet heaved beneath him ; so much the more need of firmness, boldness, and trust in the Most High.

In the far Northwest, William the Norman, with mailed hand, was crushing the last free hearts that struggled for English independence. And yet from that far land had the old Lanfranc come to Rome to ask of the pope his *pallium*, his robe of office ; Rome was becoming wholly supreme in the island of the Atlantic.

In France and Germany, Philip and Henry, ignorant and scatter-brained boys, set an example of simony and immorality that could not fail to corrupt all who dared to be corrupted. In those lands, Hildebrand saw clearly, the battle was to be fought ; the pope, single handed, against the two strongest monarchs of Christendom. And he saw, too, that the time for half-measures and winning words was gone by ; with distinctness, and as Heaven's vicegerent, he must speak and act, and leave the consequences to the God of battles. Spain, rent and chaotic, was not yet the field for the Church to act in ; one day it would be preëminently the arena ; for the present, he would only claim it as subject to Rome. In the North, the reverence for Rome was growing, slowly and with difficulty ; Scandinavia was not yet to mingle in the religious wars of Europe.

Russia, Poland, Hungary, and the East — half pagan and half heretic — were to be regarded only as a region in which to employ and educate missionaries, and as a pathway to that Holy Land where the Moslem stood triumphant. "Would it be possible," thought Hildebrand, as he looked into the future, "to unite the whole of Christendom in an effort to drive the heathen from that blessed soil ? That were indeed a bond of union, and an effort in which the Church must lead." In his busy, restless mind, he dreamed of the Crusades, and fashioned the way for them.

But France and Germany, Philip and Henry, were nearer than Palestine and the Moslem ; they were first to be looked to. In March, 1073, Hildebrand became Gregory the Seventh ; in December of the same year he wrote thus to the Bishop of Chalons : —

"Among all those princes of our day, who, urged by a shameless love of lucre, sell the Church of God, and thus enslave and soil the Mother to whom they owe all honor, we learn that Philip, king of the French, ranks first. . . . . He, there-

fore, must know that we will no longer tolerate this ruin of the Church, but with the authority derived from the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, we will repress his impudent disobedience. The king must renounce this shameful, simoniacal trade; or the French, trembling beneath the edge of a universal excommunication, must decide whether they will refuse obedience to him, or abandon their Christian faith."

The Frenchman trembled and obeyed, and another rivet was fixed in the yoke with which the monk of Cluny was binding the monarchs of Europe.

Toward Henry, Gregory, in the month of April, immediately after he had ascended the throne, had assumed a tone of mingled kindness and firmness, which, united with the internal troubles of the Empire, induced that fiery young monarch to write to him in a most respectful and friendly manner; so that, at the close of the first year of Gregory's power, 1073, the appearances were of submission on the part of the two princes from whom most opposition was anticipated. But Hildebrand knew men too well to think that his end was obtained on account of this apparent submission. He understood the state of Germany, and heard of all its secret dissatisfaction; to his mind there was but one object worth living for, and he perfectly appreciated how much might be done toward attaining that object by taking advantage of the strong feelings of disgust generated by the folly of Henry. He had heard in due season of the insult offered by that prince to the counts, dukes, and bishops of Saxony, whom he invited to his palace at Goslar, and left to wait for him all day, saying that he was engaged in a game, — and who went away at last without seeing him at all. He knew also of the midnight meeting in the Goslar chapel, where the fierce descendants of those who had baffled Charlemagne prepared the means for baffling his unjust and insulting successor. The winds from beyond the Alps had borne the murmur of that great multitude, who, called together by their lords, were informed of the perfidious purposes of their king.

"Brave Saxons," cried Otto, the Bavarian, mounting a hillock, "you see there castles crowning every hill, gorged with soldiers; for what are they? To defend your country, they tell us. Defend your country here in its very centre! Defend it where there is no foe! Believe not one word of it; they are to

overawe and enslave you; to them you will see your wealth carried, your daughters dragged, by the agents of this faithless king. King! no, brave men, he is no king; he has ceased to be such, for he has violated every duty of a monarch. He is the enemy of our liberty, the enemy of our country, and we must be prepared at the sword's point to defend that liberty and country!"

Then rose up those that had been already robbed, princes and bishops, and accused he sovereign of Germany. Their hearts kindled more and more under the recital, till at length the multitude arose as one man, and with lifted hands swore to lay down their lives for freedom. This threatened outbreak Henry met by insult and renewed injustice. Hildebrand heard, as news he had expected, of the attack on Goslar by sixty thousand excited men; of the king's flight to Hartzberg; of the siege of that fortress; of the demands of the besiegers that the castles throughout their land should be destroyed; of Henry's farther flight in the night-time, through woodland paths where he had often chased the deer, over mountains and across rivers, drawing not his bridle for four days. The enthusiastic, noisy rising of the Thuringians, and the more silent discontent of the Swabians and Franconians, were all talked of in the Vatican; even the secret determination of the diet of Gerstungen to dethrone Henry, and substitute Rodolph of Swabia, was whispered at the pope's table. But Gregory himself was not there to hear these later news. Since midsummer of 1073, he had been journeying, receiving embassies from Constantinople and elsewhere, trying to obtain of the Greek Church submission to Rome, regulating Italy, interfering in the Church quarrels of Africa, and writing to France the letter, which we have already quoted, threatening Philip. He turned over in his mind the affairs of the Empire, all which he was duly informed of, as we have said, by the very best authority, — probably by Rodolph himself. Long and earnestly he meditated on his proper course as the representative of God on earth, while he journeyed through the whispering valleys of the Apennines, under the clear December moon. And much did he need wisdom; for in Germany every thing seemed verging to chaos.

In the dry, clear cold of that winter of 1073–4, Henry, bent upon effecting the reduction of the Saxons, had gone

forth from Worms, his soldiers covered with bucklers whereon were painted the great deeds of their forefathers. Over the crackling earth, across the bending ice-bridges, they plodded on hungrily, not half liking the business they were on. Bread was scarce; the mill-wheels, covered with ice, refused to turn. The days passed in murmurs; at night, supernatural arches and columns in the clear sky shook men's souls. The Saxons, on their part, were pressed with hunger too; the rude masses said to their lords, that they must make peace, fight, or go home; freeze and starve any longer they would not. The king's friends grew ever colder, — the Saxon boors waxed fiercer; negotiations and threats, threats and promises, passed back and forth through the mountains. Spring was coming, and the boors must be at home; so it was "fight or treat at once." Henry treated. He gave up his forts; promised to right all wrongs, to restore all stolen goods, to forgive the rebels, and to behave more like a king and a Christian. The streets of his old court city, Goslar, were filled with shouting multitudes; the windows beamed with beauty; the young, handsome, daring king had yielded to his subjects' just demand, and the civil war was over. Peace and plenty, joy and virtue, must reign thenceforward. With smiling face, half angry and half pleased, the monarch rode through the happy throng, confirmed to the citizens their old grants, gave them new ones,

"And all went merry as a marriage bell."

But the golden age had not come. The king had promised to give up all his castles; but he could not bear to do so; his pet château at Hartzberg he must keep, if it were only for the sake of the church there, founded by Charlemagne. Instantly the applauding voices sank into threatening growls; his life was in danger. He must yield, then; and he did yield, so far as to destroy the outer walls. This calmed the multitudes, but only for a season. Henry left Saxony for the Rhine, and, as he crossed the frontier, grinding his teeth, he vowed never to return thither till he could do so as a master, and ride his rebel subjects with boot and spur. He said this, or was reported to have said it. Every man at Goslar told it to his neighbour, and from the city the news of the threatened tyranny spread up the wooded hill-sides, and reached the peasant in his field, and the hunter in his

mountain covert. The garrison at Hartzberg mourned the absence of the merry king, almost a week gone ; lazily they paced the court-yards, or clambered over the fragments of the razed outer-wall, and whispered of the day when the hill would wear a prouder crown than ever. Night came ; the forest-moanings were mingled with the sound of peasants' horns and distant voices. The knights of the castle listened in doubt and fear. Doubt soon fled ; for nearer and nearer came the sounds of a great multitude, pressing on without order, without a leader, without military music or knightly array. The wild, fierce Saxon peasantry, in their blind wrath, are upon them. By fire or force, every thing goes down ; church and altar, the royal sepulchre and the martyrs' relics, the golden chalice and the lawn robe, are doomed to the same destruction by the raging offspring of the old pagan manslayers. A few hours, and the mountain stands as bare as God made it.

Let us pass to Cologne, — the rich, happy city of the Rhine, where old Anno, the king-stealer, still presided in 1074. In the late troubles, he had taken part against Henry ; but the people of Cologne loved the prodigal monarch. They also had a grudge against their archbishop, who was of a somewhat hasty and overbearing temper. A Westphalian bishop, a friend of his, had come up to spend a church festival with Anno in the spring of this year. The festival was over, and the bishop proposed to return home. He wished a boat for this purpose, and the archbishop, having none at hand, sent his men to find one. They seized one belonging to a rich merchant, which was filled with goods, throwing out the goods without leave or ceremony. Of this the merchant's son got word, and in his young haste, followed by the house-servants, he went and demanded the instant restitution of his father's bark. The prelate's servants refused it ; words were soon followed by blows, and a crowd gathering, the tumult swelled rapidly.

The archbishop, who was sitting at the table with his friend from Westphalia, hearing of the difficulty, sent word that the young law-breakers who had made the trouble should suffer at the next session of court. This was putting out the fire with oil ; the young merchant instantly advocated open resistance ; Worms had driven out her bishop, why not Cologne her archbishop ? they were both ene-

mies of the noble, generous young Henry! Men armed themselves, the shops were closed prematurely, window-shutters were carefully bolted, the great thoroughfares were deserted, and the by-ways filled. As evening came on, the masses moved toward the episcopal palace in silent determination. Anno, with the parting cup in his hand, his head half-bent in salutation to his guest, heard the muffled sounds, and paused. All around the table listened with open ears, when, as from a military engine, arrows and stones, flung from a thousand stout arms, broke through every window, wounding and killing those within. Horror and despair dispersed those who were about the festal board, and the prelate with his friends fled to the church of St. Peter, which he barricaded. The palace was stripped, its treasures cast to the mob, the wine-casks were staved, so that the cellars were flooded, and men were drowned in them. The chapel was ransacked, the altars overturned, and holy vessels and vestments were no more respected by the mad citizens of Cologne than by the mad boors of Saxony. For three days the tumult continued, and the former quiet city scarcely knew itself. Anno, meanwhile, had with difficulty escaped from the church in which he had taken refuge; he had thrown himself upon the country, where his friends were found; and not a week had passed, before the burghers saw coming near an army which they knew they could not resist, — an army composed of men marching against the sacrilegious enemies of the Holy Church. The despairing citizens attempted no defence; the violators of the chapels were excommunicated, the leaders of the mob were blinded or beaten, and while the forces of the prelate began an indiscriminate plunder, six hundred of the richest citizens fled in one night to the king. The rich, bustling city became a lifeless solitude. Such were the scenes which Germany presented in 1074.

Upon such a Germany, filled with violence and misrule, with married priests and simoniacal nobles, a land of disorder, ruled by a king who could create only disorder, Gregory looked anxiously, and with doubt as to the course which his duty required of him. In that year, 1074, he met his first council; simony and marriage among the clergy were denounced in the strongest terms, and in connection with the condemnatory canons the doctrine was pro-

mulgated, that every Christian owed a stronger allegiance to the Roman than to his own peculiar bishop. The canons were instantly sent to Italy, Germany, and France, and every means were brought to bear upon the higher ecclesiastics to induce them to enforce the penalties of simony and incontinence. Legates from Rome also beset the German king, while his mother, Agnes, poured her remonstrances into his unwilling ears. The bishops of Bremen and Bamberg were suspended, until they should appear at Rome, and prove themselves innocent of the charges of simony; and Germany at large advised that the decrees of the Church should be obeyed. But it was easier to give this notice than to obtain obedience. When the Archbishop of Mayence attempted to carry out the canons relative to marriages, he was resisted by bishops, clergy, and people, and nearly lost his life in the tumult. But Gregory paused not a moment; to bishops, princes, archbishops, and the king himself, his letters were unceasing, and the constant burden was, — "Fear not, despair not; extinguish simony and enforce celibacy, and God will uphold you." The Crusade, long lying near his heart, he also wrote of, and prepared the way, in the minds of men, for that great enterprise.

Turning from Henry to Philip of France, he dealt that prince the hardest blows, so far as words can strike. He distinctly informed both king and people, that, "with God's help, he would deliver the kingdom of France from his oppression," unless he radically changed. In England and Spain, also, his letters and legates asserted the supremacy of Rome.

But the great moral evils of the Church were not yet done away; never had they been more prominent. Was Gregory, then, wholly defeated and disappointed? We think not. He must have known that mere words could not overturn the corruption of ages; what good, then, in using them? They attracted men's minds to the subject, raised a papal party everywhere, and gave courage and a voice to the heretofore silent advocates of reform. His words were seeds; they fell, and were apparently lost; but they were lost in human bosoms, where in silence they germinated, and made possible that perfect papal despotism which they taught, and which later generations witnessed.

Into the details of events in the year 1075 we cannot enter ; with one exception, they were like those of the previous year. Gregory pressed his canons unceasingly, the priests and nobles resisted, legates and letters passed to and fro, from January till August. Henry and the Saxons were again at war, and at length he was victorious. Then his true purposes and character showed themselves ; thus far he had been pliant and yielding ; now he became fiercely opposed to Hildebrand. He stopped not at the grossest simony, and cared not for the most barefaced injustice. Yet, at this very time, he had the impudence to ask of Gregory the deposition of the bishops who had opposed him. At the same moment that the emperor thus appealed to the Holy See, the Saxons did the same ; and the pope saw that the hour was at hand when he must cease speaking and act. One more letter he wrote, to tell the monarch, that, unless he obeyed the orders of the Church, he should be excommunicated. Then followed legates summoning him to Rome to clear himself of the crimes charged, under pain of an instant separation from the Church of Christ. Henry's hot blood leaped at the insult ; with flashing eyes he expelled the legates, and summoned an immediate council at Worms. Hither flocked all the discontented ; the houses were crowded with priests' families, and buyers and sellers of holy offices ; the streets echoed with curses upon the monk of Cluny, the carpenter's son who dared outlaw a monarch. The pope was accused of every crime, even of murder and necromancy. In the council, the most violent charges were made against him ; and at length, a messenger took horse to cross the Alps, bearing a letter from Henry to the Romans, calling on them to expel the false monk Hildebrand from the papal throne.

The messenger reached Rome, entered the synod where Gregory sat on high, and called upon him to come down from the place he had usurped. The Romans could scarce believe their senses ; the prefect drew his sword, but the pope shielded the bold speaker with his own body. He calmed the tumult, showed the gathering crowd the necessity of cool determination, explained the inevitable contest that was before them, and, taking from the person of the messenger the letters which he bore, read them aloud. Couched in the most insulting terms, they raised the fury

of the listeners almost beyond control; and when Gregory told them how mildly he had treated Henry, until he showed himself utterly inimical to the Holy Church, — when, with tearful eyes, he described his own struggles, his efforts to keep peace, his kind remonstrances, his fatherly admonitions, his long-suffering and patience, — the whole assembly rose and demanded in the name of God's justice the instant promulgation of the anathema against the perjured and tyrannical king of Germany. Gregory stood forth, calm and resolute, with uplifted hand and upturned eyes, appealing to Heaven. One short prayer he uttered, while the stillness of death sank down upon the assembly.

"Blessed and holy Peter," the calm, deep voice began, "hear thy servant whom thou hast brought up and delivered from the hands of wicked men, who have hated me because I have been faithful to thee. Thou art my witness, thou and the blessed Virgin, that the Roman Church has called me, despite myself, to govern her, and that I had rather end my life in exile than usurp thy chair by unworthy means. But finding myself, by thy goodness and not my own merit, thy successor, I cannot but believe that it is thy will that all Christians should obey me, God having given me, as in thy place, power to bind and to loose upon the earth.

"In that faith, for the honor and safety of the Church, in the name of the all-powerful God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and by thy authority, I forbid Henry, son of the Emperor Henry the Third, who through unheard-of pride has placed himself against thy Church, to govern the kingdoms of Germany and Italy; I absolve all Christians from the oath which they have taken or may take to serve him, and I forbid all men to obey him as king. And since he has refused to act as a Christian, and has persisted in living with evil, excommunicated men, in thy name I load him with curses, that the world may know that thou art Peter, and that upon this Rock the Son of the living God has built his Church, and that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

The deep voice of Hildebrand, so earnest, solemn, and collected, ceased; but the silence of the hundred and ten bishops remained unbroken; they dared not move. And when this solemn act was followed by the excommunication of archbishops, abbots, counts, and nobles, almost without number, they trembled at the boldness of their master; in upper Italy, he left but two bishops undeposed.

Such were the labors of the Synod of 1076 ; they cast a thunderbolt among the nations. All Germany, all Western Europe, was divided ; no ears could be longer closed to the quarrel ; every peasant with his plough, every wife with her distaff, must thenceforth be for Pope or Emperor. At first, men were against the newly asserted spiritual power ; but had not Christ given Peter all power, and was not the Roman bishop Peter's successor ? The dim, wavering forms of superstition became the ready allies of Hildebrand. Sounds were heard in the night-air ; sights of horror passed across the sky ; the adherents of Henry died fearful deaths. Then rose the Saxons again ; every day saw the mere temporal prince weaker, every day the undefinable dread grew stronger and spread wider. Walls would not shut it out, dungeons would not hold it ; the curse of the Church, the anathema of God, like a terrible ghost, haunted men. In the midst of their revels, while they pledged the king, the clinking of the goblets was mingled with the echo of God's voice forbidding them ; they dreamed of the excommunication, they woke to hear it reiterated. Every day, Henry lost adherents. Nor were the deserters merely those who were urged by superstition. Germany was of old ruled by its several princes ; these the great emperors had subjected, and made the imperial power all-powerful. The emperor and the princes were opposed, and the latter defeated. They now saw, by a union with the pope, the means of rising again in the political scale, and overthrowing the central force which had subjected both Church and feudal sovereigns. Thus they were led to incline strongly in favor of Gregory's pretensions, and the Diet of 1076 was willing, in connection with the pope, to depose the excommunicated king.

Henry, who, with all his hot-headed inconstancy, could act with decision when necessity called, and who saw himself literally deserted, determined to submit, and to obtain the pope's forgiveness. We need not dwell upon the particulars of his journey to Canossa. All have heard of his climbing the snowy Alps, with danger and difficulty feeling his way along the precipices and among the glaciers, and sliding in a sled of hide, lowered carefully by peasant hands, down to the plains of Lombardy. All have been told of his three days' waiting, bareheaded and barefooted,

in the bitter cold, for admission to the presence of the carpenter's son ; and all know how hardly he obtained forgiveness at last. And when he did obtain it, it amounted to nothing. He was not reinstated in his regal rights, and had disgusted and cast off, by his humiliation, those that had clung to him. His very guards called aloud for a new emperor ; the common people scoffed at him ; the cities would not receive the mean-spirited monarch ; encamped in the fields, he found himself shivering and starving in the midst of a universal hiss of contempt. Who can tell the rage of that proud, inconstant, undisciplined soul ? He knew not where to turn, or how to give his anger and agony vent. Foiled in an attempt to make Gregory his prisoner, he turned, like a loosed lion, upon Germany. His character seemed changed ; with unlooked-for energy and decision he gathered an army, swept like a tempest through Swabia, Franconia, and Bavaria, leaving behind him a desert, nor ever ceased his mad career of revenge, until, seven years after his miserable humiliation at Canossa, he entered Rome in triumph.

We need not dwell upon those years. They offer us nothing but the rage of the emperor, the immovable courage of Hildebrand, and the devotion of the Countess Matilda to the Holy See ; of the two first our readers know enough ; of Matilda we cannot say sufficient to give any just idea of her peculiar and noble character.

The year 1085 opened amid a chaos in Germany and Italy; war, famine, pestilence, and floods made all men bow in misery and fear. Gregory, from his stronghold in Salerno, looked down upon the crooked, narrow, lava-paved streets of his last refuge, and off upon the blue gulf, dimpled by wandering winds. How beautiful the works of God looked to the worn combatant ! — so calm, so pure, so divine ! His mind turned to the world of man, rent and blood-stained, and his heart was sick within him. What had he accomplished toward that regeneration of Europe which he had so long dreamed of ? Were his aims attained ? Was the Church free, pure, united, acknowledged ruler of rulers ? He felt within him the failing of his overtasked nature ; his heart beat languidly ; his time had nearly come, and how had he sped with his work ? Never, perhaps, had there been a period of greater confusion and discord within and without the Church, and seldom less purity or union. As

for the supremacy of Rome, — alas ! the chief of bishops, betrayed by Romans, pursued by Germans and Italians thirsting for his blood, at variance with France, Spain, and England, was dying a forsaken exile. Had Hildebrand's sick heart failed him then, it would not have been strange ; but he looked at his crucifix, at the image of his forsaken, dying, and yet victorious Master, and grew strong ; for that told him how little the final triumph of a moral truth can be judged of from immediate success or failure. " And I, too," he murmured to himself, in words which, a few weeks later, were the last upon his lips, — " and I, too, have loved justice and hated iniquity, and I die an exile." The future, in which all his great principles triumphed, was hidden to him ; but he knew that God ruled, that the great thoughts which by his struggles he had made familiar to men rested not on his strength, but on an eternal basis ; and that, though he was passing away, the Omnipotent remained as the world's ruler ; — he knew that he had sown the seed, and that God would give the harvest.

The mild May weather lent daily new beauty to the outer world, and the languid eyes of the monk of Cluny loved to dwell upon the deepening verdure. Sometimes his soul mingled again with its old ardor in the contests that were raging ; he called his attendant bishops to remind them once more never to own any one pope who was not chosen according to the canons. Then his mind went back to the green valleys of the Apennines, to the shepherd's huts and the snow-fed rills of spring-time ; and it passed thence to the heaven he was approaching. Again he murmured, " I have loved justice and hated evil, therefore I die in exile." The aged bishop, who had risen from the pleasant window as he heard the voice, bent over him and said : " Not so, Holy Father, you cannot die in exile ; for God has given you all nations for a heritage, and the ends of the earth for a dominion." The calm, grave lips moved not in reply ; Gregory was not there ; the overburdened heart had ceased to beat ; the wise, fearless, immovable Hildebrand had gone into the presence of his God. Hildebrand had gone, but his words and struggles, as sown seed, remained ; and soon Europe saw his victorious enemy, Henry the Fourth, sink on a door-step and die of cold and hunger, because Rome had cast him off ; she saw a strong-minded Frederick, Emperor of the

West, holding a pope's stirrup-iron ; she saw France and England quail beneath papal interdicts ; — in short, she saw, long after the dust of Hildebrand had mingled with the earth, each one of Hildebrand's ideas made practice ; she saw the Church independent, united, free from simony and priest-marriages, and the ruler of rulers. The visions of the Cluny arbours were realized ; Europe again was one.

ART. III. — *Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition during the Years* 1838 – 1842. By CHARLES WILKES, U. S. N., Commander of the Expedition, &c. In Five Volumes, and an Atlas. Philadelphia : Lea and Blanchard. 1845. 8vo.

THE first feeling excited by the appearance of these volumes is that of national pride, — that our country, prosperous in her resources, and liberal and enlightened in the use of them, has made a contribution to general knowledge and the security of navigation worthy of her extended commerce, and her undoubted position among the cultivated nations of the world. In the number of the vessels, the number and character of the scientific corps, and the cost of the outfits, the United States Surveying and Exploring Expedition was quite equal to any similar enterprise either of France, England, or Russia. We say this in no boastful spirit. We fully recognize the imperative obligations of our government to devote a portion of its revenue to increase the safety of the mariner's path on the ocean, and to enrich the stores of learning by discoveries in distant regions. These obligations are by no means fulfilled by the equipment of a single expedition. So far from this, we trust that one of the benefits conferred by the successful cruise of the exploring squadron will be to strengthen our love of that noble renown which nations acquire by serving the cause of science and humanity.

The narrative of this expedition having finally been given to the world, it is a part of our duty to present a sketch of the course it pursued, to be accompanied necessarily by such remarks as will enable the reader to form a just estimate both of the results obtained, and of the manner in which these re-

sults have been communicated to the public. The office of the reviewer here is not altogether superfluous. Few persons, probably, will be encouraged to peruse the whole of the "Narrative," where much that is irrelevant is combined with much that is deeply interesting, and where the latter, both in matter and form, exhibits more eagerness for accumulation, than skill in arrangement.

Following the excellent example of Captain Wilkes, we shall make no allusion to the early history of the outfit of the squadron, farther than to say, that the failure of its first organization had exposed the whole affair to ridicule, and had seriously impaired the confidence and ardor of its officers and friends. The energetic zeal of Captain Wilkes overcame every obstacle, and infused a new life into the service. The very short time required by him to equip the squadron for sea, to complete the trial of the instruments, and make preliminary observations, proved that he appreciated the responsibilities of his position, and was prepared to assume them. Justice demands that we should say this much. But in awarding to Captain Wilkes the praise he may fairly claim, we have no intention of expressing an opinion either as to the manner of his appointment, or as to the conduct of other officers temporarily connected with the expedition.

The instructions of Mr. Paulding, then Secretary of the Navy, marked out the course to be pursued by the explorers, the objects to be obtained, and the probable period each would occupy. They included such directions respecting the intercourse with the natives of the South Sea islands, as humanity and the experience of former navigators inculcate; and being written with his usual felicity of style, they were suited to inspire a love for honorable and useful enterprise.

In obedience to them, the squadron sailed from Norfolk on the 18th of August, 1838. The following day was Sunday, and divine service was performed on board the Vincennes, — the shores of the United States being still in sight. Leaving the store-ship Relief, a very dull sailer, to pursue her path alone, the remainder of the squadron, on the 16th of September, arrived at Madeira, where they stayed one week. This was a week profitable, no doubt, to the naturalists, who crossed the island, and penetrated into the almost inaccessible recesses among its lofty mountains, where are hidden treasures to reward the venturesome traveller for many years

to come. Aided by Mr. Drayton's beautiful views, the "Narrative" does justice to the romantic scenery of the island, though it adds but little to our knowledge of its resources or its inhabitants. Captain Wilkes informs us, that "wine is the staple commodity of Madeira," and that "the language is Portuguese." He might as well have added, that the religion is Catholic, and the climate genial. Madeira is a familiar name, not only to the traveller, but to those also who

> "through his peering eyes
> Discover countries."

After leaving this island, the squadron pursued its course to Rio de Janeiro, stopping one day at Porto Praya. Between the northern tropic and the equator, and the longitudes of 20 and 35 degrees west, several rocks or shoals have disfigured the charts of the Atlantic ever since the earliest days of Spanish and Portuguese navigation, though their existence has long been considered doubtful. Passing through this zone, Captain Wilkes extended his vessels so as to cover the largest possible space without separating, and sailed over many of these reported dangers, keeping the lead constantly in the water. These spots will now be erased from the charts, and the seaman will sleep in security, where hitherto he has watched in dread of merchant-marring rocks. The luminous appearance of the sea in this region, the frequent cause of unnecessary alarms, is noticed in the "Narrative." On one occasion, the brilliancy was so great, that the sea "might truly be said to have the appearance of being on fire."

At Rio, it was found necessary to make some repairs, particularly on Captain Hudson's ship, the Peacock; and whilst these were going on, a series of pendulum, magnetic, and astronomical observations were made, and the scientific gentlemen were busily occupied in adding to their collections and journals. Mr. Hale, the philologist, obtained some curious information concerning the slaves of Brazil, showing the marks by which the African tribes are distinguished. This is accompanied in the "Narrative" by wood-cuts illustrative of the descriptions in the text, and well deserves attention. The value of the slave in the market is, ina measure, determined by these brands; for long familiarity with this accursed traffic has enabled the slave-dealer to ascertain with precision the characteristic traits of each tribe, and accord-

ingly to determine the employments for which they are best fitted. Some of the officers accomplished the daring feat of ascending the Sugar-Loaf, — a conical rock at the entrance of the port, about 1,300 feet high, — in order to determine its altitude. Captain Beechey excuses the disagreement between his two determinations of the height of this rock, by saying that it is almost impossible to ascend it.

Captain Wilkes has devoted, very unnecessarily, as we conceive, two chapters of his work to a description of Rio de Janeiro, and an account of the political condition of the Brazilians. Seeing that he has made so liberal use of the facts of Mr. Armitage's history, he ought to have borrowed also some of that writer's liberality and candor. He says, the Brazilians are "patient under oppression," "suspicious," "selfish," "cunning," "presumptuous," and "timid." The presentation of the "Narrative," by our own government to that of Brazil, as it contains such language as this, has rather the appearance of an insult than a compliment, and its grateful acceptance would certainly be an indication of the "mental degradation" which Captain Wilkes has discovered in the inhabitants. This last seems to be a singular phrase to apply to a people who are in the full enjoyment of liberty of the press, trial by jury, a certain degree of religious toleration, a representative chamber that originates the money bills, and schools for elementary instruction established by public authority. It would have been more politic and amiable, not to say infinitely more just, in a work of this peculiar character, to have avoided language which is certainly very insulting.

At Rio, Captain Wilkes applied to Commodore Nicolson, the commander of the Brazil station, for an addition to his crew. The commodore met the request by calling for volunteers; his own crew having entered for a particular service, he had no power to *order* them to another squadron. Captain Wilkes was under no obligation to take these men, whom he describes as "a most worthless set, and almost the only persons it was necessary to punish during the cruise." The motive for casting this slur upon his superior officer was a difficulty which he had with the commodore, in which the officers of the Independence, the flag-ship of the Brazil squadron, thought that Captain Wilkes behaved like a man whose judgment and sense of propriety were very much disturbed by his sudden and undue elevation.

During the stay of the squadron in this harbour, a seaman fell overboard from a lighter, and, being accidentally struck by an oar, was drowned. Passed Midshipman William May jumped into the water to his relief, but did not succeed in saving him. On the 6th of January, 1839, the squadron, without the Relief, which had been despatched in advance, left Rio de Janeiro, and steered to the southward. A week was spent in making an examination of the bar of the Rio Negro, and inquiring into the facilities of the place for trade. This service was attended with great fatigue, owing to the rapidity of the tides, and a storm, which compelled the vessels, on the 30th, to put to sea.

At Orange Harbour (Terra del Fuego), the next stopping-place of the squadron, preparations were made for the first cruise towards the Antarctic. The ample and exceedingly interesting accounts of the Fuegians by Captains King and Fitzroy have left but little novelty to be gleaned by future voyagers. One of the natives was detained on board the Vincennes a week, and was well clothed and fed; but he was constantly sick, and was glad to return to his savage state.

According to his instructions, Captain Wilkes removed to the brig Porpoise, and, taking with him the tender Sea-Gull, sailed on the 25th of February towards Palmer's Land, which he approached on the 3d of March. The weather was thick and tempestuous, the cold very severe, covering the decks and rigging with ice, and the vessel was so crowded with men that the state of the crew was in the highest degree uncomfortable. These circumstances, added to the lateness of the season, induced Captain Wilkes to return to the northward, which he did on the second day after reaching Palmer's Land. Having narrowly escaped being wrecked on Elephant island, he anchored in Good-Success bay on the 18th. Lieutenant Johnson, in the Sea-Gull, stopped at Deception island for a week.

On the same day that Captain Wilkes left Orange Harbour, the Peacock and Flying-Fish sailed together, steering towards the *Ne plus ultra* of Cook. The two vessels were soon separated by bad weather. Captain Hudson had the satisfaction of seeing the first display of the Aurora Australis on the 15th of March. The first iceberg was seen on the 11th; after this date, their continually increasing num-

ber brought fogs, attended by snow-storms and heavy gales. Through the dense vapor, the noise of the sea was frequently heard beating upon icebergs close aboard, and loud sounds like thunder were occasionally heard, caused probably by the disruption, or change of position, of these floating islands. An icy barrier, extending over one quarter of the horizon, was in sight on the 22d. Several successive days were passed in sailing in a sea thickly studded with icebergs, and obscured by fogs and heavy storms of snow. On the 25th, a meridian observation was obtained, the first for six days ; the latitude proved to be sixty-eight degrees south ; and on the same evening, to the great joy of all, the Flying-Fish joined company.

This little schooner, a New York pilot-boat of less than one hundred tons, under the command of Lieutenant William M. Walker, soon after separating from the Peacock, had suffered from severe storms that swept the decks, split her sails, crushed her boats, and caused her to leak badly. Not daunted by these obstacles, Lieutenant Walker continued to thread his way through the narrow channels between the icebergs until the 22d, when he reached the latitude of seventy degrees south, the highest point attained by any vessel of the squadron in either of the southern cruises. On the night of the same day, Mr. Walker found his vessel entirely surrounded by ice, from which it was extricated with great difficulty. During the forenoon of the next day, it was again encompassed by ice islands, over which the sea was breaking to the height of eighty or one hundred feet. Mr. Walker thinks a ship could not have escaped from this peril, as his own easily managed vessel was frequently cramped for want of working-room. On the 24th, he was again very near being closed in, and was compelled to give up the hope of penetrating further to the southward. When the two vessels met, Captain Hudson directed Mr. Walker to return to Orange Harbour, and shaped his own course to Valparaiso.

In the mean time, the store-ship Relief had been ordered by Captain Wilkes to enter the Straits of Magellan, through Brecknock Passage and Cockburn Sound, taking with her the greater part of the scientific corps. One duty assigned to Captain Long was to survey Useless Bay, of which Captain King says, "It affords neither anchorage,

nor shelter, nor any other advantage for the navigator." He also remarks of the Cockburn and Barbara channels, "Such a complicated mass of islands and rocks I never before saw." The selection of the dullest sailer, and heaviest and worst-working ship of the squadron, containing all the stores and most of the scientific gentlemen, for a service suited only to a small vessel capable of quick movements, turned out better than could reasonably have been expected. The Relief, after her cables had all parted, was providentially saved from wreck under Noir island by the set of the current, which carried her clear of a reef, where, if she had struck, every life must have been lost. Captain Long made the best of his way to Valparaiso, and on his arrival was kindly supplied with an anchor by Captain Locke of the British ship Fly.

On the 17th of April, the Vincennes and Porpoise sailed from Orange Harbour for Valparaiso, leaving the Sea-Gull and Flying-Fish to follow. The Sea-Gull, as is well known, was lost off Cape Horn. The day after she put to sea in company with the Flying-Fish, a furious gale arose, and the latter vessel returned to a safe anchorage ; but the Sea-Gull was never seen again. Two young officers of great merit were lost in her ; Passed Midshipman James W. E. Reid, son of the late Governor Reid of Georgia, and Passed Midshipman Frederick A. Bacon of Connecticut. Captain Wilkes bears honorable testimony to their high characters, and ardent zeal in the service of the expedition. A cenotaph at Mount Auburn commemorates the sad event which deprived the navy of two of its most promising young officers.

We shall pass hastily over the chapters relating to Chili and Peru. The naturalists and some of the officers visited Santiago, and Mr. Couthouy and Mr. Dana made a hasty trip to the mines of San Felipe. The account of the excursion of Mr. Pickering and Mr. Rich into the interior of Peru presents a lively picture of the inhabitants, and of the difficulties that beset the traveller in that country, reminding us of the journal of Lieutenant Smythe. At the village of Baños, their eggs were cooked in three minutes in the hot spring from which the town derives its name. The heat of the water must have been near the boiling point at that elevation, the place being ten thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The chapters upon the political histories of Peru and Chili are evidently written by very intelligent persons, well acquainted with the country, and, in liberality and moderation of tone, as well as in literary merit, they afford a welcome contrast to the arrogant and disjointed abuse of the Brazilians. But we must observe, that it is difficult to see the connection between the histories of well known countries, like Brazil, Peru, and Chili, and the events of the Exploring Expedition, particularly as these histories are probably not written by Captain Wilkes, or any other person connected with the squadron. Both here and elsewhere, the only office of the transcriber seems to have been to corrupt the Spanish. We find "*sequenda in* Lima" instead of *se queda en* Lima (Vol. I. p. 239); "Adios *per* Dios" for *por* (p. 274); "*Guacho*" for *Gaucho* (p. 276); "*Aumdamiento*" for *Ayuntamiento* (p. 291); "*Bouqueron*" for *Boqueron* (p. 230). The same carelessness pervades the whole work. Of the Spanish words introduced into the text, at least two thirds are misspelt, — a fault the less pardonable, as it might easily have been avoided by reference to a dictionary, or a kind friend.*

On the 15th of July, 1839, the squadron left Callao, where, as well as at Valparaiso, the magnetic and astronomical observatories had been set up, and the scientific corps had pursued their investigations with unceasing industry. The number of the vessels was now diminished by two; the store-ship Relief had been sent home by the way of the Sandwich islands and Port Jackson; and the little Sea-Gull,

> "Familiar with the wave, and free
> As if its own white foam were she,"

had drooped her wing under the fierce tempest.

A month, ending in the middle of September, was employed in a survey of the Paumotu cluster, or Low Archipelago,

* In this part of the "Narrative," Captain Wilkes has the bad taste to introduce a defence of the *illegal* punishments in Callao, for which he was reprimanded by the sentence of a court-martial, on his return to the United States. He tells us, that the "honor of the navy and the glory of the country" were saved by inflicting upon two deserters the punishments respectively of thirty-six and forty-one lashes. Such unpleasant details in a book of this nature only furnish a pretence, to be used both at home and abroad, for opprobrious remark upon our naval discipline; and the idea is sufficiently ludicrous, that "the glory of the country" depended in any way upon the shoulders of poor Blake and Lester.

a cluster to the eastward of the Society islands, and forming, indeed, a part of this group. The attention of our surveyors had been drawn to it by that distinguished navigator, Admiral Krusenstern, whose notes made a part of Captain Wilkes's instructions. Clermont de Tonnerre was the first island visited. The natives resisted all attempts to land. Captain Wilkes spoke to them through an interpreter, but "the only answer he could get from them was, several of them crying out at the same time, 'Go to your own land; this belongs to us, and we do not want to have any thing to do with you.'" Mr. Couthouy landed unarmed, with presents; but was driven into the water by the inhabitants, who thrust at him with their spears. A useless landing was forced, however, by firing at them with mustard-seed shot, "which caused the chief and all the rest to retreat, rubbing their legs," as the "Narrative" expresses it. Having no skilful surgeon among them to extract these shot, they may be still "rubbing their legs." We learn elsewhere, that one man was shot in the face, and another was wounded twice, once in the breast. Every one must regret to see the first intercourse of Captain Wilkes with the natives of the island marked by an act of unnecessary hostility, that must increase the difficulty of future intercourse. He speaks of the inhabitants as a "fine, athletic race, much above the ordinary size." Communication was held with the natives of several other islands in this group. The people of Raraka were found to be modest, kind, and confiding; and those of Aurora island have been much improved by the missionaries in behaviour, and in the comforts of living. Many could read and write well, and printed copies of several portions of Scripture were seen among them. They were without arms of any kind; a permanent peace, under the missionaries' influence, seems to have succeeded to the constant wars that formerly raged. Two islands were discovered in this group, that were not laid down on the charts; the locality of another marked on the charts of Arrowsmith had been previously passed over, and the supposed land proved not to exist, — a fact in navigation second in importance only to a new discovery. In the middle of September, the squadron was united in Matavai Bay, in the island of Tahiti, where Captain Wilkes again set up the observatories.

The time passed at Tahiti was engrossed by the multi-

plied and arduous duties of the service on which the squadron was sent. Though, in a hasty review, these must be dismissed with a bare mention of them, yet they are never to be lost sight of by the reader. This was no holyday service; every hour, not excepting those commonly devoted to sleep, brought its appropriate work; and Captain Wilkes himself appears to have set an example of extraordinary energy and zeal. Boats and vessels were despatched upon surveys, the officers and naturalists explored the interior of the islands, and collected facts and specimens, and the labors of the magnetic and astronomical observatories, of the tidal and meteorological registries, were never omitted.

Captain Wilkes gives a long description of Tahiti, its society, government, laws, productions, and physical features. In a passage * replete with interesting information, and written with apparent candor and liberality, he defends the missionaries against the reproaches of their enemies, and points out the great good they have done in their attempt to civilize this savage region, and to root out the crimes and excesses of barbarism, so as to make room for the virtues and graces of Christianity. The missionaries never failed to command his attention, sympathy, and assistance. Though sometimes he blames their conduct, his general manner affords proof that he does so from sincere conviction. Respecting the present profit and future promise of their labors and great sacrifices, a subject regarded by all Christendom with an anxiety proceeding from "the ground of the heart," he holds a language equally creditable to his judgment and his feelings.

The missionaries have introduced the manners, as well as the forms of education and religion, of their own countries. A party travelling in the interior passed a night at the village of Otapuna, in the house of Utami, a principal chief, and governor of the district. His table was set in the European fashion, and he gave them tea made of a native herb. Before retiring to rest, he "read a chapter in the Bible, and made a prayer with much apparent devotion."

The Society islands are so well known, through Mr. Ellis's "Polynesian Researches," that we shall pass at once to the Samoan group, the next scene of the combined labors of the

* Vol. II. pp. 12–18.

squadron. On the passage thither, Bellinghausen's and Rose Islands, both uninhabited, were visited; the birds were so tame at these places as to suffer themselves to be removed from the nest by hand.

The survey of the Samoan or Navigator's group was begun in the early part of October. The Vincennes anchored in Pago-pago, in the island of Tutuila, a harbour remarkable for its safety and beauty. This spot was the scene of an attack upon the boats of the unfortunate La Perouse, which resulted in the massacre of M. de Langle, and several of his men. Captain Wilkes speaks well of the inhabitants.

"The women are far from good looking, with the exception of some of the younger ones. They are remarkably domestic and virtuous, exhibiting a strange contrast to those of Tahiti. Here the marriage tie is respected, and parents are extremely fond of their offspring." — Vol. II., p. 73.

The idea of comfort of an inhabitant of Tutuila is by no means limited.

"According to old Toa [a principal chief], a native is in a comfortable condition, when he has a good house; a well-made visiting canoe; a neat, handy, large, and well-formed woman for a wife; a taro-patch with a good fence; cocoa-nut, and bread-fruit trees, with a reasonable number of pigs." — p. 78.

The happy state of the island is due to the exertions of the Rev. Mr. Murray, who is represented by Captain Wilkes as "an amiable as well as a truly pious man," and eminently prosperous in his mission. "He is one of the missionaries engaged in translating the Bible, many parts of which are now completed, and extensively used by the natives, many of whom read and write well."

At Upolu, a native called Tuvai, charged with the murder of Edward Cavenaugh, of New Bedford, had been arrested by Captain Hudson. He was brought to trial before the chiefs, and his guilt being fully proved, he was taken on board the Vincennes as a prisoner, and subsequently landed upon Wallis island. The proceedings of the council are interesting and agreeably told.

The primitive dress of the Samoans is merely a short apron, and a girdle of leaves tied round the loins. Tattooing, the chief ornament, is almost exclusively confined to the men, the females being permitted to have only a few lines printed on the hands and body. The women are regarded with

great consideration, however ; a remarkable proof of which is to be found in the law that formerly punished adultery with death. The narrative describes the Samoan games, dances, and songs ; one of the latter celebrates the arrival of the Papalangi, or white men.

Captain Wilkes concludes his very interesting notices of these people by an account of their *fonos*, or meetings of business, which are conducted with much dignity and decorum. In order to prevent a waste of time or words, a prompter at the side of the speaker occasionally reminds him of the subjects to be debated. So useful a practice might be advantageously imitated elsewhere.

At Upolu, Captain Hudson made an unsuccessful attempt to capture a noted chief, Opotuno, who had taken possession of two boats belonging to the whale-ship William Penn, of Nantucket, killing the first mate and two boat-steerers. The second mate was left upon the beach as dead, but was removed to a hut by some native women, through whose benevolent care he recovered. In the year 1835, Captain John H. Aulick, then in command of the Vincennes, arrived at these islands, shortly after the murders were committed. He also endeavoured to seize the murderer, and for this purpose disguised his ship, and landed at the village of Opotuno at early daylight. But the chief had taken the alarm, and fled to the mountains. Captain Aulick destroyed his property wherever it could be found, taking care to save the innocent inhabitants from any share of the punishment inflicted upon the criminal chief. They felt and acknowledged the justice of his discrimination. In February, 1841, Captain Hudson made a second attempt, with no better success.

After leaving the Samoan group, we find the squadron again assembled in Sydney (New South Wales), in the latter part of November, where preparations were made for the second Antarctic cruise. In this port the officers experienced the utmost kindness and hospitality from the governor, Sir George Gipps, from all the officials, civil as well as military, and from the citizens generally. Every aid was given to advance the objects of the expedition,* and supply

* "The use of Fort Macquarie," says Captain Wilkes, "was immediately granted *me* for an observatory, a position which, being within hail of *my* ship, gave *me* great facilities for conducting *my* experiments, and at the same time superintending *my* other duties"; an acknowledgment which exhibits, if nothing else, the politeness of the governor in lending *his* fort.

its wants, and the hours of leisure were fully engrossed by balls, parties, and clubs. While the preparation of the vessels for the southern cruise was going on, the gentlemen of the scientific corps explored the country in the neighbourhood of Sydney, and added to the vocabularies of the philologist and the stores of the naturalist.

It was very evident that no repairs, which could bemade on the Peacock in time to save the passing season, would render her fit to perform a dangerous cruise. The report of the carpenter proves her unseaworthy condition. "Against these defects, however," says Captain Hudson, in his letter to Captain Wilkes, "I feel it my duty to contend, without anticipating any thing but favorable results, but at the same time prepared for the worst that may occur." It appears from this letter, and from other accounts, that Captain Hudson, actuated by an honorable ambition to fulfil the expectations of his country, exposed himself, his officers, and his crew to perils, from which, as we shall see, they escaped almost by a miracle.

As the vessels were separated by storms soon after leaving Sydney, it will be most convenient to follow each one in distinct course. On the night of the 11th of January, 1840, the further progress of the Vincennes and Porpoise to the southward was arrested by a compact barrier of ice, inclosing large, square icebergs. The Peacock arrived at the barrier on the 15th. "On the 13th," says Captain Hudson, "there was no occasion to light the binnacle lamps, as newspaper print could be read at midnight." On the 22d, the Peacock was the first to obtain undoubted proof of the vicinity of land by sounding in five hundred, and afterwards in three hundred and twenty, fathoms of water, the lead bringing up mud and a stone.* Bottom was found again on the 24th, in eight hundred fathoms; but farther discoveries were arrested by a fearful accident, that threatened the destruction of the vessel. We will leave it to Captain Hudson to tell the tale of danger and escape, in his own unpretending and graphic language: —

"While further pursuing the object of our search in this vicinity, on the morning of the 24th, and endeavouring to clear some

* On the 30th, Captain Wilkes, in the Vincennes, sounded and found hard bottom in thirty fathoms. This seems to have been the nearest approach to the shore.

ice ahead of us, the ship made a sternboard, and came in contact with a large piece of ice, which carried away one of the wheel-ropes, wrenched the neck of the rudder, and rendered it useless.

"We immediately commenced working ship with the sails and ice-anchors into a more open sea. In this we were successful for a time, until an increase of wind, and a change in its direction, brought in upon us masses of ice for miles in extent, which completely beset the ship, and finished the work of destruction on our rudder, and forced us into the immediate vicinity of an ice-island some seven or eight miles in extent, with an elevation equalling our topgallant-masthead, and its upper portion inclining towards the ship. In this situation, we furled all but the fore-and-aft sails, and hung by our ice-anchors. Fortunately, between us and a portion of this island lay a larger piece of ice, one end of which held us by the counter, until forced beyond it by the pressing masses of ice outside, which started our anchors, and set us stern on to the island, carrying away our spanker-boom and stern-davits, and forcing the starboard quarter-deck bulwarks in end some three or four inches, jamming a signal-gun hard and fast in the gangway, and breaking off all the bulwark stanchions on that side of the quarter-deck. We took this occasion to cant her, with the jib, into a narrow channel alongside the island, and with the help of other sails, passed by a portion of it without further injury to our spars, until an opportunity presented of forcing her into a small opening in the ice, with the head towards the sea. While doing this, and before the vessel had moved half her length, an impending mass of ice and snow fell in her wake. Had this fallen only a few seconds earlier, it must have crushed the vessel to atoms.

"Our rudder, which we unshipped and got in upon deck while wedged in the ice, came in over the side in two pieces, the head and neck entirely broken off, with the two midship pintles, and we shortly afterwards found the upper and lower braces gone from the stern-post.

"Towards midnight the sea was increasing, accompanied with snow, and every indication of a gale from seaward; and the ice, with which we were continually in contact, or actually jammed, more formidable in character, rapidly accumulating outside of us, and forming a compact mass. I found, as we were nearing the open sea, that we had been carried so far to leeward by the ice, as to be in great danger of taking up our last residence in the barrier, amongst bergs and islands of ice. There was, therefore, no choice left but to force her out, or grind and thump the ship to pieces in the attempt.

"Aided by a kind Providence, we reached an open space on the morning of the 25th, after having beat off the gripe of the ship, &c., and at meridian, the carpenters had so far secured our rudder, that it was again shipped, in the two remaining braces left on the stern-post.

"We were yet surrounded by ice and icebergs, in a bay some thirty miles in extent, from which no outlet could be seen from the masthead. At midnight, however, we found a passage, about half a mile in width, between some bergs and field-ice." —Vol II., pp. 465, 466.

This accident compelled Captain Hudson to return to Sydney immediately, and on examination, when the ship was hauled up for repairs, it was found that she was much strained throughout, and that her stern was chafed to within one and a half inches of the wood-ends. Having a long voyage still to perform through a tempestuous sea, the safe return of the vessel under such circumstances was but little less wonderful than that of the Terror, Captain Back's ship, in 1836–7.

We return to the Vincennes. This ship had experienced a constant gale from the 28th to the 31st of January, with the land in plain sight, fortified by its impassable barrier of ice. More than one hundred icebergs, varying in length from one quarter of a mile to three miles, covered the sea in all directions; and at 8 P. M. of the latter date, a violent snow-storm limited the view to within three or four hundred feet from the ship.

"The cold was severe, and every spray that touched the ship was immediately converted into ice. At 9 P. M., the barometer still falling and the gale increasing, we reduced sail to close-reefed fore and main-topsails, reefed foresail and trysails, under which we passed numerous icebergs, some to windward, and some to leeward of us. At $10^{h.}$ $30^{m.}$, we found ourselves thickly beset with them, and had many narrow escapes; the excitement became intense; it required a constant change of helm to avoid those close aboard; and we were compelled to press the ship with canvass in order to escape them, by keeping her to windward. We thus passed close along their weather sides, and distinctly heard the roar of the surf dashing against them. We had, from time to time, glimpses of their obscure outline, appearing as though immediately above us. After many escapes, I found the ship so covered with ice, and the watch so powerless in managing her, that a little after midnight, on the 29th, I had all hands called. Scarcely had they been reported on deck, when it was

made known to me that the gunner, Mr. Williamson, had fallen, broken his ribs, and otherwise injured himself, on the icy deck.

"The gale at this moment was awful. We found we were passing large masses of drift-ice, and ice-islands became more numerous. At a little after one o'clock it was terrific, and the sea was now so heavy, that I was obliged to reduce sail still further; the fore and main-topsails were clewed up, the former was furled; but the latter being a new sail, much difficulty was found in securing it.

"A seaman, by the name of Brooks, in endeavouring to execute the order to furl, got on the lee yard-arm, and the sail, having blown over the yard, prevented his return. Not being aware of his position until it was reported to me from the forecastle, he remained there some time. On my seeing him he appeared stiff, and clinging to the yard and lift. Spilling-lines were at once rove, and an officer with several men sent aloft to rescue him, which they succeeded in doing by passing a bowline around his body, and dragging him into the top. He was almost frozen to death. Several of the best men were completely exhausted with cold, fatigue, and excitement, and were sent below. This added to our anxieties, and but little hope remained to me of escaping. I felt that neither prudence nor foresight could avail in protecting the ship and crew. All that could be done was to be prepared for any emergency, by keeping every one at his station.

"We were swiftly dashing on, for I felt it necessary to keep the ship under rapid way through the water, to enable her to steer and work quickly. Suddenly many voices cried out, 'Ice ahead!' then, 'On the weather bow!' and again, 'On the lee bow and abeam!' All hope of escape seemed in a moment to vanish; return we could not, as large ice-islands had just been passed to leeward: so we dashed on, expecting every moment the crash. The ship in an instant, from having her lee guns under water, rose upright; and so close were we passing to leeward of one of these huge islands, that our trysails were almost thrown aback by the eddy wind. The helm was put up to pay the ship off, but the proximity of those under our lee bade me keep my course. All was now still except the distant roar of the wild storm, that was raging behind, before, and above us; the sea was in great agitation, and both officers and men were in the highest degree excited. The ship continued her way, and as we proceeded, a glimmering of hope arose, for we accidentally had hit upon a clear passage between two large ice-islands, which in fine weather we should not dare to have ventured through. The suspense endured while making our way between them was in-

tense, but of short duration; and my spirits rose as I heard the whistling of the gale grow louder and louder before us, as we emerged from the passage. We had escaped an awful death, and were again tempest-tossed." — Vol. II., pp. 313 – 315.

Several similar scenes were passed through during this perilous navigation. On the 21st of February, Captain Wilkes decided to return to the northward, having traversed the sea along the icy barrier from the longitude of 158° to that of 94°, between the parallels of 62° and 67°, a distance of more than fifteen hundred miles. The land, the discovery of which has conferred a signal honor upon the expedition, was rendered wholly inapproachable by the icy barrier bounding its shores. It is laid down upon the map accompanying the "Narrative," as seen on twelve occasions, between the above-mentioned limits, at short intervals of space apart. Although it was not actually seen as a continuous line of shore, Captain Wilkes, for reasons which seem to us to be good and fairly stated, gives it the name of a continent. Future researches may either confirm or disprove the appropriateness of the title, but cannot materially affect the importance or extent of the discovery to the westward of 150° East. To the eastward of this meridian, the existence of land and its limits are rendered uncertain by the statements of Captain Wilkes himself. In his "Synopsis," read before the National Institute two and a half years after the Antarctic cruise was made, he claims "the discovery of land as far east as 160° longitude" (p. 21); and he says again, "The discoveries by the Exploring Expedition are the *Antarctic Continent*, from 160° East" (p. 49). But the "Chart of the Antarctic Continent" lays down "Ringgold's Knoll," the easternmost spot, in about 158½° East longitude, a discrepancy of between thirty and forty miles, which we are unable to reconcile with the idea of a determinate discovery. We learn also from the "Narrative," as well as from other equally authentic sources, that the discovery of land is not recorded in the log-books of the vessels and journals of the officers until about the 28th of January, though it is dated, upon other authority, on the 16th of that month. Captain Wilkes accounts for this unusual omission of the most important fact of the cruise in *every* record of its incidents by saying, that the discovery was not anticipated, and by asking, "Who was there, prior to 1840, either in this country or in

Europe, that had the least idea that any large body of land existed to the south of New Holland ?" But in his instructions to Lieutenant Pinkney, he directs him "to note all appearances of land," and in the "Synopsis," we are informed by himself, that he traced on his original chart the *supposed* position of the "Bellany (Balleny ?) islands," or land. It would appear, then, that he was not altogether unaware of the probable existence of land to the southward of New Holland, on the borders of the Antarctic. The discoveries of Biscoe and Balleny had revived the expectation, once laid aside, that a large tract of land might still be found to exist near and within the polar circle.* Moreover, it is a fact quite as notorious as any connected with the early history of this expedition, that the discovery of land in the southern circumpolar sea was one of the principal objects that the explorers were expected to accomplish ; and that this object was not forgotten is apparent from the reports of Captains Hudson and Ringgold, in which the slightest appearance of land, or sign of its neighbourhood, is carefully noted, and minutely described, showing that these commanders, at least, were anxiously and watchfully expecting a discovery.

It would be useless to attempt to discuss the relative merits of the American, French, and English discoveries, or to decide the disputes to which they have given rise, until the journal of Captain Ross is published. Something has been said of this latter commander sounding over a part of the land laid down on Captain Wilkes's chart. It does not appear, from any statement hitherto made, that Captain Ross was at any time to the westward of 165° East longitude, south of 65 degrees. If it should be proved hereafter, that there is no excuse or pretext for this assertion, which has been circulated in the English newspapers, it will be incumbent on him to make an apology for suffering his name to be used for such a dishonorable purpose as the dissemination of a false report, injurious to the honor of a foreign officer, and to the character of his nation. We leave here the subject of the land for the present, merely adding an expression of our regret, that the inconsistencies of Captain Wilkes should have promoted and justified, both at home and

* *Journal Roy. Geo. Soc.*, 1833, p. 112, and ibid. 1839, p. 527.

abroad,* such discussions and doubts respecting the date and extent of this discovery, as involve, though we trust they will not in the end impair, the national honor.

We left the Porpoise and the Flying-Fish still struggling with the dangers of this inhospitable climate. Captain Ringgold, in the former vessel, fell in with the French squadron under Captain D'Urville on the 30th of January. We give his own account of the meeting.

"At $4^{h.}$ $50^{m.}$, being within a mile and a half, the strangers showed French colors: the leeward and sternmost displayed a broad pennant; concluded now that they must be the French discovery ships under Captain D'Urville, on a similar service with ourselves; desirous of speaking and exchanging the usual and customary compliments incidental to naval life, I closed with the strangers, desiring to pass within hail under the flag-ship's stern. While gaining fast, and being within musket-shot, my intentions too evident to excite a doubt, so far from any reciprocity being evinced, I saw with surprise sail making by boarding the main tack on board the flag-ship. Without a moment's delay, I hauled down my colors and bore up on my course before the wind." — Vol. II., pp. 344.

It will be recollected that the unfortunate Captain D'Urville perished miserably, with his wife and child, at the burning of the railroad cars in France, about two years after his return from this expedition, in which he conferred upon his country the honor of participating in the recent Antarctic discoveries.

Captain Ringgold was enabled to carry out his instructions fully by sailing along the icy barrier as far as 100° of East longitude, or about 1,400 miles. He then retraced his steps to the 126th degree of longitude, or about 600 miles, with the hope of still finding an opening where he could penetrate nearer to the land. On the 24th of February, he turned his course to the northward, for his appointed place of rendezvous, the Bay of Islands.

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* *Bulletin de la Soc. Geo.*, Vol. XIX., p. 48. This is one of the foreign journals of authority which have discussed this subject with an apparent desire to be just and temperate.

The discoveries of Captain Wilkes, added to that of Palmer's Land, by Captain N. B. Palmer, in the sloop Hero, in 1820–21, revisited by him the following season in the James Monroe, entitle this country to rank as the principal contributor to geographical knowledge in this distant quarter of the globe.

The adventurous course of the little Flying-Fish is still to be followed. She reached the icy barrier on the 21st of January. The next day, a large mass fell from an iceberg so near, that the swell produced by the immersion caused the schooner to roll the water in upon her decks. This vessel, utterly unfitted for the service she was on, soon began to leak so badly, that Lieutenant Pinkney, her commander, whose conduct during this cruise was characterized by a humanity even more attractive than his courage and perseverance, admitted the crew to the cabin, where they not only slept, but cooked, and ate their meals. The pumps, constantly at work, barely sufficed to keep the water below the cabin deck; if the men stopped but a short time to rest, the apartment was flooded. Out of a crew of eleven men, only four remained on duty, and two of these could not be trusted with the helm. From the 29th of January to the 5th of February, it blew a gale of wind, with but little cessation. The crew and officers, sick and exhausted with watching and labor, after many vain attempts, found it impossible to reduce sail. The vessel, strained at every seam, laboring alarmingly in a sea that had risen to an extraordinary height, and occasionally driven, by the excess of sail, with unmanageable speed, through drift ice, and among icebergs dimly seen in the thick snow-storm, appears to have been saved from the fate of her companion, the Sea-Gull, only by the special favor of Providence. On the 5th of February, Lieutenant Pinkney, by the advice of his officers, determined to give up the further prosecution of a hopeless voyage, and steered for the Bay of Islands.

Captain Wilkes speaks in enthusiastic terms of the kind reception extended to the officers, on their return from this Antarctic cruise, by the inhabitants of Sydney; and here and everywhere it will be the duty of Americans to acknowledge and reciprocate their civilities. We refer to them with pleasure as adding to the many ties that bind the two nations together, and as a proof of the Englishman's hospitality at home.

The Vincennes joined the Porpoise and Flying-Fish at the Bay of Islands on the 30th of March, leaving the Peacock in Sydney to complete her repairs. The writer of the "Narrative" displays his usual taste for accumulation by making some laborious compilations concerning New Zealand.

Some of the scientific gentlemen arrived in time to witness the conclusion of the English treaty, by which the chiefs ceded their lands and authority to Queen Victoria, Captain Hobson representing the government of Great Britain. According to Captain Wilkes, this transaction seems to have been any thing but honorable, and the New Zealand Company manifested great cupidity and injustice.

We leave this part of the narrative to accompany the Explorers to Tonga, one of the Friendly islands, where the whole squadron met again on the 1st of May. Here they were struck with the superiority of the natives over the New Zealanders, with their cheerfulness, the number and healthy state of the children, and the beauty and correct deportment of the women. Captain Wilkes found the Christians and "Devil's men" about to make war with each other, and offered his mediation, which was gladly accepted. This led to the convention of a council, the description of which, and of the two kings, Josiah and George, is very interesting. The commander was unsuccessful in his efforts to preserve peace, which he attributes to the intolerance of the missionaries, who were "evidently more inclined to have the war continue, than desirous that it should be put a stop to; *viewing it, in fact, as a means of propagating the gospel.*" The "Narrative" speaks well of the prosperity of this mission. A printing-press has been in operation since 1832; "great numbers of both sexes read and write, and a few had been taught the rules of arithmetic, and the principles of geography." But some instances of narrow-mindedness and religious intolerance are related, which, if not exaggerated, certainly dishonor the sacred cause of the preachers, and the name of the Master who sent them.*

The population of the Friendly islands is about 18,500, of whom 4,500 are converts, and 2,500 members of the church.

We now approach the Viti, or Feejee, islands, to which the squadron devoted much more time and labor than to any other of the Polynesian groups; more than three months, counting from May to the middle of August, 1840, having been occupied with the survey of the several clusters combined under this name. It is a very important and interest-

* This is a Wesleyan mission.

ing part of the cruise, not only on account of the work done, but for the events that occurred there. Captain Wilkes has well improved the means afforded by his long stay at these islands, for becoming acquainted with the character, habits, and social condition of the people. Our hasty and brief notice cannot do justice to his full and very entertaining narrative ; but we will endeavour to present a slight sketch of this group, and of the most prominent events that occurred during the stay of the squadron.

The Viti, or Feejee, group, situated between the latitudes of 15½° and 19½° South, and the longitudes of 177° East and 178° West, comprises, besides numerous reefs and shoals, one hundred and fifty islands, sixty-five of which are inhabited. The inhabitants number about one hundred and thirty thousand. They are distinguished above all the Polynesian tribes, excepting, perhaps, the inhabitants of Byron's and Drummond's islands, for treachery and cruelty. They are described as generally above the middle height, the chiefs being tall and well made, but the lower classes exhibiting the meagreness of frame and meanness of appearance belonging to a state of slavish vassalage among a rude people. The common complexion is a shade between the black and the copper-colored ; but both extremes are to be seen. The hair and beard of a Feejee chief are carefully preserved, and when dressed constitute his greatest pride. The office of barber is one of dignity ; his hands are tabooed from all other employments, and he is not even allowed to feed himself. The household of a great chief comprises several of these important personages. The hair is frizzled and made to stand erect, extending several inches from the head ; a piece of tapa, as fine as tissue-paper, is then wound round it, as a protection from dust. When to this is added the tapa round the loins, the ordinary dress of the men is complete. Instead of the tapa, the women wear round the waist a band made from the bark of a tree, the fibres of the lower part being separated. Contrary to the customs of the other islands, tattooing is confined to the females, who regard it as a passport to the other world. They also adorn their persons with flowers. Both sexes disfigure their bodies with black and red pigments, anoint themselves with the offensive cocoa-nut oil, and bore the lobes of the ears, distending the loose flesh by inserting rolls of tapa, pieces of wood, or

shells, into the holes. The chiefs wear around the neck a shell, or a necklace made of beads, whale's teeth, or the human teeth taken from the victims of their cannibal feasts. They spend much time in ornamenting their persons, and "will sit for hours with a small sixpenny looking-glass, admiring themselves with great delight."

The Feejeans are divided into a number of tribes; and in each tribe there are five distinct orders of society, — kings, chiefs, warriors, landholders, and slaves, the last being in a most abject condition. War is the most honorable occupation, and is declared in a formal manner by a herald whose office is held sacred. He is received with great ceremony by the adverse party, to whom he says, on taking leave, "Good bye, it is war"; the usual reply is, "It is well, return home." Then the hostilities commence, and are conducted with all the treachery and cruelty of savage warfare. The successful party brings home the victims who are to supply the sacrifices to the gods, and furnish the cannibal feasts.

Captain Wilkes insists, that "the eating of human flesh is not confined to the cases of sacrifice, but is practised from habit and taste"; and he supports this opinion by some disgusting details, which we will spare the reader. We have no intention of calling in question his statements concerning all that passed under his own observation; but we do not perceive that he cites any authentic case, where the subjects might not be regarded as enemies captured or slain in battle, or as religious sacrifices. To dwell upon the religious opinions of these people would be merely to repeat what is well known. There is a belief, common to all savages, in good and evil spirits; the power of each, and the manner and extent to which the latter are propitiated, depend upon the native character. As the Feejeans are remarkably fierce and cruel, their religious ceremonies are attended with practices even exceeding in horror those of which we have such a thrilling picture in the history of the native Mexicans.

The idea, that, after death, they will retain the condition of body and health enjoyed at the time of their decease, leads to the customs of killing aged people, and of self-immolation to escape from decrepitude and disease. Parents, when they are advanced in years, notify their children that the period has arrived when they ought to die. A feast is prepar-

ed, the friends bringing presents, and the ceremonies of mourning customary at a funeral are performed. The victim selects the spot for the grave, and the mode of his death, which is generally strangling or burying alive. A parting kiss from all the friends is the signal for placing him in the grave, which, after being covered with sticks and earth, is trodden down. The son visits the spot at night, and lays upon it a piece of ava-root, called the "vei-tala," or farewell. Notwithstanding all this, Mr. Hunt, the missionary, assured Captain Wilkes, that the Feejeans were dutiful and kind to their parents, and that this custom was regarded as so great a proof of affection, that the children alone were permitted to perform it. A voluntary death is preferred to the prospect of a life afflicted with disease. Persons accidentally maimed, and deformed children, are generally destroyed. Messrs. Hunt and Lythe, missionaries, said they had known only one instance of a natural death during their residence on the island. The death of a chief is celebrated by the sacrifice of his wives, his slaves, and even his children. "At the funeral of the late king, Ulivou, which was witnessed by Mr. Cargill, his five wives and a daughter were strangled." The rites attending the death and burial of a great chief are related by Captain Wilkes in minute detail. Here, as at most of the islands, the infliction of some lasting injury upon the person, the loss of a joint for example, records the permanent grief of the individual.

The traits and customs to which we have hastily alluded are illustrated in the "Narrative" by anecdotes and circumstantial relations of the deepest interest. Our principal purpose is to excite the curiosity of the reader, by giving an outline of this novel form of savage life, and to direct his attention to the book itself, where it is portrayed in full proportions and striking colors. Without stopping, then, to dwell upon the domestic life of the Feejeans, and even passing without notice the redoubted Paddy Connel, an Irish resident of Ovolau, with whose vagabond history and prolific ambition Captain Wilkes regales the reader, though of the former he tells us, that "he did not believe a word of it" himself, we will pass to the two most important events that transpired during the stay of the squadron in this savage region.

The Peacock had been engaged in the surveys at the southeast point of the island of Vitilevu, near the town of

Rewa, a place of some importance, and the residence of a king, who had extended to Captain Hudson especial kindness, and with whom he had passed a night.* After remaining there a few days, Captain Hudson received an order to capture the chief Vendovi, who, six years before, had been concerned in the murder of the crew of the American brig Charles Doggett. The mate, Mr. Chitman, and eight or nine of the crew, were treacherously enticed on shore and massacred. The bodies were recovered, and committed to the deep, but rising to the surface, they were seized again and devoured by the savages, who complained, says Captain Wilkes, on the authority of Paddy Connel, that they were not very good, especially the negro, "whose flesh tasted strong of tobacco."

When the king, who was Vendovi's brother, accompanied by the queen, the chiefs, and their attendants, came on board to receive the presents intended as a return for their kindness to our officers, they were made prisoners, to the number of seventy or eighty persons, including the king's little daughter, about five or six years of age. Overcome by apprehension, and seeing, after a vain remonstrance, that there was no other chance of release, they selected Ngaraningiou (who, it was afterwards ascertained, had instigated the massacre) and another chief to effect the capture of Vendovi.

Vendovi seems not to have been deficient in the haughty courage which we admire in the savage. Ngaraningiou, on his arrival at Rewa, went to his house, and taking a seat by his side, laid his hand upon the chief's arm, and informed him of the object of his visit. Vendovi immediately consented to accompany him; but his brother said, "not till tomorrow." They passed the evening and night together, and in the morning embarked for the ship. Vendovi was examined before the king, the chiefs, and the officers of the ship; by the latter he was recognized as one of the guides

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* A Spartan hospitality appears to prevail at Rewa, and the king with his very obedient wives seemed desirous of practising it to the utmost extent. But it is due to the gallant commander to say, that he encountered this trial with his usual fortitude, — not, however, without being assailed by the most urgent importunities.

"Sed nullis ille movetur
Fletibus, aut voces ullas tractabilis audit."

who had recently received a reward for his faithful services. He confessed his guilt in causing the murder of a part of the crew of the Charles Doggett, and admitted that he had held the mate by the arms while the natives killed him with their clubs. He was put in irons, the presents were distributed, and the leave-taking came, which we give in the words of the "Narrative."

"All the party were now much affected. Kania, the king, seated himself on the right side of Vendovi, taking hold of his arm, while Navumialu placed himself on the left. Phillips walked up and down in front. All shed tears, and sobbed aloud, while conversing in broken sentences with their brother. The natives shed tears also, and none but Ngaraningiou remained unmoved. The king kissed the prisoner's forehead, touched noses, and turned away. The inferior chiefs approached and kissed his hands, whilst the common people crawled up to him and kissed his feet. One young man, who belonged to the household of Vendovi, was the last to quit him; he wished to remain with his master, but was not permitted. In bidding farewell to the chief, he embraced his knees, kissed his hands and feet, and received a parting blessing from Vendovi, who placed both his manacled hands on his head. The young man then retreated backwards towards the ladder, sighing and sobbing as though his heart would break." — Vol. III., p. 136.

Omitting all comment upon the manner of Vendovi's capture, not, however, without some violation of our sense of duty, we will conclude here his brief and painful history. He was soon transferred to the Vincennes, where he remained a prisoner, under the charge of a sentinel or petty officer, until the return of the ship to New York, two years afterwards. When the squadron left the Feejee islands, Vendovi "manifested his feeling by shedding tears at the last view of his native land." It need scarcely be said, that his health pined under his confinement. Born to the distinctions of a chief, and accustomed to receive the services of his inferiors, his spirits sunk under the indignity of his situation. During the remainder of the cruise, a long period of two years, Captain Wilkes speaks of him but twice, — once to remark the lofty contempt with which he looked upon the filthy and half-starved Indians of Port Discovery, and again when he lost his only friend, Mr. Vanderford, a master's mate, who had resided a long time at the Feejee islands, and

who was the only person on board with whom he could converse. After this last event, a marked change came over Vendovi, and his disease made rapid strides towards a fatal termination.

On arriving at New York, he was carried at once to the naval hospital. At the sight of this massive building, he is said to have remarked, that it was the place where the Great Spirit waited for him. In a few days he died. His body did not grace the triumph of his captors, but his skull is still numbered among the trophies of the Expedition. It may be thought, that we are making an exaggerated demand upon the sympathies of the reader, in asking his compassion for the sufferings of a Feejee savage, who, in our own language, we call a murderer, a heathen, and a cannibal. Yet Vendovi seems to have been no worse than all his tribe, and certainly was not destitute of the rude virtues of his people. A distinguished historian of the present day has taught us, by several illustrious and striking examples, how unjust it is to charge upon an individual the crimes of his age and country; and this humanity, which he has enforced by instructive lessons, this comprehensive humanity, which makes us charitable in our judgments, and enables us to discern the elements of a common fellowship, though veiled by the terrible cruelties of religious bigotry, or by the ferocious customs of barbarous superstition, is surely a precious part of that wisdom, the gain whereof is better than fine gold.

We approach the second event to which we alluded with grief, and the painful apprehension that we may disturb the sanctity of a hopeless sorrow. We must leave it to Captain Wilkes to announce it in his own words.

"We were putting up our instruments to go on board, when it was reported to me that the three boats were in sight, coming down before the breeze. So unusual an occurrence at once made me suspect that some accident had occurred; and on the first sight I got of them, I found that their colors were half-mast and union down. I need not describe the dread that came over me. We reached the tender only a few moments before them, and when they arrived, I learned that a horrid massacre had but a short hour before taken place, and saw the mutilated and bleeding bodies of Lieutenant Joseph A. Underwood, and my nephew, Midshipman Wilkes Henry." — Vol. III., p. 262.

"One of the victims," adds Capt. Wilkes, "was my own

near relation, confided to my care by a widowed mother; I had therefore more than the ordinary degree of sorrow, which the loss of promising and eminent officers must cause in the breast of every commander, to oppress me."—Vol. III., p. 265.

The circumstances of this horrid massacre are related by Lieutenant Alden, who had command of the party of boats to which the two victims belonged. Lieutenant Underwood landed on the island of Malolo, with Mr. Alden's consent, to endeavour to purchase some provisions from the natives, and was joined on shore by Midshipman Henry. The inhabitants of this island were known to be particularly treacherous, and, both on this and a previous visit, had given indications of hostility to the boats of our squadron. Mr. Underwood was aware of this, and had already received two warnings at Moala and Moturiki of the danger to be apprehended from trusting too much to the natives, an imprudence to which he appears to have been particularly liable. On this occasion, he had secured a hostage, who was removed by Lieutenant Alden to his own boat. Notwithstanding repeated messages from Mr. Alden to hasten his departure, Mr. Underwood continued on shore, endeavouring to trade with the natives, who were evidently indifferent about making a bargain. The water was too low to permit his own boat to approach near to the shore. While waiting in a state of impatient apprehension, increased by seeing a large number of natives collect about the officers, a canoe came off, and spoke to the hostage, who immediately became uneasy, and attempted to jump overboard. He was prevented from making his escape then, but shortly afterwards, as Mr. Alden was speaking of this attempt to Lieutenant Emmons, who had just joined him, the hostage sprung over the side into the shallow water, and made for the shore. A musket was immediately levelled at him, but Lieutenant Alden, fearing the consequences if he was killed, ordered it to be fired over his head; at the same time, Lieutenant Emmons was directed to pursue and take him, if possible, dead or alive. Upon hearing the report of the musket,

"The old chief, who was standing near, immediately cried out that his son was killed, and ordered the natives to make fight. Upon this, two of them seized upon Clark's rifle, and tried to take it from him. One of these he stabbed in the breast with his sheath-knife; the other Mr. Underwood struck on the head with the butt end of his pistol; upon which, both relinquished

their hold. Lieutenant Underwood then ordered the men to keep close together, and they endeavoured to make their way to the boat, facing the natives. Lieutenant Underwood also called upon Midshipman Henry to assist in covering the retreat of the men to the boats, to which Mr. Henry replied, that he had just received a blow from the club of a native, and would first have a crack at him. He then pursued the native a few steps, and cut him down with his bowie-knife pistol, and had again reached the water's edge, when he was struck with a short club on the back of the head, just as he fired his pistol and shot a native. The blow stunned him, and he fell with his face in the water, when he was instantly surrounded by the natives who stripped him. The natives now rushed out of the mangrove-bushes in great numbers, some of them endeavoring to get between Lieutenant Underwood and the water, while others crowded upon his party, throwing their short-handled clubs and using their spears. Lieutenant Underwood, having received a spear-wound, fired, and ordered the men to do the same; and after he had fired his second pistol, was knocked down by a blow of a club. Clark at the same time was struck, and had no further recollection." — Vol. III., pp. 269, 270.

Mr. Alden, with his companion, Mr. Emmons, hastened to the scene of conflict, which was pointed out by the noise of firearms and the general confusion.

"When I reached the beach," says Lieutenant Alden, "nothing living was to be seen. About ten paces from the water I found Lieutenant Underwood lying upon his back, partially stripped of his clothing. I raised his head upon my arm, and hope was for a moment flattered on perceiving some signs of life; but, alas! he breathed twice only. Turning aside from the melancholy spectacle, my eye fell on Midshipman Henry, who lay very much in the same situation in which I found Lieutenant Underwood. This was the earliest intimation I had of his being one of the sufferers. I raised him in my arms, and hope again was flattered — I thought I perceived him breathe. A native lay a few paces from him, badly wounded. I ordered him despatched; and with heavy hearts we bore our murdered comrades to the boat, and made sail for the schooner, which we reached in about an hour." — Vol. III., pp. 428, 429.

One of the secluded sand-islands was selected as the place of burial, and the funeral rites were performed with all the care and solemnity which affection could dictate.

" Only twenty sailors, (all dressed in white,) with myself and officers, landed to pay this last mark of affection and respect to those who had gone through so many toils, and shared so many dangers with us, and of whom we had been so suddenly bereaved. The quiet of the scene, the solemnity of the occasion, and the smallness of the number who assisted, were all calculated to produce an unbroken silence. The bodies were quietly taken up and borne along to the centre of the island, where stood a grove of ficus trees, whose limbs were entwined in all directions by running vines. It was a lonely and suitable spot that had been chosen, in a shade so dense that scarce a ray of the sun could penetrate it.

" The grave was dug deep in the pure white sand, and sufficiently wide for the two corpses. Mr. Agate read the funeral service so calmly, and yet with such feeling, that none who were present will forget the impression of that sad half hour. After the bodies had been closed in, three volleys were fired over the grave. We then used every precaution to erase all marks that might indicate where these unfortunate gentlemen were interred. I felt as if to refrain from marking the spot where they were laid deprived us of one of the consolations that alleviate the loss of a relative and friend, but was relieved when it occurred to me to fix a more enduring mark on that place, by naming the island after my nephew, ' Henry,' and the pretty cluster of which it forms one, ' Underwood Group.' " — Vol. III., pp. 272, 273.

We trust no future hydrographer will venture to remove these touching landmarks.

On the same night that the bodies were consigned to their common grave, preparations were made to punish the murderers. A sufficient force was landed the next day, to destroy the towns of Arro and Squalib, on the island of Malolo. At Arro, where the detachment was commanded by Captain Ringgold, the natives, armed with arrows, clubs, spears, and muskets, made a desperate resistance. The defences of that town evinced no little skill, and it was not until the rockets took effect upon the thatched roofs, that the assailants could force an entrance. A desperate contest took place on the water. Lieutenant Emmons, during the afternoon, in a single boat, with a crew of seven men, attacked five canoes, each having eight warriors. Only one of the canoes escaped, and twenty-five of the warriors were killed. Lieutenant Emmons reached the brig at midnight, with his prizes and prisoners. On the following day, a young native woman, bearing a white

cock in her arms, an emblem of peace, was seen standing alone on the reef, which was bare at low water. Near her were the different articles belonging to Lieutenant Underwood and Midshipman Henry. The latter were received by Captain Wilkes, but he declined the peace-offering ; for he had obtained

"a sufficient knowledge of their manners and customs to know that it was usual for them, when defeated, and at the mercy of their enemies, to beg pardon and sue for mercy, before the whole of the attacking party, in order that all might be witnesses." — Vol. III., p. 279.

Having despatched a messenger from among his prisoners to acquaint the natives with the only terms upon which he could consent to withhold further punishment, — that they were to come, by the time the sun was overhead, to beg pardon and sue for mercy, — he landed the third morning with his whole force, to wait the result.

"The day was perfectly serene, and the island, which, a few hours before, had been one of the loveliest spots in creation, was now entirely laid waste, showing the place of the massacre, the ruined town, and the devastated plantations. The eye wandered over the beautiful expanse of water beyond and around, with the long lines of white, sparkling reefs, until it rested, far in the distance, on the small green spot where we had performed the last rites to our murdered companions. A gentle breeze, which was blowing through the casuarina trees, gave out the moaning sound that is uttered by the pines of our own country, producing a feeling of depression inseparable from the occasion, and bringing vividly to my thoughts the sad impression which this melancholy and dreadful occurrence would bring upon those who were far away.

"Towards four o'clock, the sound of distant wailings was heard, which gradually grew nearer and nearer. At the same time, the natives were seen passing over the hills towards us, giving an effect to the whole scene which will be long borne in my memory. They at length reached the foot of the hill, but would come no farther, until assured that their petition would be received. On receiving this assurance, they wound upward, and in a short time, about forty men appeared, crouching on their hands and knees, and occasionally stopping to utter piteous moans and wailings. When within thirty feet of us, they stopped, and an old man, their leader, in a most piteous manner, begged pardon, supplicating forgiveness, and pledging that they would

never do the like again to a white man. He said, that they acknowledged themselves conquered, and that the island belonged to us; that they were our slaves, and would do whatever I desired; that they had lost every thing; that the two great chiefs of the island, and all their best warriors, had been killed, all their provisions destroyed, and their houses burned. They acknowledge a loss of fifty-seven killed. During the whole time that the old man was speaking, they all remained bent down with their heads to the ground." — Vol. III., pp. 281, 282.

Captain Wilkes has entered into a long vindication of his conduct on this mournful occasion, to which an effort has been made to attach blame. We have no hesitation in saying, that we regard his conduct with unqualified approbation. We not only justify the punishment he inflicted upon the natives, but we fully appreciate the necessity for his exacting that particular form of submission by which alone they acknowledge themselves conquered. But we are shocked to perceive that Captain Wilkes attempts to fasten upon Lieutenant Alden the whole responsibility of this dreadful event. It is true that the escape of the hostage was the signal for assault; but it is not just to say that Lieutenant Alden was heedless or indifferent about retaining him. His own report shows, that he was most anxious for Lieutenant Underwood's safety, and had sent repeated orders for his return. The escape of the hostage was one of those accidents, the importance of which is magnified by the consequences that followed.

There is an omission in Captain Wilkes's report of this tragedy, at which we are surprised and offended. He has occupied several pages with explanation and self-justification, and has drawn from the event what, we presume, appears to him to be the appropriate moral, — that his own orders as commanding officer should have been strictly obeyed, whether he were absent or present. But he has not pointed out to the reader, as he ought to have done, the fact, that, on this melancholy occasion, the *officers alone* were killed. They covered the retreat of the men, — which was the more necessary, because they were not fully armed, — and died in their defence. This fact, reflecting the highest honor upon their character, ought not to be forgotten. The same cenotaph at Mount Auburn, which records the names and death of Mr. Reid and Mr. Bacon of the Sea-Gull, tells also the mournful story of the massacre at Malolo.

On the 10th of August, the squadron, having completed the numerous surveys at the Feejee group, by which, as well as by the influence of their visit, they conferred a lasting benefit upon navigation, separated for a brief period, to meet again early in October at Honolulu, the chief port of the Sandwich islands. This was the last place of common rendezvous ; before they met again, the loss of the Peacock was still further to diminish their number.

The Sandwich islands are so well known in this country, by the reports and writings of our own missionaries, to whom their present advanced state of civilization and prosperity is almost entirely due, that we need make no apology for neglecting the heavy compilations of Captain Wilkes He gives us, however, a minute relation of the recent difficulties with the French and English commanders ; and certainly neither these gentlemen, nor the British commanders generally, nor the Catholic priests, have any cause to congratulate themselves upon the tender mercies of their historian. Captain Wilkes testifies here, as elsewhere, to the eminent usefulness and correct deportment of the missionaries, though discussing freely their systems of instruction. In the seminary at Lahainaluna, he saw " nothing but ill-directed means, and a waste of funds that might have been avoided by proper forecast" ; though he imputes the evil in a measure to the Board of Missions at home.

We may remark here, generally, that Captain Wilkes has never neglected to obtain, where it was possible, the statistics of population, including the proportion of births and deaths, at the numerous missionary stations he visited, in the Pacific Ocean. And although often regarding the statements as exaggerated, or not well authenticated, he is compelled to come to the melancholy conclusion, that, from various causes, the aboriginal population has for the most part diminished. We trust, however, that the beneficial influences of the missionaries, by improving the morals and correcting the bad habits of the white residents, as well as of the natives, have been interposed in time to arrest this evil.

The most striking fact mentioned in the narrative of the visit of the squadron to the Sandwich islands is the ascent to the crater of Mauna Loa, in the island of Hawaii, by

Captain Wilkes and his party. We shall devote a large portion of the space that is left to this excursion, in which the commander of the expedition displays a character suited to his station. He showed himself ardent and unwearied in the pursuit of his object, patient of fatigue and suffering in his own case, yet sympathizing with that of others, generous in sharing the privations of his companions, firm in danger, and faithful to the cause of science, which he was serving. He is frequently eloquent in narration and description. We must pass over the entertaining account of the troubles occasioned by the natives who were to accompany the expedition, to carry the instruments and other necessaries. Nothing but the judgment and good temper of Dr. Judd, who was of the party, and the energy of Lieutenant Budd, could have overcome their selfishness and roguery. The party set out on the 14th of December. The first near view of Mauna Loa was obtained at the volcano of Kilauea.

"Just as we reached the great plain of the volcano," says Captain Wilkes, "we approached the southern limit of the wood, and, on turning its corner, Mauna Loa burst upon us in all its grandeur. The day was extremely fine, the atmosphere pure and clear, except a few flying clouds, and this immense dome rose before us from a plain some twenty miles in breadth. I had not, until then, formed any adequate idea of its magnitude and height. The whole dome appeared of a bronze color, and its uninterrupted smooth outline was relieved against the deep blue of a tropical sky. Masses of clouds were floating around it, throwing their shadows distinctly on its sides, to which they gave occasional relief and variety. There was a bluish haze resting on the plain, that apparently gave it great distance, though this was partially counteracted by the distinctiveness of the dome. I now, for the first time, felt the magnitude of the task I had undertaken." — Vol. IV., p. 122.

The description of Kilauea must be extracted.

"We hurried to the edge of the cavity, in order to get a view of its interior, and as we approached, vapor, issuing from numerous cracks, showed that we were passing over ground beneath which fire was raging. The rushing of the wind past us was as if it were drawn inwards to support the combustion of some mighty conflagration.

"When the edge is reached, the extent of the cavity be-

comes apparent, and its depth became sensible by comparison with the figures of some of our party who had already descended. The vastness thus made sensible transfixes the mind with astonishment, and every instant the impression of grandeur and magnitude increases. To give an idea of its capacity, the city of New York might be placed within it, and when at its bottom would be hardly noticed, for it is three and a half miles long, two and a half wide, and over a thousand feet deep. A black ledge surrounds it at the depth of six hundred and sixty feet, and thence to the bottom is three hundred and eighty-four feet. The bottom looks, in the daytime, like a heap of smouldering ruins. The descent to the ledge appears to the sight a short and easy task, but it takes an hour to accomplish [it].

. . . . .

"What is wonderful in the day becomes ten times more so at night. The immense pool of cherry-red liquid lava, in a state of violent ebullition, illuminates the whole expanse, and flows in all directions like water, while the illuminated cloud hangs over it like a vast canopy.

"The bank near us was covered with half-naked natives, two hundred or more in number, all gazing, with affrighted looks and savage wonder, on this surprising phenomenon. Their ancestors would not have dared thus to look upon and into this dreaded abode of the malicious goddess Pele, never having approached it without the greatest fear and awe, and then only to deliver their offering by casting it into the burning pool, to secure a safe transit through her territory.

. . . . .

"The lake was apparently rising, and wanted but a few feet of overflowing its banks. When I began to reflect upon the position we were in, its insecurity, and the vast and deep fires beneath, with the high basaltic walls encompassing us on all sides, the sulphurous fumes and broad glare, throwing such enormous masses of stone in strong relief by their own fusion, I found it difficult to comprehend how such a reservoir can thus be pent up, and be viewed in such close proximity, without accident or danger. The whole party was perfectly silent, and the countenance of each individual expressed the feeling of awe and wonder which I felt in so great a degree myself, and which the scene was so well calculated to excite." — Vol. IV., pp. 123, 124.

Mr. Waldron and Mr. Drayton descended to the bottom of the crater, a task of great peril and fatigue. On the morning of the 18th, the party set out again on its journey,

toiling up the painful ascent of the rugged mountain, over broken ground. Every step added to the difficulty ; light loads became heavy, and those of any considerable weight insupportable ; provisions and water threatened to fail, owing to the improvidence of the seamen and the cunning of the natives. The voice grew fainter as the rarefaction increased, and the same cause made the labor of climbing more fatiguing. Many suffered from nausea and headache ; all experienced great soreness about the eyes, and a dryness of the skin ; and the listless indifference produced by seasickness began to prevail. Captain Wilkes says his own strength was so much reduced, that it was very painful to hold the sextant. Sunday, the 20th, was a day of rest.

"In the morning Dr. Judd had religious service with the natives, and the day was passed without work. It was a most beautiful day ; the atmosphere was mild, and the sun shone brightly on all below us. We enjoyed a clear and well-defined horizon, the clouds all floating below us in huge white masses, of every variety of form, covering an area of a hundred or more miles ; passing around as they entered the different currents, where some acquired a rotary motion that I had never before observed. The steam-cloud above the volcano was conspicuous, not only from its silvery hue, but by its standing form, like an immense rock, while all around and beneath it were in motion. The vault overhead was of the most cerulean blue, extending to and blending with the greenish tint of the horizon ; while beneath the clouds, the foreground, and distant view of the island was of a dark green. The whole scene reminded me of the icy fields of the Southern ocean ; indeed, the resemblance was so strong, that it seemed only to require the clouds to have angular instead of cumular shapes, to have made the similarity complete. It was perceived, that as masses of clouds met they appeared to rebound, and I seldom saw them intermingle ; they would lie together with their forms somewhat compressed, and their outlines almost as well preserved as when separated and alone. After three o'clock, when the sun was retiring, the clouds advanced up the mountain-side, and finally we became immersed in them. This happened on both days at nearly the same hour."* — Vol. iv., p. 136.

On the 22d, Captain Wilkes reached the summit, having

* These observations of the clouds are very interesting to the meteorologist.

established two dépôts of provisions; one of them was "known as the Recruiting Station, because all the sick and wounded from the higher stations were sent there as to a hospital." The preceding night the thermometer had stood at 15°, and a heavy snow-storm broke down the tent. When they arived at the top, the tent was pitched within about 60 feet of the edge of the crater. A violent gale scattered the fire, extinguished the candles, and caused the tentto rock and flap "as if it would go to pieces. The wind had a fair sweep over us, and as each blast reached the opposite side of the crater, the sound which preceded its coming was at times awful." A man named Longley, having missed his way, was lost for three days and nights, and, when found, was unable to speak, and quite delirious. Captain Wilkes, undaunted by these trials, persevered in fixing an encampment upon the summit, consisting of eight or ten tents, surrounding the whole space and each tent with a stone wall, high enough to shelter them from the wind. Provisions and all necessary supplies arrived from the ship, and the observations and survey continued without interruption, except from the fearful hurricanes occurring always at night, that threatened to prostrate the encampment, and from the snow-storms and the intense cold. On the 12th of January, Captain Wilkes joined Lieutenant Budd in the survey of the summit, and made the circuit of the crater, though the path was obstructed by fissures of great depth.

"In traversing these fissures we were in great danger, and experienced much difficulty in walking on the recent stream that seemed to have flowed from them, for the snow, which covered the lava, concealed the new and weak places. The idea of being precipitated down a chasm one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet deep was by no means agreeable. Our blood was occasionally stirred by breaking through with one leg or both; and I shall not soon forget my own descent into a vapor or steam bath, which on trial was found to be 169° of temperature, although only a few moments passed before I was out of danger. The lava at the mouth of some of the chasms appeared as though it had been thrown up and plastered on the edges in clots, which seemed of the consistency of tar or melted sealing-wax, of various colors, the most predominant a dark brown. One of these fissures we designated as the Great Steam-crack: it led from the top of the mountain a long distance down its sides, towards the south, and from it vapor was constantly issuing. On

throwing a piece of lava down it, a sound was produced as if many pieces had been flung into an ordinary chasm, and the reverberation continued so long, as to lead to the belief that the mountain was rent to its very base." — Vol. iv., p 158, 159.

On the 13th, Captain Wilkes broke up his encampment, where he had passed twenty-one days, and become utterly exhausted by his labors and fatigues. "One consolation," adds he, "however, remained: my physical energies had not given way until every part of the objects of my ascent of Mauna Loa had been fully accomplished."

Whilst the rest of the squadron remained at the Sandwich islands, the Porpoise performed a cruise of four months and nine days, eight of which only were spent in port, to the Society and other islands. The results of this cruise will be highly valuable to the navigator. Lieutenant Johnson was left upon Aratica or Carlshoff island, to make the experiment of boring into the coral rock. He did not penetrate beyond twenty-one feet.

Before taking leave of the Sandwich islands, we must mention an occurrence which took place there. Two boats were sent by Captain Wilkes from the island of Maui to the island of Kahoolawe. A gale of wind came on, and the sea rose to a dangerous height. One of the boats was found to be sinking; and the other, in charge of Lieutenant Budd, was too small to receive the whole of the crew of the sinking boat, without endangering her own safety. It was necessary to leave a part of them whilst the rest were landed. Those who were to be left said their boat was drifting to sea, and asked to be taken off. An officer jumped overboard, and swam to the sinking boat, to encourage the men by his example to retain their places. Lieutenant Budd returned from the shore with the utmost haste, and found his companions supporting themselves by the oars, the boat turning over and over as she was struck by the waves; the men and officer were taken on board much exhausted. This officer was Passed Midshipman William May, — the same gentleman, it will be recollected, who jumped overboard in the harbour of Rio, to rescue one of his boat's crew from drowning.

We must hurry over the remainder of the "Narrative." The Vincennes and Porpoise sailed from Oahu to the Northwest coast on the 5th of April, 1841, and arrived off the mouth of Columbia river on the 28th of the same month.

Finding the sea on the bar too rough for entrance, the vessels sailed up the straits of Juan de Fuca, and on the 1st of May anchored in Port Discovery, and on the 11th, off Fort Nisqually. By the 4th of July, the surveys of Paget sound, Admiralty inlet, Hook's canal, and the islands included, were completed. Several parties were despatched into the interior, and Captain Wilkes himself ascended the Willamette valley, visiting the missions, which he thinks "have but a limited field for spiritual operations." Lieutenant Johnson's excursions were quite rich with adventure.

Captain Ringgold had already carried his work as far as Fraser's river, and Captain Wilkes himself had entered upon the survey of the Canal de Arro, when, on the 27th of July, the news of the wreck of the Peacock was brought to him by Mr. May. We will revert for a moment to the proceedings of that ship after leaving the Sandwich islands.

She sailed from Oahu, with the Flying-Fish in company, on the 2d of December, 1840. On the 20th of January, 1841, Captain Hudson discovered an inhabited island, which he named "Bowditch," in honor of the American mathematician. Having found the true position of the "Gente Hermosas," he bore away for the Samoan group, where he arrived on the 6th of February. At Upolu, he renewed his attempt to capture the noted chief Opotuno, and another chief, Lagi, who had murdered an American. From the friends of the latter chief he received the insulting message, that, "when he could kill a few more white men, he would be given up." The towns of Fusi, Saluafata, and Salelese, over which he ruled, and which had united in his defence, were burnt down. Leaving Upolu, Captain Hudson sailed through Ellice's group, and discovered another island, which was named after himself by Captain Wilkes. On the 3d of April, he was at Drummond's island, where another sad event occurred, in the loss of John Anderson, a seaman of the Peacock. A large party had spent the greater part of the day on shore, though the conduct of the natives sufficiently evinced their hostile spirit. The officers and men were on their guard, but an opportunity was seized, no doubt, when Anderson was separated for a moment from his companions, to carry him off. The well known cruelty of the savages to their prisoners leaves little doubt of his fate. After every effort had been tried in vain to obtain information

respecting him by peaceable means, a party was landed under Lieutenant Walker, and the town of Utiroa, where he was kidnapped, was burnt, and twelve of the natives killed. These people are the most fierce of the Polynesian tribes, even surpassing the Feejeeans in this respect. Their ghastly wounds show the bloody character of their wars. They alone have a defensive armor, consisting of a cuirass, made from the fibres of the cocoa-nut, woven into a compact mass, — a helmet of the skin of the porcupine-fish, and coverings for the thigh and arm of netted sennet. Their weapons are numerous, but the three-forked spear, barbed with rows of shark's teeth, is the most formidable.

Two white men were taken on board from another island of the Kingsmill group, who had resided there several years, and from them Mr. Hale obtained a full account of the inhabitants. We refer the reader to it for information. The examination of the Kingsmill group being completed, Captain Hudson steered through the Mulgrave islands, which were visited by the United States schooner Dolphin in 1825, to secure the mutineers of the American whale-ship Globe, who had taken refuge there. He then surveyed the Pescadores, and returned to Oahu on the 15th of June. The Flying-Fish had arrived twenty-four hours before. It is with regret that we dismiss this most important cruise of the Peacock and Flying-Fish with such hasty notice. It was highly honorable to Captain Hudson, and the officers and crews of both vessels.

On the 18th of July, the Peacock arrived off the mouth of Columbia river. Trusting to sailing directions furnished him by Captain Wilkes, her commander attempted to enter the river, and, between twelve and one o'clock, the ship struck upon the bar. Every plan was adopted that skilful seamanship could devise, to haul off; but the heave of the sea forced the vessel on, and rendered her unmanageable. The wind increased, and the ebb-tide, meeting the swell of the ocean, produced a dangerous combing sea. The first cutter was stove, and Lieutenant Emmons, who had been sent to sound round the vessel, got back only with great difficulty and hazard. The ship was now lifting and striking heavily, and began to fill rapidly. The rudder braces were carried away, and the rudder, thrashing about violently with every sea, and acting with its keel on the bottom,

threatened, until it worked itself loose, to pry out the stern frame.

During the afternoon and evening, the crew were employed in sending down from aloft the lighter spars and sails, in placing the anchors to the best advantage, in throwing overboard shot, &c., to lighten the ship, and in working incessantly at the pumps. At two o'clock, on the morning of the 19th, the water had gained so fast as to be over the shot-lockers in the hold. The bulwarks were carried away, and the decks were flooded by the terrible rollers. At seven o'clock, as soon as a boat could be trusted in the water with hope of reaching the shore, Lieutenant Perry was despatched with all the public papers, including the surveys and accounts. The launch and cutters were hoisted out, and successively filled with the sick, the marines, the scientific gentlemen, and the crew ; but no one was permitted to overload the boats with clothes or private property. Captain Hudson, Lieutenant Walker, and about thirty-five men remained on board ; and the now useless masts were cut away. The boats succeeded in making a second trip ; a third was attempted, but the sea had now risen again with the ebb-tide, one of the boats was turned end over end, and lost, though the crew were saved by Lieutenant De Haven, who was fortunately near at the time. Lieutenant Perry's boat was nearly swamped, and one of his men was washed overboard from the bow, and dragged in over the stern.

Captain Hudson, perceiving the dangerous situation of the boats, hoisted the ensign, union up, on the stump of the mizen-mast, as a signal for them to put back. The signal was understood, and they returned to the shore. The overwhelming breakers again did their work of destruction on the poor vessel, and it seemed hardly possible that she would hold together until the change of tide. At five o'clock, however, the boats were able to reach the ship again, when the remaining officers and men were released from peril, Captain Hudson being the last to quit the ship. He was received on shore with three hearty cheers from the assembled crew and officers, — a proper tribute to their gallant commander, to whose skill and self-devotion their own safety was in a great measure due. On this trying occasion, all seemed to have done their duty.

The shipwrecked crew received from the Hudson's Bay

Company, and the missionaries, the most kind and ready assistance; and it is worth while to mention, that, forty-eight hours after they landed upon the naked coast, the boats were launched, and at work, under Lieutenant Perry, in the survey of the river. The morning after the ship was abandoned, her bowsprit only was visible, and that soon disappeared, carrying with it the last trace of a vessel whose name is conspicuous in the annals of the navy.

We here take our leave of Captain Hudson, who in the various emergencies of this diversified service was exposed to an extraordinary share of danger, and worthily maintained, on all occasions, the honor of the navy and the reputation of the flag. It has been an object with us to do justice to his merits, because we sympathize with the shame and mortification he must have felt at the change made in the character of the squadron after leaving the United States. Mr. Hudson was Mr. Wilkes's senior on the list of lieutenants, but was induced to accept a situation under the orders of his junior, by the pledge of the Department, that the service was to be regarded as purely civil. The naval general order of Mr. Dickinson, dated June 22d, 1838, declared that the expedition was "considered to be divested of all military character." Notwithstanding this declaration, it is understood that Mr. Wilkes, in the course of the cruise, assumed the insignia of a naval captain commanding a squadron. By this violation of the avowed character of the Expedition, Captain Hudson has been subjected to the reproach of having adopted "a measure tending to the establishment of a precedent for unjust invasion of rank, *that most sacred among military principles.*"

The brig Oregon was purchased to supply the loss of the Peacock, and the survey of Columbia river as far as the Cascades, one hundred and twenty miles from its mouth, being completed, Captain Wilkes proceeded in the Porpoise to San Francisco, Upper California, where the Vincennes, under Captain Ringgold, had been since the 14th of August. A party under Lieutenant Emmons traversed the country from Vancouver to San Francisco, coursing the Sacramento from its head waters. The journey was one of great anxiety, their way leading through several tribes of hostile Indians; but it was happily unattended with any serious accident. On the 1st of November, the squadron

again put to sea, and crossed the Pacific Ocean, touching at Oahu to take in provisions. The Vincennes and Flying-Fish anchored in the roadstead of Manilla on the 13th of January, 1842, and Captain Wilkes expresses his great obligations to the consul, Mr. Moore, and to our countryman, Mr. Henry Sturgis. This acknowledgment is certainly due, if he received from these gentlemen the information which enabled him, in seven or eight days, to learn everything concerning the productions, commerce, and the discovery, occupation, and geological features of the Philippine islands.

From Manilla, the Vincennes and Flying-Fish went to Singapore, passing through the Sooloo sea. In this sea Captain Wilkes remained about twenty days, which qualified him to furnish a chart of the Sooloo archipelago, (marked "By the United States Exploring Expedition,") containing about one thousand islands, banks, and reefs, with sailing directions and advice to traders, — besides an account of the history, state of society, trade, manners, dress, occupations, and *climate* of the Sooloos; the history of the Dyacks, a digressive inroad into the transactions of the East India Company, a glance at the Chinese annals under the Emperor Long-ti-ping, some events in the wars of the Spaniards, a brief notice of the Malay pirates, and a sketch of the island of Balambangan.

The Porpoise and Oregon were already in Singapore. Here the Flying-Fish was sold, and Captain Wilkes expresses with some pathos his regret at parting with this old and faithful servant. On the voyage home, the Vincennes stopped at Cape Town and at St. Helena; by which means we receive information concerning the government of the former colony of the Cape, the onerous taxes, the new system of banking, the wine-trade, the Hottentots and the Caffres, Longwood, and the tomb of Napoleon. Finally, on the 10th of June, the Vincennes arrived at New York, having been absent from the United States three years, nine months, and twenty-three days. The Porpoise and Oregon crossed the South Atlantic to Rio de Janeiro, and anchored in New York a short time after the Vincennes.

We remarked, at the commencement of this article, that no expedition had ever been more completely fitted for the purposes of survey and scientific research than this, and the

reader will naturally be desirous to know whether the results have corresponded to the means employed in obtaining them. If we except the survey of the coast of the United States, we think it may be safely said, that our government has never made so valuable a contribution to navigation and general knowledge as will be presented by the accumulated labors of the Exploring Expedition. Nearly four hundred new charts (we take our estimate principally from the "Synopsis"), accompanied with sailing directions and tidal and current determinations, all of which we presume to be of great accuracy, will meet the wants of the navigator. In the sailing directions will be included information of the highest value as to anchorages, means of getting supplies, and the character of the people of the Pacific islands. At fifty-seven stations, a series of determinations of magnetic dip and intensity has been carried round the world, and the diurnal variation of the needle has been observed wherever time permitted the erection of a magnetic observatory. Determinations of the absolute variation, both to the eastward and westward of the south magnetic pole, afford the means of ascertaining approximately its position. The experiments on the summit of Mauna Loa may help to elucidate the question of the changes in the magnetic force at different elevations.*

Elements have been supplied for a more exact determination of the form of the earth, by experiments with the pendulum, which has been swung at six stations, one of which was on the summit of Mauna Loa, about thirteen thousand four hundred feet above the level of the sea, and another at its foot. The experiments on the summit of Mauna Loa command particular attention, as the means of discovering the diminution of the attractive force at a certain height above the level of the sea, sufficient to make the observations valuable, independently of the base over which the pendulum was suspended.†

* The report of Professor Forbes, however, as well as the unfavorable character of the ground occupied by Captain Wilkes, discourage the expectation that these experiments will be of any great value.

† We have no wish to detract from the value of Captain Wilkes's experiments; but it would appear, from the series made at Paneo (Hawaii), that only one spot was occupied at each station. It is understood, however, that single experiments are not sufficient to establish the laws in one place, especially when conducted without "due regard to all the minute circumstances by which error in experiments may be avoided."

Frequent observations upon the temperature at different depths will aid in finding out the direction of submarine currents, and the total depth of the ocean by deductions from the value of thermometrical soundings. Surface currents have never been neglected, and meteorological phenomena have always been carefully registered. The Aurora Australis was seen about twenty-five times by the squadron, whilst in the southern circumpolar sea. This is a fact of great interest ; Cook, if we mistake not, mentions its appearance only twice, in February and March, 1773, though on the first occasion it was seen for several nights in succession. Thus the idea of its periodicity, or of the irregular action of the causes by which it is produced, seems to be confirmed.

Of the indefatigable labors of Mr. Rich, the botanist, Mr. Dana, the geologist, and Mr. Couthouy, the conchologist, and the noble rewards that followed them, we shall not attempt to speak here ; but we are well assured, that these gentlemen, by their discoveries and observations, and their ability in arranging and discussing them, will confer a lasting benefit upon science, and honor upon their country. One of the most interesting branches of scientific investigation was that of Mr. Hale, the philologist. He was no less fortunate, than he undoubtedly is zealous, in the pursuit of his favorite study ; and it is expected that his publication will throw new and valuable light upon a science already indebted to American genius for some of its most important illustrations.

The number of drawings brought home by the Expedition amounts to two thousand sheets, including those in natural history, scenery, costumes, and individual portraits. Large collections in every branch of natural history have been formed, and deposited in the Patent-office at Washington ; and a vast museum of the implements, dress, ornaments, manufactures, &c., of the different people visited by the squadron, at the same place, will always afford to the curious inquirer the best means of studying the condition of uncivilized man in the remote quarters of the globe.

In addition to the land on the borders of the Antarctic, four islands not laid down on any chart, and several reefs, have been discovered. One of these islands was inhabited, and the natives had never before been seen by the white

man. It is to be remembered, also, that the squadron extended its protection to our countrymen on the lawless islands of the Pacific ; and its commander endeavoured always to render this protection permanent and secure by fixed regulations, sanctioned by the native chiefs.

Our sketch has abundantly proved that the service was one of "great exposure, hardship, and privation, calling for the exercise of more than ordinary fortitude and endurance"; and the few last paragraphs show, that the results are creditable to those engaged in it, useful to mankind, and therefore honorable to the nation. The merit of this belongs to Captain Wilkes, as well as to the other officers, and the scientific gentlemen. The former enjoys the reputation of having been active, laborious, and attentive in no ordinary measure; and the "Narrative" shows, that, as a practical observer, he was fully competent to appreciate facts and industrious in procuring them. He sometimes goes further, and advances some pretensions to the character of a theoretical philosopher. Thus, he seems to cast a doubt upon the universal application of Dr. Wells's theory of dew (Vol. I., p. 37) ; but we believe that this beautiful theory still rests upon as firm and as broad a basis as ever. He also attempts to account for the absence of rain in the northern part of Peru, by saying, that the prevailing winds reach the continent *from the sea* in a great measure free from vapor, or dry, and take up moisture from every thing as they advance to the northward along the shores (Vol. I., p. 248). Now, if he had consulted the writings of his countryman and neighbour, Mr. Espy, he would have found one way of accounting for this peculiarity of climate, which is satisfactory to others, if not to himself, and has at least this advantage over his own, that it is in harmony with the known laws of the atmosphere. Captain Wilkes also thinks, that the opinions of Mr. Darwin, supported with so much learning and eloquence by Mr. Lyell, concerning the formation of the coral lagoons in the Pacific Ocean are "almost absurd." This mode of speaking is offensive and improper, but we must remember that the language only belongs to Captain Wilkes. It may appear hereafter, that the observations of Mr. Dana, of which, perhaps, these remarks are merely a crude and undigested copy, have elicited some facts and arguments respecting the Darwinian theory which will be entitled to respectful consideration.

The theory of the formation of icebergs is another of the philosophical speculations in which Captain Wilkes has indulged. And it is a safe one, his own views coinciding in a remarkable manner with the opinions long since given to the world by Cook,* Scoresby, and others. Probably, in the volume which is yet to be published, on "Physics," Captain Wilkes will make known some further speculations. We shall look with particular interest to his explanation of the diurnal tide-wave at Tahiti, which, as he tells us, will be a matter of but little difficulty.

We may be expected to say something of the style of this work; but any critical comments upon its literary merit might appear invidious. A variety of styles is apparent, which is owing, probably, to the liberal contribution of friends, and to the free use of the private journals, all of which were placed, by authority, in the hands of the commander of the Expedition. It is not fair to expect from the man of action the graces and eloquence of the scholar; yet neither our own nor foreign navies have been wanting in men who could perform all the duties of the profession, and still write with correctness and good taste. We have already pointed out the carelessness in the use of Spanish words; the Portuguese fare a little better; but in copying botanical names, frequent mistakes are committed.

The injudicious manner in which the volumes have been crammed with matters having no relation to the duties or events of the Expedition is a proper subject of criticism. A work of oppressive dimensions has been constructed, and the real narrative of the cruise, a story of surpassing interest, is crushed under a weight of irrelevant matter, enough to change the native hue of resolution in the most determined reader. We are aware, that one object of the Expedition was to promote the acquisition of knowledge, but not of knowledge acquired from the stores of libraries; and it would be ridiculous to deny, that a large portion of this work was prepared by Captain Wilkes, or his friends, in the closet at home, — that, in short, it is to a certain ex-

* It is but a just tribute to the genius of that great navigator, Captain Cook, to allude to his expectation that land would ultimately be discovered near the south pole, and his "persuasion that this southern land must lie, or extend farthest to the north, opposite to the Southern Atlantic or Indian Ocean."

tent a compilation. We may instance the histories of Brazil, Chili, Peru, of the British colonies, California, the Philippine islands, &c. This information is as accessible to others, as to the commander or his friends ; and its omission would by no means exclude the fruits of personal observation, or remarks upon individuals, manners, or society, which the elegant illustrations make doubly welcome. We confess, that when, not without some experience of that "much study which is a weariness of the flesh," we came to the mention, in the fifth volume, of the history of China under the Emperor Song-ti-ping, not remembering at what period of that ancient empire his Majesty flourished, our strength had wellnigh failed us. It was only when we perceived that the distance was short to the end of the chapter, that we took heart again, and were able to proceed. Captain Wilkes's orders and correspondence also form an undesirable and unnecessary addition to the cumbrous work, — unnecessary, because the execution of them is detailed in the text ; and undesirable, because, in their want of grammatical propriety, and in their confused arrangement, they are by no means fair specimens of naval orders.

But Captain Wilkes has exposed himself to a graver charge than any affecting his taste or skill as a writer ; it is that of having, in the performance of the duty assigned him by the government, ministered to the gratification of his private feelings of dislike or hostility towards individuals. This is a part of our task which we approach with the greatest pain and reluctance. Not in one, but in many cases, gentlemen of undoubted honor and merit are exposed to obloquy, not in a hasty word, that can be recalled or forgotten, or in an ephemeral production, that expires with the curiosity that summoned it into existence ; but in a work of magnitude and importance, containing matter of enduring interest, published in the most magnificent style of the arts, issued under the sanction of Congress, and presented in a formal manner by the authorities of this nation to the governments of the civilized world, in whose libraries it is to afford a lasting monument of American zeal for the diffusion of knowledge among men. We do not speak of the general and indefinite censures ; though these (already the subject of comment in foreign journals), as they dishonor

the navy and the profession, ought rather to have been omitted.* But officers now on duty, and enjoying the respect and confidence of the Department, are charged by name, or in such a manner as to be easily recognized, with ignorance, error, carelessness, want of zeal in the service of the Expedition, disobedience, and, what is worse, with improper conduct in time of danger. Nothing can be further from our wish than to point attention to these detractions, but it is necessary to justify our assertions by the references in the note.†

It would be no justification to prove that these censures were merited. When Captain Wilkes was intrusted with the narrative of the Exploring Expedition, he was not expected to comment with ill-natured construction upon the conduct of the officers ; for this would be to punish the venial errors to which young men are liable, with a severity far beyond the power of a court-martial to inflict, — fixing, in the very beginning of their professional career, a lasting stigma upon their characters. It never could have been the object to pervert this duty into a means of oppression and illegal condemnation. What person, having a proper self-respect, would have ventured to sail in the Expedition, with the apprehension that his connection with it might be commemorated only to his perpetual mortification and disgrace ? But the truth is, that, in almost every case, we believe the reproach to be as unjust as it is offensive. We believe so upon the authority of persons on whose judgment and temper we rely quite as much as on those of Captain Wilkes ; and it is a notable fact, that, in most instances, we discover some occurrence, such as testimony on Captain Wilkes's trial, or a difficulty during the cruise, which, reasoning upon the infirmity of our nature, accounts for this display of

> "The evil spirit
> Of a revengeful heart."

There are two cases, however, to resolve the merits of which we require no other counsellors than truth and a love of justice. In one of these, the fact is mentioned in the

* Introduction, p. 20 ; Vol. I., p. 133. See also the troubles at Callao, Vol. I., p. 232 ; the trials at Oahu, Vol. IV., p. 57 ; and the references to the arrest and trial of Captain Wilkes after his return, *passim*.

† Vol. I., pp. 316, 332, and App. 37 ; Vol. III., pp. 53, 194, 199 ; Vol. IV., p. 477 ; Vol. V., pp. 323, 325.

"Narrative," that a lieutenant, whose name is given, was arrested for deliberate disobedience of orders; while the equally important fact is suppressed, that this officer was tried for the disobedience, on his return to the United States, and acquitted, — the orders of Captain Wilkes having been improper, and such as ought not to have been obeyed.*

The second case to which we allude is the following. In March, 1839, whilst the brig Porpoise was in Good-Success bay, two boats landed, in one of which were Captain Wilkes and Captain Ringgold. A dangerous surf, the precursor of a gale that raged the next day, began suddenly to break upon the beach. Taking the crew of the other boat to assist his own, Captain Wilkes launched his own boat and went on board, regardless of the request of his companion, Captain Ringgold, that he would wait till the second boat had passed safely through the surf. After three vain attempts, in which his own life, as well as the lives of those with him were in imminent peril, the lieutenant in charge of the second boat (having no extra crew to assist *him*) was compelled to remain upon that inhospitable coast five or six days, the Porpoise having been forced from her anchorage by the gale. †

After a suspension of two months, a court of inquiry was ordered upon the lieutenant's conduct, and the opinion of that court acquitted him of blame, saying only, that he might perhaps have used with advantage one precaution, — which Captain Wilkes, by the way, had not himself adopted. After this judgment was rendered, and in defiance of it, Captain Wilkes issued a general order, in which the lieutenant was reprimanded for "a want of determined perseverance to execute his orders, — procrastination, — and being influenced by the timidity of some of those with him." The lieutenant, after a useless remonstrance, was compelled to leave the squadron. This "general order" is published in the Narrative;‡ but whilst Captain Wilkes expresses his concurrence in the opinion of the court, — thus leading to the false impression that it justifies the censure, — he does not

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* Vol. IV., p. 477.

† On this occasion, Lieutenant Harstene and his boat's crew (volunteers) were nearly drowned in a brave attempt to carry provisions to their starving companions on shore. With great difficulty they were picked up when completely exhausted.

‡ Vol. I., App. 37.

give its particular finding ; nor are any of the circumstances tending to place the conduct of the lieutenant in its proper light recorded in the text. It would be vain to plead public duty as the motive for this publication ; for public duty would dictate the relation of the whole, instead of a part, of the case, and especially that part only which implies an unjust disgrace upon a meritorious officer. Of this pretext, however, shallow as it is, Captain Wilkes has deprived himself. He has, for reasons best known to himself, omitted to speak of the trial of an officer in Oahu ; and it would be idle to argue, that, if he may exercise his private will to suppress such a fact in one instance, he can do so in others. This last act was the one thing wanting to establish the cruelty and injustice of his conduct. Now, there may be some persons who will regard this wanton contempt for the character and feelings of others, this taste for insult and contumely, as exhibiting a lofty tone of mind, and a fearless independence of opinion ; but for our own part, whether we view it in respect to magnanimity, justice, or humanity, — whether we consider the wrong done to private character, or the injury inflicted upon the naval reputation of the country, — we see in it only a want of wisdom very near akin to that of the fool who maketh a mock at sin.

The reader will be prepared for the conclusion, that Captain Wilkes was deficient in some of the requisite qualities of a good commander. What those qualities are, generally, we need not stop to inquire ; but one of them certainly is the power to secure the respect and win the confidence of inferiors, without which no enterprises of great pith or moment have ever been successfully prosecuted. How far he was endowed with this essential qualification may be learned from the record of the court-martial before which he was arraigned after the expiration of the cruise.*

Raised, "contrary to all law and precedent," to a position entirely above his rank,† and surrounded by young officers

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* We make no apology for referring to these trials, Captain Wilkes having mentioned them in the "Narrative" of the Expedition.

† Captain Wilkes was a lieutenant, while in command of the Exploring Expedition. This fact, highly honorable to himself, he endeavours, with singular bad taste, to conceal, by assuming the title of "Esquire" in the list of officers, (an addition, one would think, pertaining to the scientific gentleman, if to any body,) and appearing in the frontispiece in the uniform of

who were brave, ambitious, generous, and indefatigable, he enjoyed an opportunity of creating personal attachments stronger than the bonds of death; instead of which, he has managed to make quarrels and excite bitter feelings, the recollection of which will continue in the navy with the present generation of young officers.

One defect of Captain Wilkes's character as a commander appears to have been a want of true dignity, a puerile irritability of temper, such as wears out the heart of loyalty by the perpetual droppings of discontent, — *non vi, sed sæpe cadendo*. Another was an ignorance of the spirit of the profession, which is unaccountable. Before the court-martial, he produced, very reluctantly, a secret authority for disregarding the "fantastic claims of rank," as they were termed. And what are the *fantastic* claims of rank? Lieutenant Wilkes regards the claims of Lieutenant Johnson as fantastic. But we imagine that it would enlighten his apprehension of the truth of the sentiment expressed by the naval committee, that "rank is the most sacred among military principles," if this point of honor, which no officer ever voluntarily sacrifices without suffering for it, were assailed in his own person.

It is due, however, to the navy to say, that the selection of Captain Wilkes for this most responsible and distinguished post was not directed by any peculiar fitness he was supposed to possess as a naval commander, but, as we understand it, by his skill as a hydrographer, and his proficiency in the manipulation of magnetic and astronomical instruments, — qualifications very respectable and useful, but not those the country will look to when it shall need the services of its naval captains. Captain Wilkes's occupations have been chiefly out of the strict line of the profession. From a "statement" in the report of the naval committee, before quoted, we find, that, of the first forty lieutenants on the list in February, 1843, including Mr. Wilkes,

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a commander, to which rank he has been promoted since his return. In order, however, more perfectly to exemplify the story of the lawyer and the countryman, when he has occasion to introduce the name of another officer, then a lieutenant in command, like himself, he gives him the style of Lieutenant Commandant, although this gentleman is now above Captain Wilkes on the list of commanders. We have been scrupulous to preserve the title of Captain, adopted by Mr. Wilkes throughout the book.

thirty-eight had seen more sea-service than himself; and, knowing this, it is less a matter of surprise, that he has shown himself so ignorant of the genius of the naval service, and so incompetent to administer its discipline. But it is a question, whether this instance of the violation of "all law and precedent" in naval appointments has not resulted well, by working ill. The example, if frequently repeated, would inevitably lead to the subversion of all discipline, by excluding from their proper positions those officers at the head of the register, whose achievements, together with those of their predecessors, constitute, after all, the real fame and true honor of the navy.

The "Narrative of the Exploring Expedition," in its mechanical finish, surpasses, probably, any large work ever published in the United States. It is filled with steel engravings and wood-cuts, executed in the most perfect style of the art and doing great honor to the artists, while they illustrate beautifully and appropriately the course of the story. An atlas, very useful to the studious reader, accompanies the five volumes. Two editions have been published; one, a quarto, where a "rivulet of text meanders through a meadow of margin," is intended for presentation to foreign governments; the other, a large octavo, containing the same engravings, is entered for a copyright by Captain Wilkes.* Seeing, however, that he has been munificently rewarded by his country, he ought not to receive the profits of this edition. The journals of the cruise belong either to the government, or to the officers by whom they were kept; and in neither case, it seems to us, can the commander claim their exclusive use for his private gain.

We have been compelled to omit all notice of the concluding chapter on Currents, which may become a subject of investigation hereafter, if we should notice the volume on Physics. We here close our present labors, saying, merely, that it has been our principal aim to do justice to the great interest of the "Narrative," and at the same time, with a strict regard to truth, and a just consideration of the claims of American science and the honor of the navy, to point out the errors and mistakes of the writer, in order that the dis-

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* A cheaper edition is also announced.

credit, if any is thought to be deserved, should attach where it properly belongs, and not to our common country.

Art. IV. — *Life of the Hon. Jeremiah Smith, LL. D., Member of Congress during Washington's Administration, Judge of the United States Circuit Court, Chief Justice of New Hampshire, etc.* By John H. Morison. Boston: Little & Brown. 1845. 12mo. pp. 516.

In August, 1838, Dr. Benjamin Abbot completed the fiftieth year of his services as principal instructer in Phillips Exeter Academy. A large number of his former pupils, many of whom had attained the highest honors in professional and public life, assembled once more within the walls of the Academy to pay a fitting tribute of gratitude and respect to their venerated teacher at this golden period of his life. The Abbot Festival, as it was called, was a remarkable meeting, wholly unprecedented in character, and as honorable to the feelings of those who engaged in it with great interest and zeal, as to him whose protracted and highly useful labors in the cause of moral and intellectual culture were there brought to a close. Other instructers had remained as long at the desk; but we have heard of no one who has been so fortunate in the honor reflected upon him through the high distinctions subsequently acquired by his pupils, or in the pleasant and vivid recollection which every scholar entertained of his kind affections, bland and courteous manners, earnest moral and religious counsels, firm and judicious discipline, and accurate and scholarlike instruction. Not merely his immediate pupils, but all his countrymen, owe a debt of gratitude to the man who has in this way left the stamp of his own excellent character on the minds of so many who were afterwards to exert a leading influence on the destinies of a whole people.

Mr. Webster presided at the dinner which was given on the occasion, and led the way in the hearty and eloquent expression of the sentiments entertained by the whole assem-

bly towards his and their old "master." Members of all the professions, judges and distinguished scholars, ambassadors and members of Congress, followed, each with a tribute of admiration and respect for his former teacher, or with some pleasant reminiscence of his schoolboy days. One white-headed man rose and claimed a distinction, "which," he said, "could belong to no other man living. You were his scholars, I, his teacher. It was little that I had to impart; but that little was most cheerfully given. I well remember the promise he then gave; and Providence has been kind in placing him in just that position where his life could be most usefully and honorable spent." This former instructer of one who had been the teacher of others for half a century was the Hon. Jeremiah Smith, a member of Congress from 1791 to 1797, and afterwards chief justice, and subsequently governor, of New Hampshire. In early life, he had been an assistant instructer at the academy in Andover, Massachusetts; and among *his* pupils he could mention two presidents of Harvard College, Dr. Kirkland and Mr. Quincy, besides the venerated principal of Phillips Exeter Academy. Dr. Abbot still lives in a serene old age, rejoicing in troops of friends and in the retrospect of a long life faithfully and successfully devoted to the best interests of mankind. Judge Smith died in September, 1842, at the ripe age of eighty-two. A very interesting biography of him, by his relative, Mr. Morison, is now before us. Before giving any account of its contents, we would speak of the Judge as he appeared during the last twelve or fifteen years of his life.

He resided in Exeter, which was his home for more than forty years. The period of active exertion was over, as he had retired from the bar in 1820, having acquired a competent fortune entirely by his own exertions, and being disposed to give the remainder of his days to literary and domestic enjoyments. His wealth might have been much increased, for his practice was large and lucrative, and no failure either of mind or body had admonished him to retire. But his desires were moderate, and having enough for his own wants and to satisfy the reasonable demands of his family, neither ostentation nor the mere thirst of gain could prompt him to seek for more. Indolence was not the cause of his retirement; for his mind craved incessant occupation,

and the day always seemed to him too short for its allotted employments. His faculties were all vigorous and unimpaired, and he suffered them not to rust from disuse. Listlessness never crept over him for a moment, and his engagements were such as to produce no weariness either of the flesh or the spirit. The minor duties entailed upon him by his position as a trustee and the treasurer of the Academy, and as president of the town bank, were performed with as much care and method, as much energy and foresight, as he had shown while occupying far more responsible and important posts in the councils of the State and the nation. When an emergency called for unusual exertion, he was found ready and undismayed, prompt to conceive and strong to execute whatever the occasion required. His eye was not dimmed, and the frosts of nearly eighty winters had not stiffened his limbs, nor rendered sluggish the currents of thought and emotion. When the exigency had passed, he returned contented and refreshed to the sphere of his ordinary and more quiet occupations.

The larger part of the day was spent in his library, an admirably furnished room, containing all the appliances of comfort, but none of show, and about four thousand volumes of well selected books. These were his joy and pride ; in them he found solace and entertainment, tools, nutriment, and instruction. His literary taste was keen and discriminating, so that he enjoyed the masterpieces of human genius with full relish and nice discernment of their finer qualities ; but it was also catholic and pliant, enabling him to derive some amusement and profit from the productions of a lower class of minds. If a book was good for nothing else, it was good to laugh at or to refute ; it served, at any rate, to keep in activity a mind which needed but little foreign stimulus in order to move its faculties and to remain bright from use. Judge Smith was not a mere literary glutton, devouring books in the mass till rendered heavy and inert by repletion. When pleased or excited by a new work, he was uneasy till he could talk about it or write upon it, — till he could impart to others some of its contents, accompanied by his own shrewd and witty criticisms and reflections. Especially if it referred to scenes or persons with whom he had once been familiar, and thus opened the fountains of memory, it made him eager to communicate his reminiscences,

and to comment again on the story of olden times. The appearance of Mr. Sparks's admirable editions of the works of Washington and of Franklin excited him to commence writing and lecturing to lyceums after he had passed his seventy-fifth year. He had known the former of these great men personally, and the characters of both were such as he delighted to contemplate and to hold up to the admiration of others. So much of his happiness depended upon reading, that we are not surprised to hear of his observing in a letter, in his quaint way, "I hope they have plenty of good books in the other world." He read over again with fresh interest the works which he had read in his youth, and kept up with the current literature of the day, pleased with its freshness, and tolerant of its innovations on the style of former days.

The cheerful temperament and active intellect of Judge Smith appeared to the greatest advantage in conversation. He talked much, without effort or pretence, but with great liveliness and wit, and skilful adaptation to the tastes of his hearers. He was ready to converse upon all subjects, and with all persons; yet his fluency never became oppressive, and never lapsed into mere senile garrulity. He would engage in a grave discussion of important subjects when the occasion required; but he hated disputation and dogmatism, and seldom failed to divert the current of argument by some stroke of humor or quaint extravagance of remark. Some of his pointed and brilliant sayings are preserved in this volume; but they give only a faint reflection of his wit, and do imperfect justice to the shrewdness, humor, and good sense of his ordinary conversation. His most successful sallies were generally of a kind that do not bear repetition; they were elicited by the occasion, and appear insipid when reported without the attendant circumstances. A dogmatic, sententious, and profound converser, like Dr. Johnson, is the only one to whom a Boswell can be of any service. The playful effusions of a lively and quick-witted talker, like Judge Smith, cannot be bottled up in print; their point and delicacy are sure to evaporate in the process. They sparkle only in the atmosphere which produced them. He had little regard for conversational triumphs, but talked rather for his own amusement and the entertainment of his company, and from the exuberance of his mind and humor.

A great store of anecdotes and personal reminiscences afforded abundant material, when there was any lack in the common topics of the day. If his object was to advise or instruct, he spoke earnestly and persuasively, and his counsels and teachings were pertinent and judicious. He could be grave and impressive ; but this mood was an unusual one, and he willingly relapsed into playfulness. He was a keen observer of men, and often exposed the weakness and foibles of others with quick and pungent satire, sometimes not sparing his neighbours and associates ; but there was no malice in his wit, nor any disposition to inflict a serious wound. His merriment was often thoughtless, but never harsh or intentionally unkind, and he would go far to do a kind deed for those whose faults he had just visited with playful severity.

The kindness of his heart, indeed, was evinced in a more active way than by keeping a guard upon his tongue. He was systematically benevolent, quick to sympathize with misfortune or want, and ready to assist others to the full extent of his means, while his manner was such as to free them from any painful sense of obligation. He gave away a considerable portion of his income in charity, and took especial delight in aiding young men whom he found struggling with poverty in the pursuit of an education. He assisted many of this class at the academy and in college, and his words of counsel and encouragement were often of more use to them than the pecuniary gift. Of the minor charities of life, which are frequently a more sure index of a benevolent disposition than special acts of great munificence, he was particularly observant. His time, his advice, his books, his powers of conversation and amusement, were at the service of all who could profit by them, and he submitted patiently to claims upon his attention which were sometimes unreasonable and vexatious. Always tolerant, courteous, and liberal, those who were most indebted to him were never made sensible, by any act of his, of their inferiority or their dependence.

We are dwelling long upon this part of our subject, but in this idea of a vigorous and happy old age, — "frosty but kindly," dispensing sunshine all around by constant cheerfulness, honored and beloved, still adding to the intellectual resources that were gathered in youth and in the vigor

of manhood, or dispensing this wealth to others, — there is much that is delightful and instructive for our contemplation. "I have the conviction," said Judge Smith, in the language of Sir Egerton Brydges, "that life is yet altogether joyous to me, — perhaps more satisfactory and even more delightful than in the effervescence of youth and strength of mature manhood." We may even question whether he was ever more useful to his fellow-men than in this genial autumn of his days. He had done his part strenuously and well on the arena of life, and had retired to a seat among the spectators. The serenity and happiness of the position he had attained were the fruit of unremitting and conscientious endeavour, of purity of life and heart; and in the position itself there was a solemn monition to virtue; attained by effort and trial, through the usual vicissitudes and disappointments of human existence, it seemed to prefigure the rest beyond the grave.

We turn now to the biography for some account of the earlier and more active portion of Judge Smith's career. Mr. Morison has made a very interesting book, judiciously allowing the subject of the memoir to tell his own story, so far as it could be made out from his correspondence and other papers. The remainder of the work is executed with skill and good taste, the narrative being clear and succinct, and the remarks of the writer always apposite and spirited, without the appearance of effort, or the intrusion of gratuitous commentary. As a whole, it is one of the most agreeable biographies with which we are acquainted in American literature.

The town of Peterborough, New Hampshire, was settled about the middle of the last century by a number of Scotch Presbyterians, who came last from the North of Ireland, where their families had been established for two or three generations. William Smith was one of their number, and the only one who did not speak broad Scotch, as his mother was an Englishwoman. He was a very respectable man, and became a justice of the peace, and a member of the Provincial Congress in 1774. He married Mary Morison, by whom he had ten children, of whom seven were sons. Jeremiah, the fifth of these sons, was born in Peterborough, on the 29th of November, 1759. While very young, he was employed in herding cattle; but he had an

intense desire for learning, and soon taught himself to write by copying his father's hand, using pieces of birch-bark for paper, and ink made from vegetables. His parents, like most of the inhabitants of the town, were serious and devout persons, of small means, but great industry, and showing something of the Scotch shrewdness and grotesque Irish humor, which marked their double origin. His mother, besides taking care of ten children, worked in the fields during the harvesting, and assisted the family through the rest of the year by spinning and weaving linen. The boys grew up a rough and hardy set, inured from infancy to hard work and low fare, and showing by the strength of their frames how conducive this mode of life was to their bodily health. Several of Judge Smith's brothers attained about as great an age as himself.

Jeremiah showed a great love for reading, and a remarkable memory; and as books in those days were difficult to be had, he studied the few that came within his reach very thoroughly, so that his knowledge of them appeared wonderful for a boy. The Bible was a great resource, and he committed large portions of the Old Testament to memory. This attracted the notice of the neighbouring clergymen, and they advised the father to cause the boy to be educated at college. The kind of instruction that he received shows what were the means of education in country towns less than a century ago.

"He began to study Latin, when about twelve years old, with Rudolphus Greene, an Irishman employed by the town to keep school a quarter of the year in each of the four quarters of the town. While he was hearing a boy recite, he usually held a stick in his hand, on which he cut a notch for every mistake, and, after the recitation was ended, another stick was employed to give a blow for every notch that had been cut. Jeremiah, who seldom had a notch against him, followed him round in his circuit, and is described as a bashful, awkward boy, who might be seen, on his way to and from school, with an open book in his hand, and taking no notice of any thing else. According to his own account, the instructions he received in Latin were wretched enough. When, longing to be enlightened on some dark passage in his lesson, he went to his teacher with his heart as full as if the whole world depended upon it, he often came away with tears of disappointment from the blundering explanations that were given. At the meeting-house, where the school was kept a part

of the time, the only seats and desks they had were made of rough boards placed on blocks of wood. If such was the meeting-house, what must have been the common school-houses? Bad as the school was, his attendance was often interrupted by the labors that were required upon the farm, and his studies must have been entirely suspended more than three quarters of the time after he commenced Latin till he entered college. He used to boast, that when twelve years old he could reap as much in a day as a man." — pp. 14, 15.

The neighbours expected great things of the boy, and, if all the stories told of him at this period were true, he gave some proofs of genius that were quite remarkable. One old lady in the vicinity, who had augured very well of him, was accustomed to say, after he had actually risen to eminence, "I knew that Jerry Smith would make a great man, always after I found him on my ploomb tree, stealing ploombs; he lukked sae shamed." After some time, he was sent to the town of Hollis, and finished his preparation for college under the care of the Rev. Mr. Emerson. Here he had better means for study, and formed some valuable acquaintances, among whom was Noah Worcester, afterwards the venerated apostle of peace. He had no cause of complaint against his instructer, except for causing the pupils to go without any breakfast on the morning of fast day, while he was seen, through a half-open door, appeasing the demands of his own appetite on drop-cakes and custards. Young Smith partly supported himself at this period by keeping school a portion of the year in a remote corner of his native town. Here he suffered the usual trials of a country schoolmaster, as he was obliged to "board round" from house to house, and the food given was not always enough to allay his hunger. The war which then darkened over the country caused some interruption in his studies, and he gained the honor, as it was afterwards rightly esteemed, of being for a short time a soldier of the Revolution.

"In 1777, Jeremiah Smith was entered at Harvard College, and about the same time enlisted for two months in the army. News had just come of Burgoyne's invasion. One afternoon, a young man, apparently about sixteen, called on Captain Stephen Parker, of New Ipswich, and offered to enlist. The captain inquired who he was, and if his father had given his consent. The lad replied, that his name was Jeremiah Smith; that his father

lived in Peterborough, and that he had come without his knowledge. Captain Parker knew his father, and, persuading him to remain at his house till morning, he went in the night to Peterborough, to consult the father, who at length consented that his son should be enlisted. He exacted, however, from the captain a promise, that, should his company be ordered into battle, he would not take Jeremiah with him, but despatch him on some duty that would be safe. Just before the battle of Bennington, Captain Parker ordered the lad on some particular duty that appeared to be without danger, but in the midst of the fight saw him by his side. 'Why did you come here?' he said. 'O Sir,' he replied, 'I thought it my duty to follow my captain.' In the battle a musket-ball grazed his throat, leaving a mark which remained for years, and his gun by another bullet was rendered useless. He threw it away, and, seizing another that lay near a dying soldier, who had fallen by his side, he, in the language of his captain, 'fought with it like a young hero,' till the battle ended. In his own account of the matter he claimed no credit for heroism, and said that musket-balls made a sort of music which he had no disposition to hear a second time. He passed the night after the battle in assisting to guard the Hessian prisoners, who were confined in the Bennington meeting-house." — pp. 17, 18.

At Cambridge, he was fortunate enough to reckon among his classmates John Davis, and the late Elijah Paine, and Samuel Dexter. The first of these gentlemen was appointed a judge of one of the United States courts in the same year with himself. Mr. Smith left Cambridge at the close of his second year, and entered at Queen's (now Rutgers') College, New Jersey, the difference in the religious opinions prevalent in the two institutions being probably one of the reasons for making the change. He was enabled, also, to shorten his course, as he received his degree in 1780, one year earlier than he could have obtained it at Harvard. He was a hard student, for a time, while in college ; being in the habit of rising at four o'clock in the morning, through the winter, for the purpose of studying Greek. He was wont to say, that a college education in those days was very defective, as some of the graduates could not write a page of good English, and could not even spell correctly what they did write.

After graduating, he remained two years in Peterborough, and in January, 1782, was chosen a delegate from that town

to the convention in Concord, for preparing a plan of government for the State. But it is not known that he took any active part in the proceedings of that body. Having resolved, at last, to study law, he removed to Barnstable, Massachusetts, and entered the office of Shearjashub Bourne, supporting himself as a private teacher, in the same manner as his classmate, John Davis, had done before him. After a year thus spent, he went to Andover, and became, as we have said, an assistant instructer at the academy in that place. He was wont to boast, and with good reason, of the pupils whom he had under his charge in this institution.

"In 1784, he took the charge of a small school of young ladies in Salem, at the same time reading law under the direction of William Pynchon. This he looked back upon as one of the happiest portions of his life. At Salem, he was brought into a larger circle of refined and educated people than he had before met; and he is still remembered, by some who knew him there, as an amiable, agreeable, intelligent young man, and a great favorite in society. He entered earnestly into plans for the improvement of his pupils, and, much as he admired and always professed to admire personal beauty, he endeavoured earnestly to impress them with a sense of the superior value of that higher and more lasting beauty which belongs to the mind and character. He was greatly pleased with the turn which a young lady gave to some complimentary remarks that he was making to her, and wished that all ladies would make as good a use of flattery. 'I know,' she replied, 'that I do not possess those qualities; but since you have ascribed them to me, I take it for granted that you wish me to have them, and will therefore try to make your words true.' Of that period he might have said, as Lord Eldon said of the corresponding period in his life: 'O, those were happy times, we were always in love then.'" — pp. 23, 24.

In the spring of 1786, Mr. Smith was admitted to the bar in Amherst, New Hampshire. As his course of study had been much interrupted by other pursuits, some of the bar opposed his claim, on the ground that he had not satisfied all the requisitions, though he was admitted to possess a competent knowledge of the law. But he succeeded by making a direct appeal to the court, and afterwards triumphed over his opponents by taking almost immediately a high rank in his profession, and gaining a large share of the practice. He established himself for the next ten years in his native town,

and his character for ability and intelligence becoming widely known, great confidence was reposed in him for the management both of public and private cases. He was quick and shrewd in the conduct of business, but was too conscientious to trust to his talents alone. He prepared himself for every case with the utmost assiduity, and did not deem that his duty to a client was satisfied, till he had examined every point, and acquired confidence to meet every emergency in the progress of the suit. So much painstaking was a rare merit on the part of one who had ready and facile gifts from nature, and might have presumed on his abilities with less arrogance than many practitioners are accustomed to exhibit. Scrupulous fidelity to all claims upon him was, from the first, a leading trait in his character.

The practice of the New Hampshire courts at this time was loose and irregular ; for the judges often had not belonged to the profession, and would trust to their own vague notions of common equity, instead of binding down the case by the rigid principles of the law. In spite of the common prejudice on this score, it may safely be said, that no conduct is so short-sighted as this, or so likely to defeat the great ends of justice. When the rules, established, limited, and perfected by the experience of centuries, are once shut out, passion, caprice, or accident will rule ; and uncertainty, the mother of litigation, is sure to propagate and extend the evil. Mr. Smith saw the faults in the administration of justice in his native State at an early period, and labored most zealously to correct them. As a mere practitioner, he could not do much, except by the force of his example ; but when afterwards promoted to the bench, he brought the fruits of his reflection and experience to bear upon the subject, and with such success, that what there is of good at present in the management of the New Hampshire courts owes its origin in a great degree to his exertions.

As a member of the legislature for three successive years, beginning in 1788, Mr. Smith sustained the high reputation which he had acquired at the bar. He was made chairman of the committee to revise and arrange the laws of the State, — a work of great labor, as it was necessary to determine which of the statutes passed before the Revolution should continue in force, and which should be abrogated. He performed nearly the whole of this task, which

occupied him for two or three years. In June, 1790, when the House determined to impeach Judge Langdon, Mr. Smith was chosen one of the managers, though he had voted against the proceeding; yet he performed the duty with his usual care and ability, and his speech on the occasion, written out in full, is preserved among his papers. The judge was acquitted, but soon after resigned his office. In the following year, he was appointed a member of the convention to revise the constitution of New Hampshire, and took a leading part in the deliberations of that body.

"Mr. Smith used to cause a good deal of amusement, by the manner in which he gave an account of his first, and I believe last, military appointment. He and Major Webster, the father of Daniel and Ezekiel Webster, had been delegated by the House in 1790 to go to Kingston, and inform Dr. Josiah Bartlett of his election as governor. They arrived there Saturday evening, went to meeting with the governor on Sunday, and before setting out with him on Monday, found that he had paid their bills at the tavern. Their approach to the capitol was announced by the firing of guns, which so frightened their horses, that Mr. Smith was thrown flat upon his back. It so happened that the Governor's hat and wig fell to the ground at the same instant, and Mr. Smith, with admirable presence of mind, picked them up and gave them back to him. It was supposed that he had leaped from his horse for no other purpose, and on account of the agility he had displayed in horsemanship, he was appointed aid to his Excellency, with the rank of colonel." — pp. 41, 42.

Though he had been active in the politics of his native State, Mr. Smith had as yet paid no special attention to the affairs of the general government, for his ambition at this period was limited in the main to success at the bar. The wishes of his friends, more than his own inclination, had led him thus far into public life; they were unwilling that his remarkable abilities should be lost to the State at a time when the services of her ablest citizens were so much needed. He yielded to their representations, though his letters show that he looked back with longing to a more quiet station, and to the professional life to which he had given his whole heart. But as he went on, retreat became more difficult, and perhaps less desired; and it was at last decided, that he should be removed to a wider sphere of action. He was chosen a member of Congress in December, 1790, and took his seat

in October of the next year. During the first session or two, he remained very quiet, saying that he was a learner, and that the lead should be taken by more experienced hands. But his fine social qualities soon obtained for him many friends and much influence ; and when his character and abilities became more known, a more active part was allotted to him, and he willingly performed it. He served in three successive Congresses, and was chosen for a fourth time, but resigned soon after the election.

His impressions of the state of society in Philadelphia, at this period, and of the characters of the public men with whom he was brought in contact, were not favorable ; dissipation marked the former, selfishness and corruption were imputed to the latter. In his letters he speaks with strong censure of gambling and other immoral habits, which prevailed in private life, and of faction and a stock-jobbing spirit, which began to show themselves in the national legislature. In one point of view, such accounts are rather consoling to us at the present day ; they show, at any rate, that the aspect of affairs has not deteriorated so much in our generation as some are prone to imagine. There is always hope, an Irishman would say, so long as there is no *progress* backward. The wit and vivacity of Mr. Smith were in much request at convivial meetings ; but he appears to have shunned them as far as possible, and to have found more pleasant and profitable occupation with his books. He was an earnest student, and complained that he was ruining himself by making additions to his library.

His views upon public affairs were not yet fully determined, and on several questions he voted in a way which his riper judgment afterwards strongly condemned. Thus, he opposed the assumption of the State debts, and the appropriations for the increase of the army to guard the frontiers against the Indians ; and at other times, he yielded too much to that miserly and short-sighted spirit, which would lock the doors of the treasury against all demands for the promotion of great public ends, and for the support of a comprehensive and generous public policy. But his dislike of French principles, as they were then displayed in Paris, and of the Jacobinical spirit that they were beginning to excite in this country, and his veneration for the character of Washington, kept him from any further aberrations

in politics, and he soon came to yield to that great man's administration his hearty and unwavering support. In his eyes, the character of the president towered above all reproach, and the wisdom of the measures deliberately adopted by him was indisputable. During the exciting contest respecting the British treaty of 1794, he took an active part in the debates of the House, and contributed much to the final triumphant vindication of Washington's conduct at that crisis.

The line of separation between the two great parties in the country was now distinctly drawn, and Mr. Smith was ranked among the zealous advocates of Federal principles. The earthquake power of the French Revolution had not only agitated all the kingdoms of Europe, but had sent a long swell across the Atlantic, which communicated the shock to this country, and our newly formed institutions rocked violently under the impulse. One party welcomed the tumult thus caused; the other deplored its violence, and sought to moderate its effects. It was fortunate for us, that the insanity of the rulers of France at this time drove them to such outrageous acts of aggression, that a partial reaction took place here, and great numbers were weaned from their admiration of the conduct and principles of the anarchists. Mr. Smith's letters express in the heartiest terms his detestation of French democracy, and of the manner in which it was aped by a large party in the United States. When the National Convention, under the guidance of Robespierre, went through the impious farce, which they called establishing by a decree the existence of a God, Mr. Smith wrote, "Since they have voted the Deity in again, I own I feel more doubts than usual about the evidences of his religion."

Among the friends whom he acquired while in Congress, the most intimate and best beloved was Fisher Ames. Congeniality of taste and habits, as well as agreement on political subjects, drew the two together, and the interchange of kind services strengthened the tie between them. While Mr. Ames's ill health detained him at home during a part of the session, they kept up an active correspondence; they afterwards journeyed together, and for a time occupied the same room in Philadelphia. The witty and animated conversation of Mr. Smith, and his ready and affectionate ministrations whenever needed, supported the exhausted frame of his

friend, from whom he received in turn valuable aid and counsel. The following extract refers to Mr. Ames's celebrated speech on the British treaty.

"'My friend Ames, on Thursday, (April 28,) gave us the most eloquent speech I ever heard. The impression was great; probably much increased by the bodily weakness of the speaker. His introduction was beautiful, and his conclusion divine! His words, like the notes of the dying swan, were sweet and melodious. I tell him that he ought to have died in the fifth act; that he never will have an occasion so glorious; having lost this, he will now be obliged to make his exit like other men. If he had taken my advice, he would have outdone Lord Chatham. I am tired of this cursed treaty; it ruins my temper and spirits.'

"In another letter, Mr. Smith says: 'I send you my friend Ames's speech. He was much indisposed, and has been so for a year past, and has taken little active part in business. He spoke without premeditation, and without having intended to speak at all. The effect produced was very great.' 'When Mr. Ames rose to speak,' Mr. Smith used to say, 'he was so feeble as to be hardly able to stand, and supported himself by leaning upon his desk. As from the first faint tones he rose to the impassioned outpourings of high sentiment and patriotic zeal, his physical energies increased, till the powers of his body seemed equal to those of his mind. At the close he sunk down, weak and exhausted; "his mind agitated like the ocean after a storm, and his nerves like the shrouds of a ship torn by the tempest."' The speech, I am told, was written out from memory by Mr. Dexter and Mr. Smith, and to their labors, corrected by Mr. Ames, we are indebted for the copy we now have, greatly inferior, Mr. Smith always said, to the speech that was delivered, but with enough of its original fire and lofty enthusiasm to be still recited and read with feelings produced by no other American speech of the last century, except two or three before the Revolution." — pp. 96 – 98.

We must lay before our readers the account, meagre though it be, of Mr. Smith's personal intercourse with Washington. In a letter to his brother, dated March 17th, 1797, he says:

"'I saw General Washington, as he passed through this town, on his way to Mount Vernon, two days ago, and spent a pleasant hour with him alone. He was undisguised in his sentiments of men and things, and, for the first time in my life, I conversed with perfect freedom with the greatest and best of men.'

"A few weeks after this, Mr. Smith visited Washington at Mount Vernon. He arrived there late in the afternoon, and received a most cordial welcome from Washington and his lady, the latter, 'at this time,' he said, 'a squab figure, without any pretension to beauty, but a good motherly sort of a woman.' After a cup of excellent tea, &c., the evening passed in conversation. There were present, besides the family, a son of Lafayette, and another French gentleman. While they were talking, a servant came into the room and said to Washington, 'John would like the newspaper, Sir.' He replied, 'You may take it,' but after he had gone out, said, 'He had better mind his work.' He then told Mr. Smith a story of his coachman, a long-tried and faithful man. One very rainy day, he was obliged to order his carriage unexpectedly, to go a long distance on business. After getting into it, he perceived that there was some delay about starting, and putting his head out, he saw that there was a great bustle among his servants, who were trying to mount the coachman on the box, and, with much difficulty, at length succeeded. 'What is the matter?' asked the general. The servants replied, that he was intoxicated; 'whereupon,' said Washington to Mr. Smith, 'I was tempted to say to the man at once, Begone about your business. But the coachman at that moment turned round and said, "Never fear, Massa, I'll drive you safe." And I trusted him,' continued Washington, 'and he never drove better.'

"At about half past nine, Mr. Smith signified his intention of retiring, when Washington also arose, and taking a lamp, led the way to a most comfortable apartment, in which was a fire brightly blazing. He assured his guest, that the fire would be 'perfectly safe,' and intimated that he might 'like to keep his lamp burning through the night.' In the morning, after breakfast, Mr. Smith took leave, though desired to prolong his visit; and a very urgent invitation was given, that he should 'bring his bride to see them.' Horses were brought to the door, and Washington accompanied him some miles on the way. 'He was always,' said Mr. Smith, 'dignified, and one stood a little in awe of him.'" — pp. 118, 119.

The allusion to "his bride," at the close of this extract, carries us back to the story of Mr. Smith's marriage. He had remained a bachelor till he was nearly forty, though perhaps from too great, rather than too little, susceptibility to the attractions of ladies' society. Once or twice he had even been seriously in love; but circumstances prevented the affair from being brought to the conclusion usual in such cases,

and then he acted like a prudent man, and turned his thoughts to other subjects. We quote a portion of the characteristic letter, written in January, 1795, in which he describes the earlier part of his acquaintance with the lady who afterwards became his wife.

"By the way, we are all hugely pleased with Parson Osgood's Thanksgiving sermon; we extol him to the third heaven, and swear (it is in a good cause, you know) that he was inspired! If the virtuous members of Congress (meaning those of our party) had the power to confer degrees, he would instantly be daubed over with titles. We think he as richly deserves it, as ever King William, in Corporal Trim's opinion, did a crown. It is proposed to print an edition in this city, for the use of our brethren at the southward. We are afraid, if we do not alter the title-page, it will be a sealed book. But, what is very unusual, it has been published entire in a newspaper in this city, and, I believe, read by many people who were never, in the whole course of their lives, in the inside of a church. I am charmed with your picture of a family party at Christmas. It must be the most delightful thing in the world. Tell Mrs. F. that I should have been very happy to have made one of your little society, and that I am confident she enjoyed far more pleasure, surrounded by her children and friends, than Mrs. Dexter, at Mr. Bingham's, Mr. Morris's, or even the President's sumptuous dinner. I was singularly happy on that day myself; dined with a number of my friends at Mr. Wolcott's, (who, by the way, will be secretary of the treasury, in the room of Colonel Hamilton,) and spent the evening in company with a divine woman I have lately become acquainted with, and who is all that woman can or ought to be; but, heigh-ho! she is as good as married. I am glad I was informed of that circumstance, else I should have been over head and ears in love. Informed of my danger, I find it difficult to restrain my ardent affections. I am glad to find that I am not dried up and congealed, but that my heart is as susceptible as ever. I had rather be a man, and feel as such, even if I suffer by it, than be one of your insensible devils." — pp. 68, 69.

This "divine woman" was Miss Eliza Ross, who was then boarding with her sick mother in Philadelphia. She was daughter of Alexander Ross, a Scotchman, who resided in Bladensburg, and her mother belonged to one of the best families in Maryland. As she boarded for a time in the same house with Mr. Smith, he became much attached to her, in spite of the impediment above mentioned, and manifested his love in the usual way by a fit of rhyming. The

verses he produced are remarkable for being the only poetry which he ever wrote, and remarkable for nothing else. The lady, of course, gave him no encouragement, and the correspondence that had been established between them, as brother and sister, gradually died out. But after more than a year had elapsed, circumstances having freed her from her former engagement, the intercourse between them was renewed, and the affair terminated in their marriage on the 8th of March, 1797. While on his way to Bladensburg, a few days before this happy occasion, he had the misfortune to lose a trunk containing nearly his whole wardrobe, which he never recovered.

"The accident, occurring at such a time, was very severely felt. Among the articles lost was a pearl-colored coat, about which he had had a long correspondence with Miss Ross, who insisted upon it as essential to his wedding dress. He found great difficulty in procuring it, and asked whether, if obliged to appear in a more sombre dress, he might not make up for what was wanting, by simpering all the time during the ceremony. But the lady was too much in earnest to be put off so, and after diligent search the coat was found, to furnish another illustration of the vanity of human wishes." — pp. 117, 118.

Mrs. Smith was a pretty and sensible woman, and, their mutual attachment continuing unabated, she made his home a happy one for thirty years. The only difficulty she found was in the mode of housekeeping at the North, so unlike that to which she had been accustomed in the country of her birth and education, where the peculiar "domestic institutions" affect all the habits of life. Two sons and a daughter were the fruit of this marriage; one of the former was accidentally drowned, when only six years old.

The summer after his marriage, Mr. Smith resigned his seat in Congress, though he had just been elected for another term, and established himself at Exeter, New Hampshire, in the practice of the law. A year before, he had been offered the place of comptroller in the treasury department, which, after mature consideration, he had declined; but he now accepted the office of United States district-attorney for New Hampshire. Two years later, he received a less important appointment as judge of probate for Rockingham county; this office did not require much of his time, but it exercised his thoughts considerably, so that he prepared a

treatise on probate law, which still exists in manuscript. His professional engagements were now numerous and profitable, and he was gradually acquiring a competent fortune. The claims of his family formed an additional spur to exertion ; but in truth, he had always loved labor for its own sake, and from an honorable desire to excel in all his undertakings.

In 1801, an important addition was made to the judiciary system of the United States, and Mr. Smith was appointed one of the new circuit judges. This offer was very acceptable to him, as the situation was an honorable and responsible one, and supposed to be permanent, a respectable salary was attached to it, and the duties were suited to his taste, and well adapted for the exercise of his talents. He was fortunate in his associates, Judges Lowell and Bourne, and the mode of life which now seemed to be marked out for the rest of his career was peculiarly agreeable. According to his biographer, " he used to say, it was the only office he had ever greatly desired, or the loss of which he had greatly regretted." His reasonable anticipations were frustrated by political manœuvres, and the situation in which he had hoped to grow old was continued to him but a single year. The change in the constitution of the courts and the appointment of the new judges were among the latest acts of Mr. Adams's administration. Though it is now generally admitted, that the measure was judicious, and the judges well selected, it was certainly indiscreet to push the matter through at so late a day, to the great exasperation of the opposite party, which was then on the point of coming into power. Mr. Jefferson became president, and one of the first acts of his triumphant friends in the next session of Congress was to repeal the law, to abolish the newly created courts, and to restore " the midnight judges," as they were reproachfully termed, to private stations. The act of repeal was held to be a violation of the Constitution, which guaranties the independence of the judiciary, and the dispossessed judges were disposed to take legal measures to test the validity of the law. Judge Tilghman called a meeting of them at Philadelphia to concert together for this purpose ; but the matter ended with presenting an ineffectual memorial to Congress upon the subject. It was fortunate, perhaps, that the opposition went no further ; for it could have terminated, at the

best, only in a contest between the judiciary and the legislature, from which nothing but evil would have ensued.

Judge Smith felt severely the disappointment of his hopes in the loss of this office, though another station, similar in its character, but less desirable, was immediately offered to him. The chief-justiceship of New Hampshire was now vacant, and his preëminent fitness for the post was so generally acknowledged, that all parties desired it should be offered to him. He was accordingly appointed by Governor Gilman; but the salary attached to the office was so insufficient, being but eight hundred and fifty dollars a year, that he refused to serve. The legislature immediately raised the salary to one thousand dollars, and although this pitiful increase was even more indicative of an illiberal and parsimonious spirit than the smallness of the original sum, Judge Smith then determined to accept the appointment. "It is with great reluctance," he wrote to the governor, "that I have formed this determination, and I have a strong presentiment that I shall repent it. I mention this, that I may avoid the imputation of fickleness, in case on trial I should find it my duty to resign it." His acceptance under these circumstances was certainly an act of great disinterestedness, prompted by a high sense of public duty; for even the increased salary was less than a third of the sum which he had earned in one year by his practice at the bar. He kept regular accounts of his expenses, which he found to exceed twelve hundred dollars a year, not including the cost of going the circuit, which amounted to three hundred more. He had as yet accumulated but little property, which, of course, would be rapidly diminished by continuing in office upon these terms.

No one could be expected to submit to such a sacrifice of his private interests for a long period. Accordingly, in June, 1804, after he had been upon the New Hampshire bench but two years, he addressed an able and dignified letter to the two branches of the legislature, intimating that he should be obliged to resign, if his compensation was not increased. He showed that the duties of the office occupied his time both in and out of court, that the vacation had been no season of repose for him, and that the constitution had wisely prohibited a judge from holding any other office. The considerations of public policy, which go to prove the necessity of maintaining the dignity and independence of the

judiciary, were plainly but forcibly set forth, and the evil consequences of the penurious system were shown by an appeal to the past history of the courts.

"One would think it would be the policy of the public to invite, by holding out suitable encouragement, the most eminent at the bar or in the state, those of the fairest character both for talents and integrity, to a seat on the bench. There were, at a late period, living, ten persons who had resigned, and two who had declined, the office of judge of the Superior Court. Three are lately deceased. Since the Revolution, the judges of the Superior Court, upon an average, have held the office less than five years. Can there be better evidence that the emoluments are not considered as adequate to the duties? While a judge holds the office no more than five years, have we much reason to expect uniformity in decisions? Do we not lose all the benefits flowing from experience?" — p. 162.

This letter had the desired effect, as the legislature immediately passed a bill by a large vote, fixing the salary of the chief-justice at fifteen hundred dollars. "This resolution," says Judge Smith's biographer, "was the more honorable both to him and to them, from the fact that a majority of the legislature were opposed to the political principles which he was perfectly well known to profess."

We have dwelt long upon the history of this passage in Judge Smith's life, insignificant as it may appear to the hasty observer, because, when rightly considered, it is full of instruction for us at the present day. Within a few years, the rage for retrenchment in the public expenditures has caused the salaries of the judges to be materially diminished in nearly every State in the union, though they were before confessedly far below the yearly gains of a lawyer in full practice, and though the expenses of living within the same period have considerably increased. Quite recently, if newspaper accounts may be credited, New Hampshire herself has narrowly escaped losing the chief ornament of her supreme bench, because a private manufacturing corporation wished him to become their agent with a salary two or three times as great as that received by the chief-justice. Massachusetts has had the mortification of seeing four out of the five judges in one of her courts resign their offices within one year, because two political parties in her legislature were running a race with each other to see which should curry

most favor with the people by diminishing the public expenses. Ohio has just lost her chief-justice from a similar cause, and it is rumored that the whole bench are about to follow his example; while, in Pennsylvania, an important judgeship has recently gone a begging among the members of the bar on the same grounds. If this unwise, parsimonious spirit continues to govern our legislative assemblies, we may expect to see the character of the bench committed to judges who will dishonor it by their ignorance, or stain it by their corruption; or else, that the aristocratic and monarchical principle will prevail, of conferring high public office, as is now the case with a seat in the British parliament, only upon men whose great wealth enables them to serve without pay, and therefore without any sense of responsibility or obligation to their constituents.

It was not customary in Judge Smith's time to publish reports of judicial decisions, and, consequently, his reputation as a judge depends mainly upon tradition. How highly his services in this capacity were valued appears from the pains taken by the bar and the legislature to establish and continue him in office, and from the hearty testimony rendered by his contemporaries to the importance of the work he accomplished in renovating and building up the judicial system of the State. "With him," says the present chief-justice of New Hampshire, "there arose a new order of things." Methodical, vigilant, and industrious in his own habits, he reduced the business of the courts to form and method; exact and profound in his knowledge of the established principles of the law, his decisions rested on the sure basis of precedent and authority, instead of the vague and shifting impressions of an individual respecting the demands of natural justice. Many of the charges which he delivered to the grand juries still exist in manuscript, and show what comprehensive views he was wont to take of the general interests of society, and of the dependence of them all on a pure and correct administration of justice. They are remarkable, not for originality or refinement of speculation, but for broad, practical wisdom, and for sound views of the nature and intent of a criminal code, and the proper mode of administering it. They are always well written, and dignified in tone; and they set forth with impressive earnestness the high character and important bearing of the functions of a grand juror.

In June, 1809, Judge Smith resigned his seat upon the bench and became governor of New Hampshire, to which office he had been elected by popular vote in the preceding spring. The change was not one that he desired, and he had given only a tacit consent to be held up as a candidate. Even this passive acquiescence in the change was imposed upon him only by considerations of fidelity to the party to which he belonged, whose permanent success with the people, as appears from his letters, he had long since ceased to expect. He was chosen by a lean majority, at a time when party spirit ran high, and he could not reasonably have expected to retain his new office for more than one year. Almost the only object that he sought to obtain, while governor, was the passage of some law for the improvement of the judiciary; he was unsuccessful, and the attempt only tended to diminish his popularity. A high Federalist in principle, he acted out the uncompromising tenets of his party with no reserve; and the people resented the conduct of a governor who was too honest to deceive, and too proud to flatter them. At the very next election, they turned him out, and put another in his place; and he returned, not unwillingly, to his practice at the bar. There he found associates whom it was a high pleasure to meet, and rivals by whom it was an honor to be conquered; "for in the same county with himself were Jeremiah Mason, Daniel Webster, and George Sullivan," all of them in the full vigor of their powers. For a few years, he was connected with them in the management of all the important business in that part of the country, to the great advantage both of his fame and fortune, when a call, an unwelcome one to him, was again made for his services in a judicial capacity.

The vacancies upon the supreme bench had been filled by the party then in power with weak and incompetent persons, who could not command the respect of the bar, nor the confidence of the public. In 1813, the Federalists triumphed in the State elections, and one of their first objects was to improve the standing of the judiciary. Unable to reach the evil in any other way, as the constitution provided that the judges should hold their offices during good behaviour, they passed a law abolishing the courts as then constituted, and remodelling the whole system. This was an ingenious but unworthy mode of removing incompetent

men from office, by evading the letter of the constitution, and violating its spirit. The remedy was worse than the disease. The measure was reprobated by the considerate and reflecting portion of their own number, as a breach of the true principles of conservatism in order to remove a temporary evil, and as teaching a lesson of mischief to the opposite party, by which they would be sure to profit. The law came with a bad grace from the very men who had so loudly condemned the proceeding of Congress in abolishing the circuit courts. But the step once taken by the legislature could not be retraced, and it was a matter of anxious consideration how its evil consequences might best be averted. The Democratic party loudly declared the act to be unconstitutional, and threatened to maintain the former judges in office at the expense even of a revolution. Every thing depended upon finding competent persons to take the newly created posts, and to overawe the opposition by superior weight of character.

The eyes of all the party were turned, of course, upon Judge Smith as the only man fit to be made chief justice. He was naturally unwilling to accept, as it was requiring him to encounter all the difficulties, and to bear all the odium, of a measure which he had heartily disapproved. Besides, he could not afford the pecuniary sacrifice, as the salary did not equal one third of the income from his private practice, and he was reluctant again to quit his honorable position at the bar. But the governor pressed him to accept; Mr. Mason, then a Senator in Congress, wrote to him, communicating his own earnest wishes, with those of Mr. Webster and other friends, that he would make this sacrifice for the public good; and Judge Smith at last yielded. He took the post with a full knowledge of the unpleasant and vexatious contest that awaited him with the former judges, who maintained that the new law was unconstitutional, and that the old courts were still in being. Accordingly, when the terms commenced at Dover, Exeter, and other places, the extraordinary spectacle was presented of two sets of judges claiming a seat upon the bench, and authority to direct the proceedings. Contradictory orders were issued to the inferior officers of the court; the oath was administered to the jury by one party, and tendered to them again by the other; charges to the grand jury, and

harangues to the people, were made successively by both claimants. Such scandalous scenes could not continue long; and the firmness, good sense, and dignified demeanour of Judge Smith, joined with his weight of character and the authority he had acquired by long experience on that bench, at last triumphed over the pertinacity of his opponents, who quitted the field. The sheriffs who had refused to obey his orders were dismissed from office, and the new tribunals were suffered to act without further molestation.

When the opposite party was restored to power in 1816, as was expected, the courts were placed again upon the old footing, the new judges were dismissed, and Judge Smith once more resumed his place at the bar. It was not his intention, however, to remain there for a long period, as his private business had been so much interrupted by successive appointments to the bench, and as he now found himself surrounded in court by the men of a younger generation, with whom he had but few habits or opinions in common. But before he retired, he had the satisfaction of being engaged as one of the counsel for Dartmouth College, in that celebrated case to the final decision of which almost every literary and charitable institution in the country is indebted for its present security against legislative usurpation and the changes effected by political contests. His associates in the case were Mr. Mason, Mr. Hopkinson, and Mr. Webster. The gratitude of the College, aided by the munificence of one of her sons, has caused the portraits of her four distinguished advocates on this occasion to be taken, and exhibited by the side of each other within the walls of the institution which they had so effectually guarded.

In 1820, having secured the desired provision for his old age, and all the demands of ambition and the love of enterprise being fully gratified, Judge Smith sought that retirement which his tastes and temperament fitted him so perfectly to enjoy. We have already contemplated him as he appeared during this golden and fruitful autumn of his days, and must pass in a few words over the remainder of his history. When he first quitted the bar, he seemed as fortunate in his family as in all the other relations of life. Mrs. Smith was still by his side as the fond wife and devoted mother. Their son, who inherited generous feelings and remarkable abilities, was pursuing his studies for the bar

with a character stained by too many youthful indiscretions, but offering good promise for the future, when his passions should be more subdued and his thoughtlessness corrected by the grave lessons of experience.

"But the charm of Judge Smith's home, and that which made it what it was to him, and those who visited it for years, was his daughter Ariana. The connection between her and her father was the most beautiful that I have ever known between parent and child. There was a perfect harmony, a sympathy and union, such as we read of in books rather than hope to find in real life. Their characters were formed after the same model, save only that hers was subdued by the grace and softness of her sex. They read, conversed, travelled together, she engaging in whatever might add to his comfort, and he rejoicing as heartily in hers. She was born the 28th of December, 1797. The unusual name she bore was inherited through a line of grandmothers from a Bohemian branch of her mother's family. Existence was to her a continued romance. She laughed, wept, studied, went through the regular routine of household cares, had her little weaknesses, was not without some portion of female vanity, loved attention, and was not indifferent to dress, nor to any thing in which other girls took an interest, and yet she was like no one else. Her personal appearance was peculiar to herself. Her clear white complexion, contrasting with her long black hair and eyelashes, her large blue eyes, looking out with animation from a countenance always calm, indicating at the same time excitement and repose, were such as belonged to no one else. Her voice, subdued and passionless, contrasted singularly with the fervor of her words. Her devotion to domestic duties, and particularly to her mother through years of painful disease, might, but for the peculiar elasticity of her mind, have worn her down, yet to the last she was like one whose life had been a perpetual sunshine. Her enthusiasm might have betrayed her into indiscretions, but for the prudent self-control that never forsook her; and the rare good sense, that ran through all her conduct, might have made her commonplace, but for the enthusiasm of her nature. The great extent of her reading, and the accuracy of her knowledge in the more solid as well as in the lighter branches of literature, might have made her pedantic, were it not, as her father said, that she was more studious to conceal than to exhibit her accomplishments." — pp. 290, 291.

One of the sharpest trials that can be encountered by man was reserved for Judge Smith, proceeding from the death, within three years of each other, of every member

of his happy family. Mrs. Smith, whose health had been declining for some time, died in June, 1827, the parting from her husband being less painful as she left two children to cheer his home. But it was found soon afterwards, that consumption had fastened upon the son and the daughter, and was hurrying them both to an early grave. Ariana passed away first, just two years after her mother's death; and William did not survive another year. He died in the house of his cousin in Mississippi, whither he had gone for a change of scene and in search of a milder climate. Judge Smith was left, a bereaved old man, to mourn the premature fate of those whose pious care, he had reasonably hoped, would attend his own white hairs to the grave. That fine old mansion-house, with its noble library, and the pleasant grounds about it, remained unto him desolate, or echoed only the footsteps of the domestic and the stranger. To a man of less vigorous frame, or of keener sensibilities, the shock of such a change, at that period of life, would probably have been fatal. But though possessing a kind heart and generous sympathies, Judge Smith was not a man of deep and strong feeling. His temperament was equable, all his passions were entirely under control, and cheerfulness was so much a habit of his mind, that even repeated privations and misfortunes could not permanently overshadow it. He grieved, indeed, at the parting with his children; he sorrowed in the loneliness which they had bequeathed to him. But he did not mourn as without hope, and his elastic spirits and well disciplined mind soon found relief in employment, and consolation in the promises that are open to the Christian believer. Hitherto, probably, he had entertained rather a respect for religion than devout trust in its assurances, or habitual reverence for its offices and ministrations. But he now became an earnest and thoughtful inquirer into the things which are not of this world, and the radiance of a devotional spirit assisted to dispel the gloom caused by his bereavements, and continued to gild the remainder of his days.

Judge Smith was as little formed for solitude as for despondency, and, not long after the death of his son, he gave the world a striking proof that it is neither good nor necessary for man to live alone. In September, 1831, he was married to Miss Elizabeth Hale, of Dover, under whose

influence, says his biographer, "his home once more resumed its former cheerfulness, and the eleven years that remained were among the happiest, if not the most useful of her husband's life." He announced the event to his friends with characteristic gayety. To one he wrote:

"I believe I have now a good companion for the short remains of my mortal life. She is too young and too good; but she will be likely to grow older, and probably, in such company, worse; but, as I shall grow better in her society, we shall approach nearer to each other, and thus the inequality the world complains of in the match will gradually diminish; and I sincerely hope, at some distant day, she will follow me to heaven."

"To Mrs. Sarah P. B. Smith, of Illinois, he said: 'I am no longer the desolate, solitary, dull, old stupid uncle you parted with a few weeks ago; but a young, sprightly, married man, just entering on the active scenes of life.' 'Of all men, I was the last made to be alone. My heart, the best part of me, is still young. It always has, and I am pretty sure always will, love female excellence of every kind.'" — pp. 386, 387.

Six years afterwards, as if to complete his happiness by surrounding his old age with all the objects of natural affection and desire, a son was born to him to continue his name and family to another generation. He was always fond of children, and had the power of interesting and amusing them to a remarkable degree. Some had been received into his family as objects of charity, and to them he was always a kind and patient guardian, and often a droll and active playfellow. The birth of his own child, therefore, was a source of the greatest enjoyment to him, and its infantine prattle contributed, perhaps, as much as any other cause, to soothe and cheer his five remaining years. The clouds, in which his home and happiness had so lately been involved through the loss of his former family, were now entirely dissipated, and his evening sun shone brightly till it dipped beneath the horizon.

In February, 1842, Judge Smith sold his estate in Exeter, in order that his property might be left in a more compact and manageable condition for his heirs, and went to live with his father-in-law in Dover. Affection for his wife and child dictated this step, but it probably hastened his death. To quit the place which had been his home for nearly forty years, to lose the sight of many familiar objects,

and to submit to some alteration of long established habits, seemed likely to throw a shadow over his hitherto unconquerable spirits. He was not saddened by the change, but he became more placid and quiet, and more frequently thought and spoke of his approaching decease. Affecting signs that the end was at hand were not wanting; his paternal tree was fast shedding its leaves. His brother Samuel died in April of this year; in the August following, his two other brothers, one of whom had attained the age of eighty-six, and a favorite niece, were carried to the grave. Judge Smith was ill when the news of these deaths came, and though there was nothing alarming in the symptoms of his complaint, he seemed to be conscious that he was not to recover. Firmly and patiently he awaited the closing scene, though severely tried at intervals by bodily suffering; the few words which escaped him showed that the Christian's faith did not fail in the trying hour. He died on the 21st of September, passing the last hour so quietly, that no one knew when he ceased to breathe. His remains were interred at Exeter, in a space which he had reserved between the graves of Ariana and her mother, and a plain marble headstone bears a modest and truthful inscription to his memory.

Art. V. — 1. *Thirteenth Annual Report of the Trustees of the Perkins Institution, and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind, to the Corporation.* Boston. 1845. 8vo. pp. 84.

2. *Quarterly Journal of the American Education Society.* February, 1845. Boston: T. R. Marvin. 8vo. pp. 16.

3. *Nineteenth Annual Report of the Board of Managers of the Prison Discipline Society.* Boston. 1844. 8vo.

4. *Annual Statement of the Treasurer of Harvard College;* made October 5th, 1844. Cambridge: Metcalf & Co. 8vo. pp. 24.

In September, 1830, at the celebration which took place, under the direction of the city authorities, of the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Boston, President Quincy delivered an address which was replete with interest-

ing comments on the history and character of the city. In a note to the oration, which was published, he inserted a list of societies and institutions for various purposes of charity, education, and religious and moral instruction, to which the benevolence of Bostonians had been directed within the then last thirty years. The amount of money shown by this catalogue to have been given away in a town which numbered from twenty-five thousand inhabitants, in 1800, to sixty thousand, in 1830, excited some surprise, and was very gratifying to those who from birth, personal relations, or other circumstances, took an interest in the character and reputation of the city.

In the short term of fifteen years which have elapsed since 1830, the population has nearly doubled its amount at that time ; and it has become a question of deep interest to many, how far, and in what particular ways, the character of Boston has been or is to be affected by such a sudden development of its resources, and such an immense accession to its physical and commercial strength. As a community must, like an individual, be either growing worse or growing better, it behooves us to look carefully into facts from time to time, and ascertain their bearing upon character ; and while we should not be deterred from this scrutiny by the fear or the shame of finding ourselves losing ground, so neither should we shrink from it because it may seem like boastfulness to proclaim our own good deeds. It is necessary for us to know our faults, in order that we may learn to correct them ; and it is, for the same reason, necessary for us to know how far we have avoided the errors to which we are exposed. True humility consists in entertaining a just estimate of ourselves, in not "thinking of ourselves *more highly* than we ought to think," in not over-estimating ourselves or our acts, and in not claiming a degree of merit which cannot belong to such imperfect attainments as the best of human virtues necessarily are. It is in no spirit of boastfulness, then, that the following attempt has been made to enumerate the principal objects of Boston liberality ; but with the hope of drawing from the facts collected some useful practical inferences, not inconsistent with a becoming modesty. Nor would we be supposed to imply, that we consider the mere giving of money as a sufficient proof of the existence of the true spirit of charity ; but we are desirous that the facts

should be known, and that every one should pass his own judgment upon them.

It is an important preliminary inquiry, how the city, in its corporate capacity, has performed the duties of instruction and charity ; and although other places may have done as much, or more, in some departments, than Boston has, yet it is satisfactory to observe that the appropriations go on increasing with the growth and means of the city. The sums spent upon the schools by order of the city government have grown from an average of $ 68,343.36 *per annum* in the first five years of the city, to an average of $ 153,690.55 in the last five years ; while the sums devoted to the support or assistance of the poor in the former term of five years averaged $ 31,083.58, and in the latter $ 47,080.69. In both departments, more is effected with the same amount of money now than formerly, so that the mere comparison of the sums will scarcely give an adequate idea of the degree of improvement.

The average of the last five years in the expenditure for the schools, including salaries, repairs, erection of new houses, supplies and contingencies, makes a ratio of .2574 to the average tax assessed during the same years, or a little more than one quarter of the whole sum levied ; while the average expenditure for both objects, namely, the schools and the support of the poor, including the expense of the hospital for insane and idiots, for the same term, forms an average of .3336, or one third of the whole tax. The ratio of the expenditure for both objects, during the whole term of the city charter, to the taxes assessed is .3898, or 5½ *per cent.* more than one third of the taxes. The ratio of the last five years would have been much higher, but for the very remarkable diminution in the cost of the House of Industry, and in the sums distributed in the different wards by the Overseers of the Poor, during the last two years. The expense of the House of Industry fell from over $ 30,000 *per annum* to $ 14,779.60 in the financial year ending April 30, 1843, and to $ 14,082.90 in the year ending April 30, 1844 ; while the Overseers of the Poor, instead of spending twelve or thirteen thousand dollars *per annum*, distributed but $ 8,320.63 in the former year, and $ 7,337.46 in the latter. It will immediately occur to all who are familiar with the causes and the consequences of pauperism, that the great and memorable reform in the use of intoxicating liquors has

produced this among other beneficent results. More than $ 20,000 a year, or one half of the whole charge, have been saved in the appropriations for the support of paupers alone, — by saving men from a self-destroying vice. It must not be forgotten, that the prosperity of the city, and the abundance of employment, for two or three years past, have contributed to this result. But that they have not produced it unaided is proved by the circumstance, that former periods of prosperity have shown no such striking diminution of the expense of pauperism to the city.

It may, perhaps, be thought inappropriate to introduce the amount derived from taxes among the charities of the city ; and it would be so, were nothing more done than barely to comply with the requisitions of the law. The manner in which these labors and duties are performed, however, is to be regarded as an essential part of the performance of them ; and if there be any deficiency still existing, let it be pointed out and remedied as speedily as may be. It is believed, however, that the public charities are rather more free than is usual from well grounded charges of insufficiency, and that they are quite as abundant as the danger of imposition and abuse will allow. In all those branches where there is no fear of such abuse, the provision is as liberal as the nature of the case requires ; as, for instance, in the arrangements made for the care and even cure of the insane, or idiotic, who have a settlement in the city. A hospital, constructed in the most thorough manner, and on the best principles, is provided for them, and a resident physician is required to give them his daily attention. In the end, this mode of proceeding will perhaps be found more economical than the old way of perpetuating misery, in the cells and cages of the insane-ward of the House of Industry ; but it is manifest that the provision for these unhappy persons must have arisen from other motives than a mere desire to save money. The difficulty which is to be met in so many other walks of charity is not here to be encountered ; namely, to guard against offering an inducement to take advantage of the provision unnecessarily. No one becomes insane voluntarily, and there is little danger of delusion or deception. Too much, therefore, can hardly be done for the comfort, or the recovery, of those who may stand in need of the charity.

It is not so, however, with simple poverty. Many prefer idleness and public support to industry and independence ; and will practise every device they can think of to escape from the labor which is most valuable and suitable for them. In judging what provision ought to be made for the poor, this consideration should always be kept in view, especially by those whose kind feelings lead them to be active and forward in all labors of this sort. It is very easy, by ill-judged liberality, to produce more pauperism than is, or can be, relieved. At the same time, poverty ought not to be confounded, as it sometimes is, with crime, and the poor man treated as severely as the criminal. This is a sort of dislocation of society, which must produce disastrous consequences. But it is extremely difficult to hit upon exactly the right medium in practice ; and if, to any one, Boston, in its corporate form, seems to do too little or too much, let him reflect upon all the circumstances which are to be weighed, and perhaps he will be better satisfied with the results which are attained.

It may contribute to this satisfaction, if he will recollect that it does not belong to the character of our government, under any of the forms and dimensions it assumes, from the debating club of the village to the Congress at Washington, from the chairman of a parish committee to the governor of the commonwealth, to undertake every thing which may be deemed suited to the good of the community. Our institutions are not of the nature of those paternal governments which assume all their subjects to be in a state of pupilage, and will not suffer them to act for fear of their acting amiss, — the object of whose parental care seems to be rather to check than to promote the development of the infant energies of their people. Our civil polity partakes more of the character of another family relation, equally delightful to the imagination and the heart, and may be called the fraternal government. The true idea of a government of the people is that of an association, the members of which are ready to aid each other not merely in the attainment of those objects in which they have a common interest, but also to reach such as may be particularly desirable to only one or two of the number. They cannot all desire, or all obtain, the same ends ; and it is especially important that the wish of one should not be deemed the interest of all, and thus all be compelled alike to

pursue an object desirable only to an individual; but while each is left free to look after his own prosperity, they should yield each other so much assistance towards the attainment of the objects of individual ambition, as may be consistent with the common good and their mutual regard. The acquisition of many, if not of most, favorite objects should not be a matter of compulsion upon all members of the community equally, but a free-will offering to the common good, or an affectionate tribute to the wishes of an individual. And this, happily, is the actual state of things, to a great extent, in this commonwealth and in this city. Nowhere and at no time in the history of the world have the true principles of government been more fully developed, or produced more favorable results, than in this community; and its actual condition, notwithstanding the many and serious evils which in times past have threatened it, and those which are now lowering over it, is one which may well be contemplated with complacency by the lover of his country and his race. Wealth combined with liberality, comfort extended through the whole community, a desire to improve physically and intellectually, a general disposition to order, industry, and sobriety, and a prevailing reverence for the institutions, means, and objects of religion, unite to render Boston an agreeable residence to the well disposed, and an agreeable subject of contemplation to the philanthropist.

One may easily see that all this may be true, and yet that there is large room for faults and defects of character. Upon these it is not our present purpose to enlarge. Nor is it intended to present a picture of imaginary perfection; but to point out, for the consideration of others as well as ourselves, what has been done well in one department, and what yet remains to be done; to mark real progress, to exhibit mistakes, and to suggest improvements.

In order to present a complete view of the subject, the note already referred to, in President Quincy's address, is here reprinted, and then follows a list of such contributions as have been obtained since 1830, together with some items which were omitted at that time. Many of the institutions now enumerated have sprung into existence since that period; and although so many have been found, it is probable there are others which have not been thought of, or are not known. Indeed, this enumeration must be regarded only in

the light of a contribution towards the history of the charities of the city, to be hereafter perfected by some one who may feel interest enough in the subject to undertake a pretty difficult task.

President Quincy's list is as follows : —

"Amounts received from the liberality of the citizens of Boston towards objects of a public nature, of a moral, religious, or literary character, chiefly within the last thirty years.

"I. By the following Societies : —

Boston Athenæum	$ 75,000
Humane Society	20,791
Boston Dispensary for the Medical Relief of the Poor	19,000
Massachusetts General Hospital	354,400
Massachusetts Charitable Society	16,714
Boston Penitent Female Refuge Society	15,172
Boston Fragment Society	15,205
Boston Mechanics' Institution	6,119
Boston Eye and Ear Infirmary	5,500
Boston Female Asylum	79,582
Boston Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge	1,035
Boston Society for the Religious and Moral Instruction of the Poor	23,500
Charitable Mechanic Association	15,000
Boston Asylum for Indigent Boys	20,000
Fatherless and Widows' Society	6,320
Howard Benevolent Society	16,900
Charitable Fund, placed under the control of the Overseers of the Poor, and derived from Private Benevolence	95,000
Massachusetts Congregational Charitable Society	51,000
Seamen's Friend Society	3,000
American Education Society	32,228
Bible Society	40,000
Harvard College and the several Institutions embraced within, or connected with, that Seminary	222,696
Theological Institution at Andover	21,824
	$ 1,155,986

"[From the above amounts have been as far as possible excluded all sums not derived from the citizens of Boston. Those amounts, also, must not be understood as expressing *the present amount of funds* of these societies, although in many instances it is the case ; the object of this recapitulation being not to represent the actual state of each of those societies at this time, but the amount they have, within the time specified, received from the liberal and public spirit of the citizens of Boston.]

Amount brought up		$1,155,986
"II. Various contributions for the relief of sufferers by fire in Boston . .	$34,528	
in Newburyport . .	16,500	
in St. Johns .	8,666	
in Augusta . .	2264	
in Wiscasset .	5,504	
		67,462
"[The above, although excluding many known contributions, are all of which the amounts could be ascertained with accuracy.]		1,223,448
"III. Moneys raised, within the time specified, by various contribution, or by donations of individuals, either from motives of charity, or for the patronizing of distinguished merit, or for the relief of men eminent for their public services,—the evidences of which have been examined for this purpose, (testamentary bequests not being included,)	$8,000	
	11,000	
	24,500	
	10,000	
	1,400	
	6,000	
	2,000	
	5,000	
	5,000	
In sums between $500 and $1,500 .	35,500	
		108,400
"[Particular names and objects have been omitted, from motives of delicacy or propriety.]		
"IV. Amount collected for objects of general charity, or for the promotion of literary, moral, or religious purposes, by, or under the influence of, various religious societies in the metropolis (not including the particular annual objects of expenditure of each society), communicated by the several officers of those societies, or by individuals having access to their records, or to the papers containing evidence of such collections . . .		469,425
		$1,801,273

"[The names of the particular societies and objects it is not deemed proper to publish,—

"1. Because it was the express wish of several officers of the societies, that it should not be done.

"2. Because several of the societies could not be applied to, and their

omission here might imply that they have not made similar collections, which would be unjust.

"3. Because, since the account of the amounts thus collected depends upon the retaining or not retaining (often accidental) of the evidence of such collections, the comparative returns are very different from what there is reason to believe were the comparative amounts collected, as they would have appeared, had the evidence in all cases been equally well retained.

"The object, on this occasion, has not been completeness, which was known to be impracticable, but as near an approximation to it as was possible. How far short the statement in this item is from the real amount collected, may be gathered from this fact, — that information was requested *for the amount collected within the last thirty years;* yet more than half the sum stated in this item arose from collections *made within the last ten years.*

"As a farther illustration, it may not be improper to state, that, within the last twelve years, *five* citizens of Boston have deceased, whose bequests for objects exclusively of public interest or benevolence, when united, amount to a sum exceeding *three hundred thousand dollars;* and that one of these, during the last twenty years of his life, is known to have given away, towards similar objects, a sum equal to *ten thousand* dollars annually.]"

In the following list, those which were included in the former one are distinguished by Italics, while those which were omitted, though existing in 1830, and those which have since begun their career, are in Roman letters. Where the date of the donation was previous to 1830, it is intended to be indicated, and the correction of any mistakes either in dates or amounts will be gratefully acknowledged. In some cases, nothing was practicable but an estimate of the probable amount. These are mentioned in the catalogue, and the authority is given.

Donations to Institutions for Theological Education and other Objects of a Religious Character.

American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, since 1810	$278,166 89
" *Education Society* .	81,160 00
" Tract Society, since 1830*	25,420 39
" Unitarian Association	22,233 04
Massachusetts Missionary Society,	40,000 00
" Evangelical Missionary Society, since 1820 . .	7,769 57
" Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge . .	7,900 00
	$462,649 89

* About $10,000 more from 1815 to 1830, according to the estimate of the Treasurer.

Amount brought up		$462,649 89
Bible Society		11,706 00
Benevolent Fraternity of Churches		46,014 01
Theological Institution at Cambridge		29,500 00
Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, Piety, and Charity		1,800 00
Pitts Street Chapel, including Cost of Land		16,366 22
Suffolk Street Chapel, exclusive of Land		16,052 08
Unitarian Association for Domestic Missions, within the last two years		9,330 76
Boston Society for the Religious and Moral Instruction of the Poor		17,829 82
City Mission, a new organization of the last named society, since 1840		13,573 47
Foreign Evangelical Society		8,166 33
Warren Street Chapel		48,000 00
Pine Street Church, to relieve it from debt		10,000 00
City Missionary (a private agent)		2,605 64
Protestant Episcopal City Mission, including donation for chapel		35,900 00
Theological Institution at Newton		28,333 00
Bangor Theological Seminary		2,000 00
Waterville College, Maine		5,500 00
Free Presbyterian Church of Scotland		2,126 14
Protestant Episcopal Foreign Mission		12,190 69
Protestant Episcopal Domestic Mission		7,770 37
	Estimate.	
Baptist Foreign Mission	60,000 00	
" Domestic "	30,000 00	
For erection of churches in various parts of U. S.	20,000 00	
For education in the ministry, exclusive of Baptist Seminary at Newton	40,000 00	
within 20 years.		150,000 00
		$937,414 42

Donations to Institutions for Purposes of Instruction.

Lowell Institute	245,000 00
Harvard College	83,755 67
Washington College, Hartford, Ct.	2,350 00
	$331,105 67

Amounts brought up	$ 331,105 67	937,414 42	
Amherst College *	36,104 00		
Williams "	25,183 00		
Yale " since 1825	27,220 00		
Bowdoin " since its foundation †	64,909 19		
Brown University, Providence	4,629 00		
Illinois College	11,000 00		
Shurtleff " Illinois	10,300 00		
Marietta " Ohio (estimate by Pres't)	4,000 00		
Oberlin Collegiate Institute, Ohio	1,725 14		
Perkins Institution for the Blind	82,500 00		
Hartford Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, in 1816 and 1817	4,950 00		
Boston Society of Natural History	36,378 50		
Boston Athenæum, subscription to new shares $ 70,800, of which one third may be considered as a donation	23,600 00		
Charitable Mechanic Association	40,000 00		
Mercantile Library Association	3,100 00		
Mechanic Apprentices' Library Association	1,800 00		
Massachusetts Agricultural Society	7,239 66		
Normal Schools ‡	10,000 00		
Medals for the High School for Boys ‡	2,000 00		
Groton Academy ‡	10,000 00		
Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio (estimate)	25,000 00		
Horticultural Society	11,000 00		
Latin School Association	2,000 00		
		775,744 16	

Donations to Institutions for Charitable Purposes.

Massachusetts General Hospital and McLean Asylum	$ 286,512 93		
" *Eye and Ear Infirmary*	39,958 48		
Amounts carried over	326,471 41	1,713,158 58	

* A subscription was made for the purpose of erecting buildings, and another for a fund of $ 30,000, for Amherst College, at an early period of its history, towards both of which the treasurer thinks Boston probably contributed, but not having documents to show the amount, the above sum is exclusive of any thing given for those purposes.

† Of the amount received by Bowdoin College, $ 33,461.69 were paid by the heirs of Governor Bowdoin for a release of the claims of the College to certain lands inherited from him; $ 3,348.09 were from sundry citizens of Boston; and the remainder, $28,099.41, from Governor Bowdoin or his family.

‡ By an individual.

Amounts brought over	$ 326,471 41	1,713,158 58	
Massachusetts Congregational Charitable Society	1,783 00		
Boston Asylum for Indigent Boys and Farm School	61,090 82		
" *Female Orphan Asylum*	40,439 99		
" *Seamen's Friend Society* (estimate by Treasurer)	45,238 16		
" *Penitent Female Refuge Society*	21,636 23		
" *Fragment Society*	6,690 94		
" *Dispensary*	20,155 00		
Howard Benevolent Society	43,000 00		
Fatherless and Widows' Society	19,654 00		
Overseers of the Poor (corporate fund)	1,000 00		
Boston Lying-in Hospital	27,871 00		
" Seamen's Aid Society	15,667 98		
" Port Society	20,729 00		
" Employment Society	1,633 00		
" Society for Employment of Female Poor	6,048 28		
" Orthopedic Institution	1,400 00		
" Episcopal Charitable Society *	40,329 53		
Charitable Association of Boston Fire Department	16,016 87		
Prison Discipline Society	30,494 71		
Widows' Society	17,634 77		
Society for the Prevention of Pauperism	6,288 35		
Annuities and Donations to Individuals in sums varying from $ 500 to $ 12,000	66,130 62		
Quarterly Charity Lecture at the Old South, Amount given by individuals for permanent funds	18,600 00		
Amount collected at the quarterly contributions since 1822	5,000 00		
		861,003 66	
Miscellaneous.			
Bunker Hill Monument	100,000 00		
Temperance Cause (estimate by its friends)	100,000 00		
Abolition of Slavery	57,000 00		
Amounts carried up	257,000 00	2,574,162 24	

* This society was established in 1724, but the greater part of its funds have been contributed within the present century.

Amounts brought up	$257,000 00	2,574,162 24
Colonization (estimated)	1,300 00	
Peace Society, from 1816 to present time,	7,371 38	
Public Garden	20,000 00	
Boston Academy of Music (for alteration of Odeon)	5,038 00	
Society for Diffusing Information among Emigrants (extinct)	919 25	
Subscription for the Relief of Suffering at Rockport	2,075 91	
" for the Relief of Suffering at Cape Cod	4,794 35	
Fire at Charleston, S. C.	5,000 00	
" Mobile	4,098 02	
" Fall River	14,044 58	
" Hamburg (Germany)	900 00	
" Pittsburg	15,000 00	
" Roxbury	1,000 00	
" Church Street	2,859 33	
Statue of Washington	7,276 17	
Monument to Franklin	940 00	
" " John Harvard	433 75	
" " Hannah Adams	300 00	
" " J. S. Buckminster	500 00	
" " Dr. Murray	300 00	
" " Dr. Tuckerman, about	1,000 00	
" " Dr. Spurzheim	1,076 00	
" " Dr. Kirkland, about	1,000 00	
" " Dr. Bowditch, about	4,000 00	
" " Dr. Channing	1,800 00	
Bust of Dr. Freeman in Kings Chapel	486 00	
" Dr. Greenwood " "	410 00	
Fence, Trees, &c. for Granary Burial-Ground	2,936 65	
		363,859 39
Total		$2,938,021 63

Besides those above enumerated, application has been made to the officers of several other institutions and societies known or believed to have received aid from Boston; but from some cause, the information has not been received in an authentic shape, and all mention of it is therefore omitted.*

* From the Methodist communion and the Catholics no returns have been obtained. Several literary and theological institutions in the West, besides those mentioned in the list, are believed to have received assistance from Boston; but the amount has not been ascertained.

To those persons who have been so obliging as to transmit the desired facts the writer offers his grateful acknowledgments. Application was also made to the churches of the city, associations which are well known to be in the constant habit of contributing not only to many of the objects above mentioned, but to others of various descriptions, both permanent and temporary. From the pastors or other officers of some of these churches returns were received of great exactness; but from the majority they were, perhaps from the necessity of the case, so incomplete as to be unsuitable for the desired purpose. It is probable that no records are kept of many donations made by these religious societies; but it is not the less certain that such donations are made, because their amount cannot be ascertained with precision. It will not be doubted by many persons, that, in the churches which have existed in the city within the last fifteen years, from seventy to eighty in number, an average of not less than $10,000 a year has been raised for the support of the poor belonging to them respectively. This item alone would make an addition of $150,000 to the foot of the above account. But there is another branch of benevolence, the great extent of which can neither be doubted, nor precisely ascertained; and that is, the unnumbered acts of love, pity, and sympathy which are and can be known only to the agent, the recipient, and Him who formed them to give and to receive. It would be no matter of surprise, if the amount bestowed in this secret way should make a near approach to that given openly; but as such deeds cannot be counted, nor their value be estimated in dollars and cents, the whole must be left to conjecture, till the arrival of that day when the gift even of a cup of cold water shall meet with its fit reward.

One of the first observations which will naturally occur to every one, on looking over the preceding list, is, not merely that there is a large amount of money voluntarily bestowed, but that it is given for a great variety of purposes. There are thirty-one societies or institutions having religious objects, twenty-six for purposes of literary education, and twenty-five for the relief of physical and moral wants. Thirty-one other objects of more or less general interest are added, and doubtless many more may be known to individuals. And it is a little singular, that, in a country so often reproached as this with want of gratitude to its benefactors, there should be contained in such a list no less than thirteen sub-

scriptions for monuments to the memory of as many honored individuals, ten of whom were the contemporaries of the present generation ; and besides these, there is the comprehensive monument erected in honor of the achievement of our fathers at Bunker Hill. The obelisk that bears the name of John Harvard was erected in honor of a man who died more than two centuries ago, one who laid the foundation of the *Grammar School at Cambridge ;* and the sarcophagus of Spurzheim commemorates the virtues and talents of a philanthropic foreigner. The claims of the wise and the brave of our Revolutionary age are not forgotten, nor are the lights of science, religion, and philanthropy in our own time suffered to go out in ungrateful oblivion.

There are two obvious effects arising from this multiplicity and subdivision of institutions of benevolence, one of which is of a favorable, and the other of an unfavorable tendency. The emulation excited among rival societies for the same or similar objects stimulates the activity and industry of all, and much greater results are obtained, than, to the solitary and *unrivalled* institution, would have seemed possible. The surprising effects produced by the development of this principle are everywhere around us, in every sphere of activity, from the raising of a strawberry to the building of a frigate ; and it is happy that it is also felt in the department of benevolence, and that one man's example becomes the impulse to another, till the pulsation is quickened throughout the whole community, and deeds that would once have been considered prodigies become familiar as household words. Thus it is that the rivalry even of religious sects, which seems at first view to produce nothing but that apparent hostility which is on the surface, really causes an unseen under-current of kindness and active benevolence, which may be some compensation for the harshness, suspicion, and injustice which they are apt to indulge.

The other effect referred to is that the multiplicity of objects diminishes the resources of each. This is felt and known by every contributor to subscriptions that are constantly circulating. He cannot give so much as he would, did he not expect a call for something else the next week, or the next day, and recollect what had been asked for the previous day, or the previous week. The result is, that nearly all our permanent benevolent institutions are sadly

crippled for want of means. They cannot do all that they are called upon, and are designed, to do. There is scarcely one that has as large means as it could well employ upon its specific objects. Those, therefore, who are disposed to deeds of charity, can perhaps do more good by contributing to the funds of an existing institution, than by starting a new project that may divert a portion of their means from establishments that need more. And it must be recollected that with the growth of the city, which is so rapid that it may be seen in its progress from year to year, there will come a great increase of that portion of society which is destined to receive rather than to give; and the utmost caution should be constantly observed to prevent the waste of those resources which, however abundant, are apt to become scanty, with the progress of events and ideas.

The perusal of the above catalogues may surely be expected to have some tendency to expand the views of those who are engrossed in their own sphere of action, and think nothing can be so important as their own favorite charity. It is by no means an unusual foible; and the best corrective, one would think, would be to look around and see how many others make the same claim, and determine in one's own mind which of the multifarious charities could be spared without injury. The difficulty one will find may dispose him to be charitable in the largest sense, and to have some feeling for the same infirmity in others, of which he is conscious in himself. And if he watches the history of these institutions, and becomes acquainted with their origin, he will often be struck with the fact, that the gap which has been left by one set of associates has been filled by another, and that a vast deal of ambition is felt for the progress of the favorite scheme in all the paths of activity which have been discovered or devised. In this way it is that emulation and vanity are made to produce, in the course of Providence, the best effects which can flow from them; and thus it is that, even on the best soils, the tares and the wheat must grow together until the harvest.

As long as there are differences in the tastes and powers of men, there will be great differences in the modes in which they will dispense, as well as in those by which they acquire, abundance; and while one will encourage only institutions for the relief of physical wants, another will give no support

to any thing but promoting the progress of Christianity, and a third esteems nothing of so much importance as the cause of education. We should learn to think respectfully of every form in which charity displays itself, and not allow ourselves to say, "How useless is this or that object! what a waste of means upon an unattainable end!" We cannot know enough of the operation of causes to justify the cavil; and there is one branch of utility, in every mode of giving, which is often overlooked; and that is the utility to him who gives. It is comparatively of little consequence to what a man gives. The choice is merely an exercise of his understanding. But it is of great consequence that he should give to something; and the greater the diversity of objects for which he can feel a sympathizing interest, the greater is his sphere of usefulness to himself as well as others, the more he is enlarging both his mind and his heart, and the more does he deserve the appellation of a liberal-minded man. At the same time, it cannot be denied, that the mode in which a man should attempt to benefit others ought to be a matter of careful attention and study. It should not be left to the hazard of impulse and accidental predilection, but should be made the subject of reflection, and investigation into the actual wants of society. It is very easy to give money in such a manner that it shall not only be comparatively useless, but shall be even a burden and a tax; and the greatest sagacity will not prevent such results, if the ambition to leave a long enduring impression on society should exceed the ability to produce it. The best guide to the true course in such cases is undoubtedly experience; and although new provisions must, of course, be made for new circumstances as they arise, yet there can be no great fear of going wrong, when we make arrangements for the occurrence of events which have happened so often already, that the probability of their occurrence in future amounts almost to certainty.

There is one error so frequently repeated, notwithstanding the perpetually recurring proofs of its being a great mistake, that it will not be superfluous to utter a caution against it. It is limiting and restricting the uses to which funds may be applied, to such a degree, that, when the circumstances of society change even but slightly, the means provided for a previous state of things are no longer applicable

to the corresponding wants of the present and succeeding times.

A memorable instance of this is the legacy of Dr. Franklin to trustees for the benefit of young married mechanics in the cities of Boston and Philadelphia. His arrangements were adapted to what he supposed, or perhaps knew, to be the existing state of things at the time he made his will; and although he was remarkably modest in his pretensions, and did not undertake to determine what circumstances would arise longer than for two or three centuries, yet what happened even to his modesty? What would he have felt, had he known that in thirty years after his death it would have become difficult, and in fifty years almost impossible, to find persons of such a description, and in such situations, as he required; and that his money, instead of circulating among young mechanics, was quietly accumulating by adding to it the yearly interest accruing on the stock in which it was invested? If Franklin's sagacity could not foresee for a score of years what was to occur in a class with whose interests, habits, and character he was entirely familiar, who shall presume to direct future generations? "It is my will," says the testator, "that this shall remain *for ever*." Who would think that it was a human being uttering this magnificent declaration? A little creature, who has occupied a diminutive spot for a minute period, declares his will; and when the small power he ever had is rapidly becoming smaller, and his short duration in the world sinking into nothing, he issues his fiat, that his arrangements shall endure for ever. If it were not so blind, so foolish, and so presumptuous a thing, it would be inconceivably ludicrous; and, indeed, it is difficult to say which quality predominates in the attempt. Yet it is so common, that this very language has become the customary form of expression in legal testaments. But it is scarcely more common than it is futile; and it would be well if men would give over the attempt to make their purposes last for ever, till they can live here for ever to carry them out themselves. They would then only have to take care that they did not change their own minds, and overturn to-day the settled purpose of yesterday.

The only way in which a man can do permanent good with the money which he must leave behind him is to trust something to the discretion of those who will follow him.

Let him describe his wish and his design in so general a way, that, while it may be clearly understood, it shall not be confined within such straight lines, that it can incline neither to the right hand nor to the left. Circumstances do not move so ; and if a man's will cannot be bent to accommodate it to them, it must be broken.

In looking round on the community in which we live, it is difficult to avoid a feeling of exultation, which ought to be accompanied and moderated by sincere thankfulness to Him who alone has produced such a state of things, that we have avoided, and, so far as can be perceived, are likely to avoid hereafter, the calamities which in times past have overwhelmed nations, and which threaten, even now, some of the greatest and proudest of the earth. The tremendous convulsions which have desolated society have arisen from the want of sympathy of man with man. Artificial arrangements have separated the apparent interests of one class from those of another, and have led the one to look down, and the other to look up, through so many generations, that at length men have really, practically, forgotten that they belong to the same race of animals. It is, in general, true, that there is as little sympathy between upper and lower classes in Europe, as between men and horses or dogs ; — in some cases far less. The labor of a man in Europe will produce as great an effect upon the soil as in America ; but the division of the proceeds is very different. There, the serf who tills the ground must be contented with what will keep him alive, without comfort, ambition, or hope of improvement ; while the proprietor of the soil takes to himself all the rest. Here, where the proprietor is also a laborer, he procures such assistance as he may need only by tempting offers of compensation, which is sufficient not only to satisfy abundantly present wants, but to stimulate every faculty and every feeling with the prospect of constantly rising in condition. Industry, economy, uprightness, and intellectual cultivation are all promoted by this state of things, and the result, in the mass, presents a strong contrast with the degraded, down-trodden, ignorant, and unimproving peasant of Europe. The state of things there is rendered permanent by the barriers of classes being made fixed and impassable both by laws and by customs ; and there is little hope that the organization of society can be effectually altered, except

by convulsions such as have occurred in France, are now going on in Spain, and are perpetually threatened in England. The latter country has probably the least to fear, not so much from its superiority in national wealth and power, to which its security is sometimes attributed, as from its greater advance in the system and in the administration of justice, and the frequency with which, in the course of its history, some of the most important of human rights have been successfully claimed by the mass, and yielded by the few. There is not such a total separation between the high and the low as on the continent; they are a little more mingled up, and consequently there is a little more sympathy and a little more safety. Oppression is always insecure, and never more so than when it feels itself most at ease in its possessions.

Now, from all this, our situation, our institutions, and our habits set us perfectly free. The oppression of the mass by the few is rendered impossible by the public institutions, and is driven, by the habits of thinking and feeling generated by those institutions, from the wish and thought of any one as much as it is from his power. In the entire freedom from personal control, which is here universal, the rights of the individual are maintained; and as no one can encroach on those of his neighbour without being promptly and efficiently reminded of it, the rights of all are respected. The growth of sympathy is unchecked by any artificial distinction of ranks; as none exists except the natural classification of the more or less intelligent, skilful, and successful. The consideration necessarily attached to these personal differences is personal in its nature, and does not attach, as it does in Europe, to an individual merely because he happens to belong to a certain family or a certain order. And there is nothing to continue such consideration in one family, or one class. The accidents of birth and character are not to be prevented from operating in every house; and the fickleness of prosperity is not chained down to a certain succession. Distinct orders of society, therefore, do not and cannot exist here. There is nothing so high, that the very lowest, in situation merely, may not aspire to it. There is nothing so low, that the very highest, if not secured by something besides situation, may not fall to it. In Europe, on the contrary, situation alone, without merit or

capacity, secures to a man ease, splendor, and power, and situation alone binds him to obscurity, want, and insignificance ; while merit without position will do little to render him comfortable, successful, or distinguished. This is the point which makes the essential difference between the social condition of Europe and America ; and which order of things is the best for the mass does not admit of a question for a moment in the mind of a reflecting person. And if it is best for the mass to stand as we do here, it is not very easy to see why it is not best for all, the distinguished as well as the undistinguished, the rich as well as the poor. Where shall the line be drawn between the many for whom our state of society is good, and the few for whom it is not good ? In truth, there is no such line practicable ; and it is one of the great results of the condition of things in New England, that it proves the identity of interests of all the component parts of society. No one can say to any other, — " You are not wanted ; we can do without you." There is a mutual dependence far more widely felt, and not only felt, but acknowledged, here than elsewhere ; and as the political institutions of the country are adapted to continue this state of things, it may be hoped that it will long endure to produce the fruits which we have been contemplating.

One proof of the existence of this sentiment has already been intimated ; namely, that it is not left, as in monarchical or aristocratic forms of government it is usually left, to the political powers to do every thing, whether for weal or woe, which can be done by society. Here, the subject takes much of the matter into his own hands, and does many things far better than any government could possibly do them ; and at the same time he requires his government to do well all that it can do ; and it is a fact, that a much larger amount has been distributed by the individual inhabitants of Boston than by the City government, in the same term of time, for the same, or similar, purposes. This is done freely, voluntarily, by no compulsion of any sort, from the motive that springs up in the breast of one, and is communicated to many, be it benevolence, vanity, love of influence, ambition, or whatever else may be imagined. It is desirable to believe, that, in general, it is benevolence which produces these effects ; but if it be any of the other less worthy motives, still it produces active sympathy, — sympathy between those who

act in concert, and sympathy with those to whose benefit their action is directed. Thus is society knit together by feelings and by interests intertwining in every direction, and scarcely can one bond be broken without its being widely felt and speedily repaired. It is needless to say, that a society in such a condition stands firmer, more consolidated, and less likely to be dissolved by internal convulsion or external violence, than one where a mutual feeling of hostility, opposing interests, and conflicting claims is always, or frequently, uppermost in the minds and hearts of which it is composed.

It should be a subject of common congratulation that such a state of things can be found here. The wise and the good will, of course, rejoice in it; and it would be a reason for greater rejoicing, if there could be produced in the minds of those who call themselves, and are called by others, the laboring classes here, a proper perception of the immense difference between their condition and that of the corresponding classes in Europe. The cultivators and the proprietors of the soil are not there, as here, the same persons, but one is the lord, the other the vassal; the one is rich by the labor of those about him, the other is destitute of property, because he cannot appropriate to himself the proceeds of his own labor. Neither party can change his station; the higher cannot fall from his rank, whatever may be his personal character, and the lower cannot rise above his original condition, be his personal merits what they may. Now is there any thing here at all approaching to this? Is not every farmer lord of his own manor; can he not appropriate to his own use every dollar of his earnings? Who is there above him, to whom he must bow the knee, and on whom he must feel dependent? If he chance to pay rent, does it make him feel dependent? Certainly not. He knows his landlord is just as dependent upon him as he is upon the landlord. And the condition of the mechanic is quite as favorably contrasted with that of the mechanic of Europe. On the one continent, the profession is esteemed, and even honored; on the other, it is despised, and treated with a contempt which would be as galling as it is unknown to the high-spirited and often highly cultivated mechanic of New England.

But persons who are farmers or mechanics in this country often use a language and exhibit a tone of feeling which are inconsistent with the state of things here, and are applicable

only to what is found in Europe. They talk of the oppression of the rich; when there is not a rich man in America that can, and perhaps not one that wishes, to oppress them. They talk of others being held in more respect, and of themselves as being despised; when there are as many mechanics and farmers in town, city, county, and state offices, both legislative and executive, as of all other sorts of persons put together; they take as decided a lead in all measures, public or private, as they are personally qualified to do; and very frequently do they throw others completely into the shade. Now, if this be contemptuous treatment, what would be respectful? If this be oppression, who is free? No; such language is entirely erroneous, and they who use it really do not know what they are talking of. They use terms borrowed from Europe, and applicable only there, and apply them to themselves and those about them, when they are in entirely different situations, and hold entirely different relations to each other. It produces a bad effect on their imaginations, (for it cannot influence the reality,) to talk of themselves as if they were poor, or despised, or oppressed. It generates a habit of complaining, which ill becomes the sturdy, ambitious, independent, manly yeomen, that they really are; and it creates ill feelings, for which there is little foundation, against those who are more successful or wealthy than themselves. It is a good thing to learn, in whatsoever state we are, therewith to be content, and not to think ourselves poor because our neighbour has more than we, and not to think him an oppressor merely because he is rich. Riches alone do not enable a man to be much of an oppressor anywhere, and in this country the rich man can make no figure at all in that line. There must be position and privilege superadded to wealth to make it possible to oppress, and in New England neither that position nor that privilege can be attained by any body. So far is the rich man from having attained them, that he is, in truth, farther from them than other persons. He is jealously watched, constantly suspected, and is very commonly regarded as a fair subject for that covert system of attack, which, though in a different way to be sure, is as great a favorite with the Yankee as with his predecessor, the Indian. The language and the conduct of public bodies, especially legislatures, show pretty accurately the tendency of feeling and thought among the mass whom they represent;

and if these be carefully observed, it will be found that they indicate the existence of a jealousy of the rich and prosperous, for which the history of the country has given no good cause, but which, originating elsewhere, and kept up here, in a great degree, by the influx of persons bringing deep-rooted feelings with them from Europe, is alike unjust to the one side and unworthy of the other.

The preceding statements of donations may be confidently appealed to in proof of the unreasonableness of the jealousy. A large portion of the sums stated have, no doubt, arisen from the gathered mites of the generous poor, but another large portion has also been received from the generous rich; and if a man be rich without being generous, he can certainly find many cities which would be more agreeable places of residence to him than Boston. So far as has hitherto appeared, the influence of the rich has been exerted, in this country, only for beneficent purposes; and it is time that the uncharitable constructions put upon their conduct should be abandoned.

But there is one remark which is applicable to all sorts and denominations of persons, and which may be regarded in the light of an offset to some of the merciless reproofs we have received from many of the most, as well as from some of the least, enlightened of our visiters from abroad. Nearly all of them, from De Tocqueville and Major Hamilton to Dickens and Mrs. Trollope, can laugh at, abuse, ridicule, scold, or lament, according to their several tempers, our devotion to money-getting, our sordid greediness, our sacrifice of honor, character, comfort, and respectability to the pursuit of "the almighty dollar." And what is the result? It cannot be denied, that we are active and enterprising in our attempts to obtain wealth, and that we succeed in the attempt rather oftener than is usual elsewhere, in consequence of this enterprise and activity; but that we have any stronger passion for money than other people may safely be denied, till some nation is discovered who cannot be reproached in the same way. Till then it may serve to compose the nerves affected by the language referred to, if there be any, to reflect upon the use which is made of a portion of the wealth which is accumulated, and at the same time of the more moderate resources of those who cannot be called wealthy. Look at the lists already presented, and say if money could

be expected to be more freely spent for praiseworthy purposes by any body. Here are a great number of objects, upon some of which all sorts of persons, rich and poor, orthodox and heretic, strong and weak, influential and influenced, male and female, young and old, educated and uneducated, unite their efforts, and the result is such a number and combination of charities as has never before been found in any city of its size. So long as money is freely spent in support of the church, the school, the college, the hospital, and the asylum, for memorials of the departed good and great, for the sustenance of the poor, and the comfort of the prisoner, there is little fear of its being greatly misapplied in luxurious extravagance, wanton waste, or vicious indulgence. If we are greedy of gain, it is not to hoard it with the passion of the miser, but to procure to ourselves the advantages which cannot be obtained without it, — the cultivation, the improvement, the luxury of doing good, which are the stimulus, the means, and the reward of virtue.

Art. VI. — *Four Lectures on Spiritual Christianity, delivered in the Hanover Square Rooms, London, March*, 1841. By Isaac Taylor. London: Jackson & Walford. 1841. 12mo. pp. 203.

Hardly any author of our own age has exerted a wider influence than the author of the work before us. Not that his books have been generally read; for, in the current acceptation of that term, he is very far from being a *popular* writer. Nor yet can he have been much read by the class next removed from the many, — by the busy, stirring, leading, managing class of people, — by those who pull the puppet-wires that move the masses. But ideas of all kinds are put in circulation by very different persons, — by those of retired and contemplative habits, who speak and write only when they have somewhat to say, and whose sole aim beyond self-culture is to convince reasonable men of what is true, or to persuade them to what is right. The thoughts

which they set in motion float in the intellectual atmosphere, and are constantly inhaled and given out again in new forms by thinking men ; and in their ceaseless circuits and transformations, they now and then impinge upon the *sensoria* of the less thoughtful and more active members of the body politic, find a lodgment there, and thus work their way gradually into the common mind. But those who thus sustain the vital circulation in the intellectual world do not occupy its highest places. There is yet a loftier style of mental endowment and character. There are the men of genius, of inspiration, of genuine intuition, who hold, face to face, communion with " the incorruptible spirit that is in all things," who strike out great thoughts and attain comprehensive views, not by labored processes of induction, but spontaneously and by open vision. A few of these suffice for an age ; and they are the mediators between their race and absolute truth. They enunciate principles, which the patient labor of an inferior order of minds must verify. They open rich veins, which the diligent and plodding must work. They plunge into the region of the unknown and unexplored by routes which none can trace, throw up their signal lights, and mark their stations, which others can reach only stepwise, by cutting away the undergrowth of ages, and building a solid pathway. They thus plan work and furnish materials for the large and growing class of respectable, sensible, useful writers, leaving them scope for a certain degree or kind of originality in supplying intermediate processes and subsidiary thoughts, and in the whole work of rhetorical arrangement and adornment.

We are disposed to assign to Isaac Taylor a very high rank in this last named class of minds. He is not a genius, but a great and fruitful thinker. He is no Prometheus, but he handles fire to admiration. Of absolutely original views or ideas, his writings present, for the most part, an utter dearth. But, as an eclectic philosopher and theologian, he is careful, candid, discriminating, often judicious, always instructive. Though indebted to his extensive reading for the germs of his theories, and for the staple of his arguments and illustrations, he yet has made the fruits of his study thoroughly his own by digestion and assimilation ; — the deliberate action of his own mind has passed upon them all, so that he is never a plagiarist, and never appears as a

mere compiler, but always as an independent thinker and critic, with a strongly marked individuality of character. He is eminently a suggestive writer, inasmuch as he deals largely in paradoxes that startle the reader's mind into reflection, and his works abound also in half-shaped, fragmentary conceptions and statements, which the reader is left to complete for himself.

We have called Taylor a *candid* author ; but the word needs qualification. It is applicable in full to his personal consciousness and to the sincerity of his aims. No author of our times has a more devout love of truth, a more cordial readiness to weigh objections and to respect opposite opinions, or a greater fearlessness of results, than he. But his mind is subject to some strong biases, which, while he is unconscious of their presence, often warp his judgment, and blend false elements with his theories and convictions. In the first place, his culture, though extensive, is partial and one-sided. With Christian antiquity he is intimately conversant ; with pagan antiquity not more so than every man of liberal pursuits professes to be. In old English theological literature he is no less an adept than in patristical lore ; of modern German theology, his impressions seem to have been derived at second hand, and his knowledge is exceedingly imperfect, so that, while he occupies a position worthy of a Christian, at the farthest remove from German skepticism, he has failed to profit by the enlarged views and liberal canons of historical and biblical criticism, which, *salvâ fide*, he might have borrowed from the continent. In isolated ecclesiastical history he is thoroughly versed ; yet he seems not to have traced it in its parallelism with the progress and the revolutions of states and empires, or with the literary and scientific developments of successive ages. His views, therefore, often lack comprehensiveness and universality ; their correctness is relative, not absolute ; they are taken from a point either too remote or too near, and are, therefore, either vague and inadequate, or else disproportionately magnified.

Then again, our author is too prone to regard all classes of subjects indiscriminately in their æsthetic aspects. Himself a man of refined culture, delicate perceptions, and fastidious tastes, he is often captivated or repelled by the auspices under which a theory has been broached, or the form

in which a system has been promulgated ; and permits what is adventitious and unessential to outweigh the actual merits of a case or question. Quaintness and daintiness of thought and a certain moderate euphuism of style have a charm for him, independently of the truth or falsity of the ideas which they represent. Also, in common with most persons in whom the æsthetic element is largely developed, he is more readily accessible to the beautiful than to the grand. His love of symmetry often leads him to ignore truths which he cannot crowd between the points of his compasses, and measure on his scale. The region of the immense and the unknown he hardly recognizes, except so far as he can extend into it the petty cobwork of a dreamy imagination, — if that may be termed imagination, which works by mathematical rule, and never violates proportion.

Taylor's practical views on all subjects are also materially affected by his isolated and retired position, and his ignorance of the condition, character, and wants of the great mass of mankind. Leading a life of literary ease, domestic in his tastes and habits, conversant with few except persons of cultivation and refinement, he has but a vague and traditionary knowledge of the less fortunate classes and conditions of society. The rougher forms of life he has beheld only at a distance so remote as to soften their rugged features, and to shed a delusive haze over their deformities. Sin and misery are to him not the stubborn and immeasurable facts that they appear in actual life, but negative quantities in the account current of humanity, which, though vast, are yet susceptible of easy calculation, and may be cancelled with mathematical accuracy. He has never sounded the depths of human ignorance and stupidity, and has no conception of the mental and moral neediness of countless multitudes even in the most enlightened parts of Christendom. His creed, indeed, as to the dogma of native depravity, is sufficiently orthodox ; but depravity is with him a technical term, rather than an embodied attribute of character. Thus, his views and theories, when they have reference to society as it is, or to its progressive amelioration, are vitiated by his oversight of a portion of the facts in the case. They lack adaptation to the actual condition of things.

For similar reasons, our author is better versed in the past

than in the present, and displays his powers to far greater advantage in the philosophical analysis of what has been, than in the announcement of that which is to come, whether on earth or in heaven. Indeed, when he assumes the prophet's wand, his future is simply some phasis of the past idealized and glorified. His very paradise has all its forms run in terrestrial moulds, and borrows many of its colors from the golden age of the ancient mythologies. His quietness of spirit, his retired manner of life, and his contemplative and introspective habits of mind fit him to be the expositor of the *statics*, rather than of the *dynamics* of society. He views the race, or the church, or the nation, (as his subject may be,) as in a state of equilibrium, and calculates with beautiful precision the balanced forces which keep each other in repose. But he cannot throw himself on the rushing tide of human activity and progress, and ascertain its rate and its laws of ebb and flow, sound its eddies, and mark from age to age its shifting channels. He can give a masterly analysis of single, isolated elements of civilization and social improvement; but they must first be brought into his laboratory, and cast into his crucible. He cannot detect them in operation, or trace them clearly in their joint action as combined with other forces. He is like the chemist, whom the motions of the heavenly bodies bewilder and confuse, but to whom, should a meteoric stone fall from the volcanoes of the moon, the astronomer can carry it with unhesitating confidence that no test or solvent will be left untried in determining the nature and properties of its primitive atoms. Such an author is necessarily a very inadequate type of an age like the present, whose breath is ceaseless agitation, its atmosphere turmoil and excitement, its very rest motion.

Taylor's style is marked both by great beauties and by glaring faults. As a medium of ready communication with his readers, it can claim small praise. It is artificial and elaborate to the last degree. It abounds in involved sentences, unvernacular idioms, words of foreign, unfamiliar derivation, and heavy, cumbrous compounds, designed to embody whole sentences of meaning. An author of less merit could hardly induce a numerous public to undertake the severe task-work of mastering such a style. But while the outward garb in which the author has seen fit to clothe his

thoughts interposes serious difficulties in the way of apprehending them, it attracts at frequent intervals the reader's admiration by its rich and inimitably delicate hues and shadings. Taylor's books are full, even to weariness, of felicitous expressions, of words that are pictures, of single isolated images, that incarnate abstract truth, and make its form and semblance almost flash before the natural eye. Indeed, there is hardly a sentence of his, which is not graceful, exquisitely wrought, and worthy to be transferred to the commonplace-book, as a gem worth keeping by itself. But his prose is all high table-land. He never rises, never falls. There is no variety, — no adaptation of the expression to the relative dignity of the subject, or prominence of the thought, — no plain, unadorned statement of plain and simple truth. On the other hand, the most momentous and thrilling themes never quicken his pulse, or dash his pen with fire, or swell the silvery stream into a rushing torrent. Old Hugh Latimer, drawing analogies from things temporal to picture out a spiritual feast, says : "When there is made a delicate dinner, and the guests fare well, at the end of the dinner they have certain subtleties, custards, sweet and delicate things." Taylor serves up an inimitably "delicate dinner," and, if his guests complain of their fare, it can only be on the ground, that the "subtleties" come not at the end alone, but constitute first, second, and third course, *entrées* and dessert.

"The Natural History of Enthusiasm," if not our author's first work, was the first which gave him fame. Most of his subsequent works, including the one now under review, belong to the same class with this ; and it is on these that his reputation must chiefly rest. They consist of the minute, thorough, philosophical analysis of fundamental principles and essential elements of religion, society, and human nature. They are heart-probing books, such as reveal man to his own better knowledge ; and are adapted to exert the most salutary practical influence on cultivated and reflecting readers, in expounding recondite portions of their own interior experience, in unfolding the philosophy of the Christian Scriptures, and pointing out the true conditions of social well-being and progress.

Of the "Physical Theory of Another Life" we cannot speak so favorably. It is, what it purports to be, a strictly *physical* theory. It materializes the soul, and heav-

en, and hell. Its system of the world to come has all the grotesqueness, with little of the quaint symmetry and fantastic beauty, that attach to Swedenborg's. It had its germ undoubtedly in Abraham Tucker's *vehicular* system, which, as a literary curiosity, possesses singular charms, but, gravely proposed as a theory, can awaken only surprise and skepticism.

"Saturday Evening" is one of Taylor's most edifying books. It consists of a series of short and loosely connected essays on the spiritual condition and relations of man individually and collectively, and on the intimate connection of the soul, still earth-bound, with higher intelligences and a loftier sphere of being. It is a book which one may have for years on his table, and never grow weary of it. It has just enough of accurate reasoning to keep the intellectual faculties on the alert, and just enough of dreamy imagining to lift the soul into those vague and boundless regions of speculation, faith, and desire, in which we can always say, "It is good for us to be here." Its strange title is an eminently happy one; for we know no uninspired volume which is a more appropriate companion for the meditative stillness which one seeks on the eve of the Sabbath, or which can better fit one "to be in the spirit on the Lord's day." And if the large and important class of men, to whom "Saturday Evening" is the busiest season of the week, would now and then drop their pens and reinforce the languid flow of thought by a few of these suggestive pages, they would find less drowsy hearers, and sow the seed of a richer harvest on the morrow.

But it is time that we entered on the analysis of the work, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article. It consists of four lectures, "delivered at the instance of the Committee of the London City Mission." The first is on "the Exterior Characteristics of Spiritual Christianity." The most obvious external feature of Christianity is, that it is "a religion of facts." Under this head our author presents us with a masterly array of argument against the rationalistic view of the Christian Scriptures, which would eliminate the supernatural element from the record, and reduce it down to a body of unauthoritative moral teaching, appealing for the sole evidence of its truth to individual consciousness. The impossibility of separating the miraculous from the ordinary

events in the gospel history, and the extreme naturalness of the former no less than of the latter, are illustrated with so much force and beauty, that the hope that we may induce our readers to become acquainted with the work itself alone prevents our making copious extracts from this portion of it. But within less compass than would suffice to exhibit the train of reflection just referred to, we can quote the following weighty remarks on moral evidence considered as differing in kind only, and not necessarily in its degreee of certainty, from mathematical or physical proof.

"That sort of evidence may properly be called *moral*, which appeals to the moral sense, and in assenting to which, as we often do with an irresistible conviction, we are unable, with any precision, to convey to another mind the grounds of our firm belief. It is thus, often, that we estimate the veracity of a witness, or judge of the reality or spuriousness of a written narrative. But then even this sort of evidence, when nicely analyzed, resolves itself into physical principles. What are these convictions, which we find it impossible to clothe in words, but the results, in our minds, of slow, involuntary inductions concerning moral qualities, and which, inasmuch as they are peculiarly exact, are not to be transfused into a medium so vague and faulty as is language, at the best?

"As to the mass of history, by far the larger portion of it rests, in no proper sense, upon *moral* evidence. To a portion the mathematical doctrine of probabilities applies; — for it may be as a million to one, that an alleged fact, under all the circumstances, is true. But the proof of the larger portion resolves itself into our knowledge of the laws of the material world, and of those of the world of mind. A portion also is conclusively established by a minute scrutiny of its agreement with that intricate combination of small events which makes up the course of human affairs.

"Every *real* transaction, especially those which flow on through a course of time, touches this web-work of small events at many points, and is woven into its very substance. Fiction may indeed paint its personages so as for a moment to deceive the eye; — but it has never succeeded in the attempt to foist its factitious embroideries upon the tapestry of truth.

"We might take, as an instance, that irresistible book in which Paley has established the truth of the personal history of St. Paul.* It is throughout a tracing of the thousand fibres by which

* The "Horæ Paulinæ."

a long series of events connects itself with the warp and woof of human affairs. To apply to evidence of this sort the besom of skepticism, and sweepingly to remove it as consisting only in *moral evidence*, is an amazing instance of confusion of mind.

"It is often loosely affirmed that history rests mainly upon moral evidence. Is then a Roman camp moral evidence? Or is a Roman road moral evidence? Or are these and many other facts, when appealed to as proof of the assertion, that, in a remote age, the Romans held military occupation of Britain, moral evidence? If they be, then we affirm, that, when complete in its kind, it falls not a whit behind mathematical demonstration, as to its certainty." — pp. 32 – 34.

It has of late been fashionable in certain quarters to maintain, that there is an essential distinction between facts and truths, as to the evidence on which they are to be received. Facts, it is said, may rest on testimony, and be taken on authority; but the vast, comprehensive truths of ethical and religious science can be received on trust from no one; they must have their evidence in our own consciousness, before they can be embraced. We admit the distinction, but contend that its whole bearing is against the ground maintained by these *soi-disant* spiritualists. Truths are universal facts; facts are particular truths. The latter, being finite, may be ascertained, comprehended, and attested by finite minds, and may be the indubitable subjects of individual consciousness. The former, being infinite and absolute, can be fully known and adequately attested only by that mind, which holds in its embrace all space, time, and being; for omniscience alone can know, whether a broad and extensive fact has limitations and exceptions, so as to render it still a mere fact, or whether it has the largest possible scope and application, and is therefore a truth. Consciousness, then, is not a sufficient proof of any truth; it barely proves that the individual has certain ideas or impressions; it is wholly subjective, while all truth must, from its very nature, have an objective reality, independent of individual consciousness. The testimony of God, then, is indispensably necessary to the authentication of truth. And, in consulting the records of a professed revelation, we are seeking the testimony of God, not of man. But how are we to recognize God's testimony, coming to us, as it must, through human witnesses? We reply, that human testimony is amply competent to authenticate miracles, which are mere isolated

facts, — possible facts, if there be a God, — facts beyond all doubt, if attested by a sufficient number of credible witnesses ; and that miracles, disturbing, as they do, the normal course of events, and implying the immediate effort of the divine power for some express and important end, make God himself the witness for whatever truths are promulgated in connection with them. We thus have, in the miraculous narrative of the New Testament, a religion of facts, as the exterior basis of the religion of truths.

Our author's next proposition is, that "Christianity is a religion of facts, with which all men, without exception and without distinction, and in an equal degree, are personally concerned," — a seeming truism, but bearing that aspect only because our minds have been, as it were, bathed from infancy in Christian ideas. In point of fact, Christianity is the only religion that has ever had existence, which has not been exclusive and invidiously aristocratic in its earthly privileges, and in the promised joys of its paradise. All others shut out from favor and hope multitudes of the race, on the score of nation, sex, rank, or profession. Indeed, the universality of the Christian religion occupied a prominent, if not the chief, place among the objections urged against it in the primitive ages. The arrogant Jew looked down upon it with scorn, because it welcomed the Gentile into its fold ; and on no feature of the religion do the early pagan objectors, Celsus and Porphyry, expend more bitter invective than on its extension of privilege to the poor and illiterate, to the rustic and the slave.

The third proposition in this lecture is, that "Christianity, as a religion of facts, induces a new relationship between man and his Maker" ; and the fourth, that "the facts of Christianity, when admitted as true, are of a kind to excite, and to maintain in activity, the warmest and the most profound emotions of which men are susceptible, according to the individual constitution of their minds." The treatment of these points is marked by the calm and subdued fervor of one, whose daily experience is made up of the most profound and exalted religious emotions, and who has so far completed the work of self-consecration, as to serve God with the whole *mind*, no less than with the whole heart and strength.

The external facts connected with the promulgation of

our religion having thus been discussed, the "Truths peculiar to Spiritual Christianity" appropriately form the subject of the second lecture. These are defined to be, first, "justification through faith"; secondly, "the sovereign and abiding influence of the Holy Spirit in renovating the soul"; and, thirdly, "that a cordial reception of these truths brings with it a settled and affectionate sense of security, or peace and joy in believing, which becomes the spring of holy tempers and virtuous conduct." These truths, though nominally admitted as essential and vital by all Christians, cannot be expounded or enlarged upon, without our entering on the field of polemic theology, which is for us forbidden ground. We can only say with regard to this lecture, that, while we would commend the explicitness and frankness of its statements as a worthy precedent for writers on this class of subjects, who are sometimes prone to employ words for the purpose of concealing ideas, we personally have no sympathy with its distinctive theological character.

We pass therefore at once to the third lecture, which is on the "Ethical Characteristics of Spiritual Philanthropy." This, for its calm and elevated tone of sentiment, for its firm position on the eternal laws of the moral universe, for its lessons of practical wisdom, not adapted to the times, but fitted to make the times what they ought to be, deserves to be printed in golden letters, or, to speak more literally, ought to be published as a tract by thousands, and sown broadcast through Christendom. It presents such views as are needed, in these days of philanthropic effort, to redeem the great causes of human virtue, freedom, and progress from the contempt into which one-idea men of grovelling minds and impenetrable hebetude on all but a single class of subjects are fast sinking them, and to reunite philanthropy and piety, which God has joined, and which cannot dwell apart without dishonor. The leading idea of this lecture is, that Christian morality is not a code of laws, but a set of principles, and not so much a set of principles, as the varied modification and application of one great central principle, that of love and devoted allegiance to the Supreme Being, who, as our Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier, unites in himself every possible claim upon our "affectionate loyalty." The gospel, indeed, has its commands and its prohibitions; but these are not de-

signed to act directly upon the human will. They suppose that will already subdued to the purpose of obedience, waiting for guidance, asking the way of duty ; and these precepts are designed, not to force the unwilling, but to direct the willing soul. With the ancients, manners and morals were coincident (as the very etymology of our word *morals* indicates) ; virtue was outward and mechanical ; and whatever goodness of heart a man acquired he was supposed to gain by the sedulous practice of prescribed routines of right conduct. Christian virtue, on the other hand, has its seat in the heart, and thence gradually subdues and governs every department of the outward life. The first and great commandment is, " Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart " ; and the second, of love to our neighbour, is simply a corollary from the first. Piety and charity are the one tree of life. We call it piety, as it strikes its deep root into the clefts of the Rock of ages ; charity, as it spreads wide its healing branches, to bless all whom its shade can shelter, or its fruits nourish.

Christian ethics, consisting thus of the various modifications of a great principle, have received but slender services from those who have attached themselves to single portions of the gospel law, considered as a formal code, and have labored solely to carry into effect isolated commands or prohibitions. Movements of this kind, whether by individuals or combinations of men, when most promising at the outset, have spent themselves after a little season, and have been followed by a decided reaction, sufficient to counterbalance the seeming good that they had wrought. Meanwhile, as fast as men have become Christianized, abuses, wrongs, and evils, as old as time, and seemingly incapable of decay, have crumbled and fallen without hands ; and the temple-walls have risen upon their ruins without sound of axe or hammer. There is wrapped up in the great principles of the gospel, in its scattered and informal illustrations of duty, and, above all, in the godlike traits of its Founder's life and character, an infinite wealth of ethical truth, motive, and energy, which developes itself from age to age, as fast as men are able to receive, use, embody, and establish it, and no faster. In the same Scriptures we read more than our fathers did ; our posterity will read more than we.

The way in which Christianity reforms the world may be

illustrated by specifying some of the more striking evils and vices, which it found deep seated in the very heart of humanity, and refined and adorned by all the charms which wealth, wit, and learning could throw around them. We might take for our first illustration the abounding licentiousness of the Roman empire, at the age when the gospel was first promulgated. The reader of Horace and Juvenal has become familiar with forms of pollution so gross and vile, as to be now banished from the very speech of men, which were then practised and defended by persons of unimpeachable social standing, nay, by the very priests at the altar, — which formed the theme of song in circles of the highest culture and most fastidious taste, — which have their memory perpetuated in verse that cannot die, by minds not destitute of lofty sentiments and impulses. Purity and chastity were unknown virtues. Cato, the severe, inflexible Cato, commends a young man for frequenting brothels. Cicero, in defending M. Cœlius, says : "*Si quis est, qui etiam meretriciis amoribus interdictum juventuti putet, est ille quidem valde severus, negare non possum ; sed abhorret non modo ab hujus seculi licentiâ, verum etiam a majorum consuetudine atque concessis.*" The marriage bond was but a rope of sand ; and scandalous divorces, on no pretence but that of lust, stained the most honored patrician families in Rome. The Roman woman, though not, as in the East, an imprisoned slave, was yet worse, alternately the tyrant and the victim ; never, almost never, the chaste spouse of one husband, and the faithful mother of an unmixed progeny. In the Roman empire there was scarcely a pure house, around which could be grouped any of the numberless associations of fidelity, love, helpfulness, and permanent union, which go to make up the meaning of that most complex of all words, *home*. The excavated cities of Italy, which have embalmed for our own times the domestic forms and manners of the old world, show us the houses of the most wealthy absolutely destitute of what could be called family apartments, where the relations of a pure and virtuous household could be preserved inviolate. The guest-room, the banqueting-hall, the courts *sub dio*, are ample and splendid ; the lodging-rooms, the private apartments, are less commodious, less carefully sheltered, than the berths and state-rooms of a modern steamboat.

Now, to meet this depraved condition of domestic and social life, the first advocates of Christianity went not forth with bitter denunciation and harsh invective. Had they assailed these vices directly, and sought to put them down either by cogent reasoning, powerful rhetoric, or indignant expostulation, their zeal would have been fruitless, and not one of them would have left his mark in the annals of the race. But they taught men and women everywhere, that they had within them souls, the image and the temple of God, that an omniscient eye was upon them, and an all-searching judgment in reserve for them. They unfolded the beauty of holiness, the worth of inward peace and purity, the blessedness of a conscience void of offence. They shed over the hearts of men a sense of divine and infinite love, and awakened reciprocal sentiments of gratitude and devotion. They thus diffused through the proud capital, and among the remotest provinces of the great empire, an atmosphere in which the contagion of degrading vice could not spread, and its deadly wounds were healed. Licentiousness and the love of God were at opposite poles of the moral universe. As fast as worthy notions of man's spiritual and immortal nature gained ground, the reign of impurity was checked, and maxims and habits of self-restraint and self-respect obtained currency. Home, Christianity's best earthly godsend, grew into being. The connubial relation was made sacred and enduring. Forms of vicious indulgence, which had sought no concealment, shunned the light, and were branded with shame and guilt. Woman rose from her age-long degradation, and for the meretricious robes of a tenant at will in her husband's house, clothed herself in the modest graces of a Christian wife and mother, and took her place at the domestic and public altar, as man's honored peer and partner. Vicious elements, that seemed thoroughly kneaded into the whole mass of society, have thus been purged away by the silent gradual working of Christian ideas and principles ; and in place of a social condition, characterized by high culture and elaborate refinement, yet presenting no one healthy feature, we have a new civilization, which, though incidentally embodying much that is wrong and evil, in its basis and its essential laws can neither need change, nor admit of improvement.

The sanguinary and murderous spectacles, which consti-

tuted the chief public entertainment for all classes of citizens in ancient Rome, were gradually exterminated by the same noiseless process of moral influence. There was no fierce onslaught upon gladiatorial shows, or upon the revolting conflicts of men with savage beasts. They seem never to have been made the subjects of peculiar animadversion or special effort on the part of the early Christians; and the exhibition of fanatical rage against them would only have called forth new zeal for their continuance, and have cast their opposers to be torn in pieces on the arena, for the sport of a depraved populace. But men, when they became Christians, absented themselves from these spectacles, and bore against them their silent testimony, backed by the entire weight of pure, sober, dignified lives and manners. Every Christian household became a radiating point for sentiments of humanity and mercy. And, as the new religion penetrated the mass of society, these barbarous amusements sunk into such desuetude and neglect, as hardly to need a formal abrogation.

The effect of Chrstianity on the institutions of government belongs to the same category. The Christian Scriptures, indeed, prescribe no form of government; and, as they enjoin quiet submission, rather than seditious and violent resistance, even to unjust power, they have all along been quoted by the friends and upholders of tyranny in behalf of the extremest views of passive obedience, and have often been represented by the champions of human rights as opposed to civil freedom; yet, if we compare the ancient world and modern Christendom in this regard, we shall find abundant reason to deem Christianity the parent and friend of liberty and of popular institutions of government. We are prone to be misled by the frequent mention of the Greek and Roman republics; and multitudes infer from this mere name, that there existed in the classic ages political institutions which recognized the equal rights of all classes of citizens. Nothing could be farther than this from the actual case. In Athens, where as great a degree of freedom was enjoyed as in any one of the Grecian states, the right of suffrage was indeed secured to all, except the very numerous class of slaves, which sometimes bore to the free population the ratio of near twenty to one. But the free citizens were divided, according to their wealth, into four classes; and those of the lowest, though possessed of the profoundest

wisdom and the loftiest virtue, were for ever barred from any part in the public administration, were not eligible to any civil or military office, nor were they permitted to speak in the public assemblies ; while almost all the power of the state was confided to two separate senates, to neither of which could any be chosen but men of the most ample fortune. The other Grecian states were all, to a greater or less degree, exclusive aristocracies ; nor can the discriminating student of history find any thing to authorize the cant phrase, in which modern rhymesters have been wont to designate Greece as the "cradle of liberty."

Nor yet was Rome ever a republic in any assignable sense of the term. Its first government was a limited monarchy, which gradually consolidated itself into a despotism, and maddened the privileged aristocracy to a revolt on their own account ; and the downfall of royalty had no other effect upon the people at large, than to substitute a multitude of tyrants for one. There was, indeed, after this the show of popular suffrage ; but it was a mere empty mockery. The Roman people voted by *centuries ;* and the patricians were divided into centuries containing a hundred citizens each, while the plebeian centuries each contained several hundreds, and, in course of time, even thousands. The centuries were called to cast their votes in the order of rank ; and the lower centuries in the scale were not summoned to present their suffrages, except when a division among the upper gave them the casting vote, so that most questions were decided by a minority of the people, without any opportunity for the majority so much as to express their opinions. There were, indeed, numerous struggles on the part of the common people to get possession of their just rights, and these struggles were in some cases attended with partial and temporary success ; but always ended in a firmer riveting of the chains, until at last the people learned to love their fetters, and to cringe in utter abjectness of spirit to their oppressors.

Greece and Rome were, politically speaking, the brightest spots in all antiquity. Everywhere else there was despotism unquestioned, untempered, iron-handed. And how is it even at this day out of the pale of Christendom ? What organized Mahometan or pagan government is there which does not disfranchise the great mass of its citizens, and count their property as rightful plunder, their lives as a free sacri-

fice to transient resentment or momentary whim? But it cannot be denied, that the political tendencies of all Christendom are towards a literal equality of right and privilege, — towards the taking of power from the hands of the few and lodging it in the hands of the many. This tendency is more or less decided and rapid in different nations, in proportion to the familiarity of the people with the records of their religion, — least of all developed in Spain and Portugal, where the Scriptures have been kept back from the general eye, — most manifest in England and in our own country, where there have been no obstacles to the acquisition and dissemination of religious knowledge. Of the thrones of Christendom, there is not one which has not quaked and tottered. Of arbitrary forms of government yet surviving, there is not one, into which popular elements have not been infused, — not one, which deems itself independent of the favor even of its lowest and poorest subjects. There is not a spot of earth in any Christian country, where a man can be trampled on with impunity simply because he is poor, or where a serf, or peasant, or laborer can be murdered by autocratic power, without his blood's borrowing a nation's million voices to cry to heaven for vengeance. There is no citizen so insignificant as to be unrecognized by law, or incapable of claiming justice, and, if justice be withheld, of engraving his appeal deep in the popular memory, that doomsday-book of tyrants.

Now, in bringing about this new order of things in the political world, Christianity has never gone forward to attack existing institutions. It has, on the other hand, acquiesced in such forms of outward organization as had been bequeathed by former generations or created by circumstances; but has infused into them its own spirit of freedom and humanity. It has said alike to rulers and subjects, "All ye are brethren." It has reminded the great men of the earth of the power of one yet greater, to whom they are to give account for their exercise of authority. It has planted in the bosom alike of noble and of peasant a consciousness of native freedom, an independence of thought and feeling, to which kings must needs bow, and nobles cannot refuse their homage. It has made prominent, and keeps perpetually before the minds of men, the two great facts of their common parentage and their common destiny, on which the whole fabric of equal rights rests. Its work is, indeed, as yet but imperfectly done;

and the fanatical apostles of liberty imagine that it could be far more promptly and effectually wrought by outcry, forcible resistance, violence, and blood. Outward forms of government may, indeed, be overturned in a day by blind, brute force; yet the same force may the next day reinstate them. But the cycles of man's moral progress, though they embrace ages in their circuit, return not upon themselves again, so that the ground once won for humanity is never lost.

We are mining a rich and favorite vein; but we must forbear. We close our remarks on the subject of this admirable lecture by a brief extract, which condenses in a few simple paragraphs what we conceive to be the true theory of social progress.

"Let the Gospel, in its genuine energy, pervade a community, and each ancient abuse that attaches to it, will come, in its turn, to be questioned and rebuked, and will at length yield to this sovereign influence. We confide too little in the heavenly efficacy of Christian principles, when we labor to effect reformations on the lower ground of utility, or of a temporizing expediency.

"And yet even when argued on these lower grounds, the purity of the Christian ethics seldom fails to win a triumph. Some old injustice, some immemorial wrong, which has worked as a canker within the social system, is at length brought under notice. This interference of "busy zeal" is at first hotly resented. The originators of the protest look again to the grounds of their objection, and strengthen their argument. The reasons they advance compel attention, and are examined, and then the entire code of Christian ethics, as applicable to the evil in question, is brought to bear upon it. The result, whether it be more or less definite, and even if the first protest be overruled, is to raise the tone of moral feeling, throughout the community, and to bring the rule of morals into closer contact with the consciences of all who are sincere in their Christian profession. The Gospel of Christ has thus won another triumph, in preparation for that which shall be universal; and to the eye of an intelligent observer these successive evolutions of Christian morality are clearly predictive of such a triumph.

"If Christianity be yet upheld in its purity, and if it be permitted to work its way forward, a time must come, when the acceleration of its progress shall attract all eyes, and shall begin to date its periodic advances, not by centuries, but by years; or even by months and days. The world is governed less by the direct influence of known and fixed truths, than by variable

feeling, reverberated from all sides; just as the temperature of the atmosphere is maintained, not by the full sunshine, but by the radiation of heat from all surfaces on earth. Men individually — or at least those who are open to moral influence at all — act in a manner which represents, not their individual acquaintance with what is right, but that diffused sense of right which a few, who intensely feel it, have shed around them.

"Thus it is that every powerful impulse communicated to the social mass by energetic minds reproduces itself, until even the few almost lose their distinction of feeling more than others, and of thinking more justly; because they have brought the many to think and feel with them." — pp. 122 – 124.

The last lecture is on "Spiritual Christianity, the Hope of the World at the present Moment." It claims to be thus regarded, inasmuch as it attaches infinite value to the individual soul, and embraces within its charity every human being, however vicious or degraded, regarding each as capable of redemption and an invited heir of immortality. Then, too, as a system of unbounded mercy, it infuses its own loving, philanthropic spirit into the heart of every true disciple, making him earnestly solicitous to relieve every form of physical or moral destitution, and to minister, so far as in him lies, to the well-being and happiness of his fellow-men. It also includes, as an essential element, "a law of diffusion; and we must, in this instance, use the word *law* in both its customary senses, as intending a *statute*, or sanctioned command; and an *impulse*, or force, or established mode of action; as when we speak of the laws of nature." The spirituality of the Christian religion, too, makes it a *constant* force, independent of, and superior to, every established institution, even its own, which it may outgrow and survive, taking to itself new forms of organization, and polity, to suit the temper or meet the demands of each successive age. And finally, "spiritual Christianity offers a ground of cordial combination, for all purposes of religious benevolence, among its true adherents." So far as the discussion of these points is concerned, we entirely coincide with our author in his whole course of argument and illustration, and are heartily grateful to him for the service which he has thus rendered to the cause of our common faith. We are not prepared, however, to be wafted along with him in an under-current of national self-glorification, which pervades the lecture, and of which the following may be taken as a specimen.

"We turn to the altogether peculiar position which we, the people of England, at this passing moment occupy, in relation to the human family. Has not the part of an Elder Brother of this great family actually fallen upon the English race? and have not the solicitudes of such a relationship actually become ours? Are we not by many interests, and by motives higher than any interests, compelled, in some measure, nay, to a great extent, to think for all, to care for all, to defend the weak, to forefend the strong; and is there not now pervading the people of this country, even as a temper which has become characteristically British, a kindly sympathy in what affects the welfare of each race of the human family; — such a feeling, at least, as has never belonged to any other people, in any age? If many partake not at all of any such feeling, they are fewer than those who are alive to it in a good degree.

"With all the paths of the world now mapped before us, and with means of communication, which, for practical ends, condense the population of the earth, as if the thousand millions were crowded upon a ball of one third the diameter; and with actual colonial possession of a large portion of the earth, and with moral possession, by high character and repute, of almost the whole of it; and with all these uncalculated and untried means of influence now ripened, and presented afresh to our hands, who is it that can altogether control those mingling emotions of patriotism and of expansive benevolence, which become us, occupying as we do a position, whence we may go forth to conquer the world, not for ambition, not for wealth; but for Truth and Peace?

"And as we do stand in this position, and as we do, in so great a measure, entertain the feelings proper to it; so is there a reciprocity of feeling widely diffused among the nations. British *political* influence or national supremacy apart, the British feeling, — its honor, its justice, and its humanity, are in fact understood in the remotest regions, and are trusted to by tribes whose names we have not yet learned to pronounce. The several designations by which English benevolence, in its various forms, styles itself, have, as watch-words of hope, traversed the ocean, and have pervaded wildernesses; and these titles of our organized philanthropy have already wakened the dull ear of half-civilized continents, and are reverberated from the hill-sides of the remotest barbarism.

"It is true that England is looked to, as the helper, guardian, guide, of the nations. And assuredly it is the CHRISTIANITY of England which gives depth, substance, life, to her repute through the world, as the lover of justice, and the mover of good." — pp. 159, 160.

How far *British honor, justice, and humanity* may be "trusted to by tribes whose names we have not yet learned to pronounce," we are unable to say; but we doubt whether any strong confidence can be reposed in them in China or Affghanistan. Nay, there are certain tax-ground, overworked, down-trodden, even unfranchised, portions of the population of the British islands, to whom the application of such terms to the collective character of the nation must seem bitter irony. The England of our author is a certain ideal of the loyal and patriotic recluse, which a moderate conversance with newspapers, parliamentary enactments, and orders in council, could hardly fail to dissipate. Christianity is, we believe, the hope of the world; but seeing the overmastering lust of power and territory, which marks (and with so many deep furrows of moral ignominy) every portion of the Anglo-Saxon race, we dare not identify either the mother country or our own with that pure and gentle incarnation of divine love, which alone can save and bless the nations of the earth, and raise suffering and degraded man, all the world over, to the liberty, purity, and dignity of a child of God and an heir of heaven. But it is not for our boastful nation to rebuke in terms of severe censure this honest national pride, however ungrounded. We will therefore close our article by commending the work before us to the serious regard of the friends of religion and humanity, and by applying the leading thought of this closing lecture to two separate topics, both of vast moment; the one involving the most sacred rights of the present and all coming generations, the other having reference to questions often anxiously mooted by the timid and distrustful.

We would speak of Christianity as the sole hope of the world, as regards the permanence and progress of free political institutions. The unbeliever, though he profess republican principles, is just such a friend to republican institutions as Samson was to the congregated nobles of Philistia. His hands are upon the pillars of freedom's temple; but it is in efforts to rend them from their base. Unless mankind be traced from a common father and to a common home, outward, adventitious distinctions become intrinsic and essential, and lay a fair and just foundation for the encroachments and extortions of the richer and stronger, and for the abject, brute-like submission of the poorer and

weaker. In that case, might becomes right, and selfishness law; society has no bond, and imposes no mutual obligations; and the whole community naturally and necessarily divides itself into the two great classes of the preying and the preyed upon. If the infidel's creed be true, there is then no foundation on which a republic can be built. So France found by sad experiment; for never, since the world was, were human rights so outrageously violated, liberty so utterly subverted, man so trampled upon by man, as in the French republic under the auspices of atheism. Those God-defying, self-styled democrats, Danton, Marat, Robespierre, and their colleagues in sin, so far transcended the tyranny and cruelty of earlier times, that, placed at their side in judgment, the most relentless despots of the old world might appear with clean hands and honest and generous hearts. And thus was France tossed in the whirlpool of democratic tyranny, till she deemed herself only too happy to exchange her hydra-headed despot for the sole caprice and unbounded power of a single tyrant. Nor was it till she had recalled her priests, rebuilt her altars, and reëstablished in the general mind a reverence for the objects of religious faith, that she could obtain from a righteous Providence the tempering of autocratic sway by popular representation and constitutional liberty.

We would, finally, speak of Christianity as the sole hope of the world in respect to the permanence of modern civilization. It is certain that Egypt, Persia, Greece, and Rome successively attained a very elevated standard of civilization and refinement, but were subsequently overswept by ignorance and barbarism, and left mighty and significant ruins as the only relics of their days of renown. What assurance have we, that the same fate will not follow the civilization of our own times, and that the countries, now the seat of science, art, and literature, may not again be given over to darkness and desolation? Our assurance that this will not be the case is derived from the importance which Christianity attaches to the individual man, — from its extension of equal spiritual rights, privileges, and hopes to all of every class and condition. When a crafty old Roman wished to indicate to the treacherous magistrate of a rival city the best mode of destroying that city, he walked in his garden by a bed of poppies, and struck off the heads of the

tallest with his cane ; thus intimating, that, could a few of the chief citizens be destroyed, the fall of the city would be placed beyond a doubt. This anecdote illustrates the great point of distinction between ancient and modern civilization. Ancient civilization did not penetrate the mass of the community. It descended not to the cottage, farm, or workshop ; but was confined to the abodes of the rich, the halls of science, and the galleries of taste. It shone only on the tallest heads. These, of course, were at once lopped off or hopelessly humbled, in a civil revolution or barbarian inroad ; and the civilization, of which they had been the sole representatives, passed away with them. The populace left behind, having never participated in it, could not of course perpetuate it.

But modern, Christian civilization is individual in its character. It leavens the whole mass. It permeates every vein and artery of the body politic. It descends through every ramification of the social system. It dwells no less in the cottage than in the palace, no less in the workshop than in the drawing-room. It has for its defence, in every nation, not a chosen host, "fit champions, though few," but a grand national guard, a general militia, in which every name is enrolled, and every poor cottager and day-laborer bears arms for his fireside, his country, and his God. Modern civilization can, then, be extinguished only by exterminating the races of Christendom, or blotting out the light of Christianity. Its star of hope and promise is the still culminating star of Bethlehem.

ART. VII. — *Journal of Researches into the Geology and Natural History of the various Countries visited by his Majesty's Ship Beagle, under the Command of Captain Fitzroy, R. N., from* 1832 *to* 1836. By CHARLES DARWIN, M. A., F. R. S., Secretary to the Geological Society. London : Henry Colburn. 1840. 8vo. pp. 629.

THE work before us has never been republished in this country. It is the account of a voyage undertaken by a

man of fortune, at the suggestion of the commander of the ship, who offered a part of his own accommodations to any scientific person who might be disposed to accompany the expedition. Mr. Darwin proposed to publish the results of his observation in a more permanent and systematic form, and meantime threw out these light sketches for the entertainment of readers who might be interested in subjects of the kind to a certain extent, but not disposed to go deep into the investigation. It is not a bad example for those who may have similar opportunities. There is a life and freshness in a journal written at the time, which cannot be preserved in more elaborate writing ; and though scientific readers might be thankful for something like method and arrangement, common readers hold such order in contempt, only requiring a narrative which shall amuse them. This is more easily said than done ; but whoever can succeed in it may do good service occasionally by inspiring in others a taste and enthusiasm similar to his own.

It is not without surprise, but with some feeling of relief, hat we find ourselves at Porto Praya in the first page of the work, thus happily escaping the heart-sinking feeling of leaving home, together with sea-sickness, and the other pleasing varieties of a voyage with which travellers are wont to regale their readers. From that place Mr. Darwin passed rapidly to Brazil, where he is most of all impressed with the aspect of the forest ; the elegance of the grasses, the beauty of the flowers, the strangeness of the parasitical plants, and the deep glossy green of the foliage fill him with an admiration which words cannot express, and which, therefore, with judicious but uncommon self-denial, he makes no attempt to utter. But to a naturalist the sea presented objects of greater interest than the shore. The surface seemed entirely covered with a discoloring substance resembling bits of chopped hay, with jagged ends, each of which, when minutely examined, was found to consist of from twenty to sixty cylindrical filaments, with rounded extremities, and divided at regular intervals by transverse septa, containing a brownish-green flocculent matter. These confervæ must exist in immense numbers ; ships sometimes sail through them for miles together. On the coast of Chili, fifty miles from the shore, they observed a similar discoloration. On examination, the water appeared slightly stained, as if with red dust ; with the

microscope these points appeared to be animalcula of an oval form, which, the moment they suspended their motion, burst open at the end, sometimes at both ends, thus closing their activity and existence together. The color of the water was like that of a stream flowing through red clay ; and these creatures, which thus change the face of the ocean by their numbers, are so small as to be invisible to the naked eye.

On landing at Rio Janeiro, he was invited by an Englishman, who lived in the interior, to visit him at his estate ; and the ride of a hundred miles into the country gave him some opportunity of seeing the face of nature and of man, the latter, as he represents it, being the less attractive of the two. On arriving at a *vênda*, or inn, the custom was to bow low to the landlord, asking if he could do them the favor to give them something to eat. "Any thing you choose," was the courteous reply ; but it was the land of promise rather than performance, and on asking for the choice articles thus at their service, they were sure to be found wanting. When by their own exertions they had secured some fowls, pelting them to death with stones, they were compelled to wait, that every thing might be done in solemn order ; and if, overcome with hunger and fatigue, they timidly alluded to the expected meal, the reply was, "It will be ready when it is ready." At the best of these hotels, some inquiry being made of the landlord respecting a whip, which one of the party had lost, the answer was, "How should I know ? why did you not take care of it ? I suppose the dogs have eaten it." It is very pleasing to one interested in natural history to meet with these varieties of the human animal ; and yet it is certain that specimens of the same two-footed beast may be found in Old or New England. However, the author, like a man of the world, does not dwell very seriously on the subject, and we cannot learn that he made any attempt to add the creature to his collection.

Mr. Darwin was very much impressed with the beauty of the thin haze, which in warm climates softens the features of the landscape, and blends its colors into harmony. This appearance is familiar to us, but is not seen in the more humid atmosphere of England. He found the Lepidoptera large and brilliantly colored, principally butterflies, — the moths, contrary to what the rank vegetation promised, being com-

paratively few. He mentions the *Papilio feronia*, a frequenter of the olive groves, as the most remarkable of the number ; it is the only one which uses its legs for running, and it also has the power of making a clicking sound, like a toothed wheel passing under a spring catch ; of the fact he was certain, though he was unable to discover the mechanism which produced it. The insects which depend on the vegetable world for subsistence are very numerous ; the carrion feeders are comparatively few. But the most abundant are the ants, great armies of which probably do the work which elsewhere is attended to by others. On entering a tropical forest, one is astonished at their labors. Beaten paths branch off in every direction, in which trains are seen going forth and returning, with burdens often larger than themselves. Sometimes they emigrate in great force. His attention was one day arrested by a multitude of spiders, cockroaches, and lizards, flying together, in a state little short of distraction, from some pursuing foe. Behind them was a black cloud of ants, which arranged their lines so as to inclose their prey. He placed a small stone in their way, which they might have avoided by going an inch round ; but it was not till they had attacked it again and again, and found it impossible to remove it, that they would submit to the humiliation of changing their course in deference to human power. Among the spiders he found a gregarious kind, assembled in large numbers, more amiable than most others of the race, which lay no restraint upon their passion for eating each other, a self-indulgence which destroys much of the comfort of their associations. This species forms its webs round the tops of large bushes, thus forming a tent for the common benefit, in which they dwell, for a wonder, at peace with each other, though Ishmaelites to all the rest of the insect world.

Mr. Darwin shortly after proceeded to Maldonado, and as the Beagle was employed two years in surveying south of the river Plata, he had ample time for examining the neighbouring country. It is not a very alluring description which he gives of the shores of this celebrated stream. The country is low and level, with few trees or inclosures to vary the monotony of its surface. The traveller encounters few inhabitants, and those whom he saw, as he describes them, are somewhat in the rear of modern civiliza-

tion. They expressed their unfeigned astonishment at his practice of washing his face in the morning ; and some, who were rather better informed than the rest on the subject of geography, gave him to understand that London and North America were different names for the same country. In an excursion to the interior, he passed the night at the house of a rich landed proprietor. The windows were without glass, and the floors of hardened mud ; the furniture of the parlour consisted of a few rough and most uneasy chairs, and a couple of tables. The supper, provided for several guests, in addition to the family, was composed of two heaps, one of roasted, the other of boiled meat, with a few slices of pumpkin, without any other vegetable, or a mouthful of bread ; and to wash down these luxuries, a single jug of earthen ware was to serve the whole party. The most striking feature of the scenery is the absence of trees ; with the exception of a few willows, and trees introduced by the Spaniards, of which the peach supplies the city of Buenos Ayres with fuel, there are no forests, and no considerable growth of woods. Nor is it easy to account for their absence ; for, except in the immediate vicinity of the shore, the surface is sufficiently varied, and the supply of moisture greater than in many regions where woodlands abound. He says, however, that the limit of the forests coincides with that of the region which the damp winds travel over ; where they go laden with moisture from the Pacific, the country is thickly covered with wood.

In a broad bank of sand hillocks, which separate the Laguna del Potrero from the shores of the Plata, Mr. Darwin found a group of those vitrified tubes which are generally thought to have been formed by lightning entering the sand. The wind, blowing away the sand, which is not held in its place by any vegetation, has partially disclosed them ; they extend for several feet into the ground. Their internal surface is vitrified and glossy ; on the outside, the grains of sand are rounded, with a glazed appearance, but without any sign of crystallization. These *fulgurites* have been imitated in Paris, by passing strong galvanic shocks through finely powdered glass ; when salt was added, they were increased in size. As this was done with the strongest battery that could be procured, and with a substance so easily melted as powdered glass, it gives us a strong impression of the power of light-

ning, which could form a cylinder of a material so refractory as quartz, to the depth sometimes of thirty feet. The neighbourhood of the Rio Plata is very subject to electrical phenomena, and thunder-storms in that region are unusually dangerous as well as sublime.

From Maldonado he sailed to Rio Negro, the largest stream which enters the sea between the Straits of Magellan and the Plata, and about three hundred miles south of the latter. From the town near the mouth of the river, called El Carmen, or Patagones, he went to visit some salt lakes, which were fifteen miles distant. In winter, they are shallow collections of brine, which in summer is converted into snow-white salt, several inches thick at the margin, but increasing in depth toward the centre, its glossy whiteness strongly contrasting with the brown and desolate plains. The mud on the borders is black, with an unpleasant smell, probably owing to minute animals, like the *Cancer salinus*, which can only live with comfort and satisfaction in a very strong solution of salt. Flamingoes resort to these lakes, apparently for the sake of the living food which they supply already salted ; and when these birds die, they have their bodies embalmed by the element, without any expense or care of their own.

These salt lakes are not materially different from those in the neighbourhood of the Caspian, as Pallas describes them. A more remarkable appearance is the incrustation of salt on the surface of the ground. These are most abundant in the neighbourhood of Bahia Blanca, which Mr. Darwin reached by a land journey though a country resembling a desert. While the ground remains moist, nothing is seen but a plain of black, muddy soil, bearing a few succulent plants ; but a few days of hot weather change the aspect into that of a field of slightly drifted snow. This unevenness is owing to the tendency which the salt has to crystallize, like hoar-frost, around stumps and stems, or on the ridges of broken ground. The salinas occur in depressions on the elevated plains ; the *salitrales*, as they are called, are found in alluvial soils on the borders of rivers, or on level tracts, raised but little above the level of the sea.

On his way to Bahia, Mr. Darwin fell in with General Rosas, with whom he was better pleased than with his army, whom he describes as to all appearance a villanous banditti, over whom the general acquired so much influence by con-

forming himself to their tastes, that one of them alleged as a sufficient justification for a murder, "He spoke disrespectfully of the general, on which account I killed him." The spirit and energy which Rosas manifested in organizing bands to defend his large estates from the predatory attacks of the Indians first recommended him to the notice of the public; and when he acted in a larger field, he inspired confidence by the same activity and vigor. A certain address of character, too, was not without its effect. He ordered, that no man, on penalty of the stocks, should carry his knife on Sunday, this day being sacredly set apart for gambling and drinking. One Sabbath, a high public officer called to see him, and the general, with his knife in his belt, came out to receive him. The steward reminded him of his unconscious violation of the law; upon which he begged the functionary to excuse him while he went into the stocks, which he accordingly did. The steward, however, not sure that his proceeding would be relished, gave orders soon to release him; as soon as this was done, he reminded the steward that he had broken the law by not keeping him in for the appointed time, and therefore ordered him to the vacant place, much to the edification of the people.

The soil in these regions generally is sterile, almost without trees, with few bushes, and presents but thin and scanty vegetation of any kind; there is no evidence of any unfavorable change in this respect, yet it is certain that large animals formerly existed there in great numbers, which is inconsistent with the common idea that such animals require a luxuriant growth of food. But the southern part of Africa, which is eminently barren, is tenanted by the elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, antelope, and giraffe, all large in size, and abundant in numbers; no part of the earth compares with it in this respect, and at the same time no region has need to envy its vegetation. The size of the remains of animals, then, which geologists assign to the tertiary era, does not necessarily imply a very productive soil to feed them; nor is it necessary to frame theories of great revolutions in climate to account for the existence of such animals; so far as the quantity of vegetation is concerned, they might have lived on the soil in which they found their graves, without supposing it to be materially altered. The animals now existing at Bahia are small, but the fossil remains show that the

mastodon, the megatherium, the toxodon, an animal as large as a hippopotamus, together with many others on a scale but little inferior, once possessed this undesirable and barren land.

The ostrich is common in this region. It generally subsists on vegetable food, but often comes to the mud-banks on the shore for the purpose of catching small fish. Although shy and solitary in their habits, they are easily taken; when several horsemen appear in a semicircle, they seem too much bewildered to avail themselves of their extraordinary swiftness. They generally prefer running against the wind, and if hard pressed, they often take to the water, where their progress in swimming is slow. Mr. Darwin had often heard of a rare bird, called the Avestruz Petise, very nearly resembling the ostrich, though not so large. One of these fell into his hands in Patagonia; but it was not till the bird was killed and eaten, that he remembered what had been said of it; fortunately, the skin had been preserved, and he was able to make out a tolerable specimen, which he considered a great windfall, others having made the attempt to obtain them without the least success.

Mr. Darwin made an interesting observation on the subject of the hybernation of animals, and the stimulus which is necessary to restore them. When he arrived at Bahia Blanca, on the 7th of September, it seemed as if all animals had deserted the sterile region for some better and happier land; but on digging in the ground, lizards, spiders, and other creatures were found in a half-torpid state. On the 15th, a few animals began to appear; and by the 18th, the plains were ornamented with the flowers of a pink wood-sorrel, œnotheræ, and geraniums, and every thing announced the welcome return of spring. During the first eleven days of his sojourn, while all was lifeless, the mean temperature was 51°. On the eleven succeeding days, when all was kindling into life, the mean temperature did not exceed 58°; so that the change of seven degrees only was sufficient to awaken all the activity of life. At Monte Video, which they had just left, the mean temperature from the 26th of July to the 19th of August was over 58°; but with this elevated temperature, spiders, snails, toads, and lizards were lying torpid under the stones. This difference shows, that it is not the absolute degree of heat which

regulates these changes. Within the tropics, the hybernation of animals is governed by the times of drought. There are many animals which show no signs of life till water is thrown upon them ; after a rain, slight depressions in the ground are full of life, as if from equivocal generation ; while the solution of the mystery is, that the creatures are there already, and it is the moisture which restores the action of life.

From Bahia Blanca he passed by land to Buenos Ayres, through a country never very attractive, but made more uncomfortable at the time by the war which was carried on against the Indians. It is needless to say, that it was a war of extermination on the part of the Christians, so called, — *lucus a non lucendo* ; and, as in some other lands that we have heard of, all manner of outrage and oppression was considered perfectly justifiable ; the civilized man sinking into the brutality of the savage, and the savage borrowing a certain dignity from the wrongs which he endures, which lift him far above his base oppressor. For food on this journey, he and his party were much indebted to the ostrich ; the Gauchos threw leather thongs, with balls attached to them, with so much skill, that they wound round the legs of the flying bird and brought him to the ground. One of the nests of these birds had twenty-seven eggs in it, which, as each one is equal to eleven hen's eggs, afforded them a tolerable supply.

He found some confirmation of the story of the Jesuit Dobrizhoffer, who said that the hail-storms in that country were so severe that they often killed large numbers of cattle. There was a hail-storm on one of the nights of his journey, and in the morning they found thirteen deer lying dead ; soon after, seven more were brought in. As a man without dogs can do very little in this kind of hunting, he saw no reason to discredit their story ; fifteen ostriches were also found dead, besides great numbers of smaller birds. This gave them a very liberal supply of animal food, which was of more importance to the European than the native ; the Gauchos being epicures in their way, but all agreeing, that, however it may be with the jaguar, the cat is undeniable ; and they unanimously rejoice in it as excellent food ; a taste which has this advantage, at least, that they have all the field to themselves, with none to interfere with their

self-indulgence. The European cannot live for any length of time without bread ; but the Gauchos for months together taste nothing but animal food.

These countries often suffer intensely from long continued droughts, which have something of a periodical character. Between the years 1827 and 1830, so little rain fell, that all vegetation, even the thistles, failed, and the whole country became like a dusty high-road. Such quantities of the dusty soil were blown about, that landmarks were lost, and strife and confusion added to the universal suffering. Vast numbers of animals died. One proprietor at San Pedro, who was the owner of twenty thousand cattle, lost every one ; and though this is the most fertile part of the whole country, cattle were brought to it in vessels, to supply the inhabitants with food. These droughts are said to return once in about fifteen years ; they are sure to be followed by excessive and long continued rains. It is said that such periodical droughts are common in Australia, with an interval of ten or twelve years ; but it requires many observations to establish facts like these ; one or two accidental returns of such phenomena are often mistaken for the operation of a general law.

The account which Mr. Darwin gives of the estuary of the Plata is fatal to the common imaginations respecting that great river. He says, that, whatever figure it may make on the map, it is in reality but a poor affair, being little more than a vast expanse of muddy water, bounded by low and uninteresting shores. From Monte Video, he went by land up the Uruguay ; on the way he encountered the postman, bearing in his mail two letters, after passing through the most considerable towns, — affording a lively image of what our own post would have been, had the wise policy of the department been persisted in much longer. This is partly accounted for by the eulogium which he heard passed on some of the popular representatives by their constituents, who remarked, that, though not perhaps abounding in every accomplisment, " they could sign their names," which was enough to satisfy every reasonable demand. Some idea may be formed of the value of property, from the price of an estate with 3,000 cattle, 800 mares, and 600 sheep, with a small port for vessels, and wood to supply the market at Buenos Ayres. It was offered by the owner for

£ 2500, which was more than any one had been found willing to give. The large flocks of sheep are committed to the care of dogs, who assume the trust with a sense of responsibility, which is worthy of all praise. They are trained to it from their youth ; being bred in company with their future associates, and losing all desire to go with other dogs, who seem to resent their alienation, and always attack them when they come to the house for food ; but as soon as the shepherd's dog rejoins his flock, the others, as if conscious that he is under protection of the law, leave him with his helpless charge, and retreat with all possible expedition. It has been remarked, that domesticated animals consider man a member of their society, and an alliance with him as fulfilling their law of associations. The shepherd-dogs seem to embrace sheep in the same category ; and the house-dogs probably get their moral sense with respect to property more from certain lessons which man is apt to administer, than from any confused ideas on the subject of power and justice, to which he ascribes their proceedings.

In these countries, Mr. Darwin was struck with the polite and dignified manners which are found in all ranks, if ranks can be spoken of where all are so nearly equal. The son of a major in the army wished to leave his professional employment of making paper cigars, and to accompany the traveller as his servant or guide. The general toleration of foreign religions, the freedom of the press, the attempts at education, and the liberal treatment of foreigners, are all good things ; but at the same time there is license, even to wildness, in morals and manners, an open corruption and indifference to blood, which perhaps may have grown out of the confusion of public affairs, but will require long and thorough reform, before these countries can rise among the nations, or become safe and desirable places of abode for man.

When the ship in which Mr. Darwin sailed was several miles from the shore, he was more than once surprised by a visit from insects in great numbers. One evening, about ten miles from San Blas, the seamen cried out that it was snowing butterflies ; and when he looked out, the air was filled with them as far as the eye could range ; some moths and hymenoptera accompanied them, and a calosoma was taken, which was the more remarkable, as insects of that

description seldom take wing. The day was calm, so that they could not have been blown off from the shore. On another occasion, seventeen miles from Cape Corrientes, on drawing in a net, which he had set to catch pelagic animals, he drew in a variety of beetles, alive, and apparently happy, though their prospect of setting foot on dry land again was exceedingly small. Once when the Beagle was to the windward of the Cape de Verde islands, and when the nearest point of land not directly opposite to the wind was 370 miles distant, a large grasshopper flew on board. More than once, when the ship was in the estuary of the Plata, sixty miles from the shore, the rigging was covered with gossamer spiders, each attached to its floating thread; but this was less remarkable, because they can easily run on the surface of the water.

He made some observations on the movements of this class of insects, not the least interesting of all, but certainly the least beloved. He observed one, which resembled a citigrade, and therefore was not a gossamer, while standing on the top of a post, dart three or four threads from its spinner. As they glittered in the sun, they resembled rays of light, though they were not straight, but undulating; the spider then left its station, and sailed out of sight in its ingenious balloon. M. Virey's observations would seem to prove that some spiders, without even this preparation for the voyage, have power to walk the air; but perhaps it would be found, that, if there are no long threads, the feet are connected together by lines, which, however short and fine, answer the purpose of supporting a creature so light.

After a visit to Patagonia, which afforded them no discoveries nor observations of peculiar interest, they touched at Terra del Fuego, where man is found in the lowest stage of discomfort certainly, if not of degradation. The country is rough and irregular, and the climate variable; it was there that two of Sir Joseph Banks's party perished with cold in January, which answers to midsummer in Europe. Gale follows gale in endless and stormy succession, and the troubled spirit of the Cape, as seamen have reason to know, is wholly unacquainted with the blessing of rest. The Fuegian dwelling does not afford the most perfect shelter from these changes. Externally it resembles a haycock, though perhaps it would be flattered by the comparison; it consists only

of a few branches stuck in the ground, and thatched on one side with grass and rushes. The natives who came about the ship were nearly naked, and one woman entirely so. The sleet fell and thawed on the limbs of one who had with her an infant child. At night, they throw themselves down and sleep, like animals, on the wet ground. When the water is low, they must rise from this luxurious bed to pick up shell-fish from the rocks, and, both in summer and winter, the women dive to collect sea-eggs, or sit in their canoes with hair lines to draw small fish from the water. If a seal or the decaying carcass of a whale floats along, it is a day of high festival, and this, with a few berries or fungi, is their most epicurean fare. Without homes, clothing, beds, tolerable food, or any of those circumstances which are so important to us, they seem to think life worth having ; and doubtless there is value in mere existence ; certain it is, that there are few who are in any haste to resign it, however great their privations and troubles may be.

The fungus mentioned just now, which affords resources for food to the natives, is a curious production of nature. It is of a bright yellow color and globular form, of the size of a small apple, and adheres to the beech-tree. In the young state it is turgid and elastic from being filled with moisture. When cut in two, the inside is seen to consist of a white, fleshy substance ; and cup-shaped balls, of about one twelfth of an inch in diameter, are arranged at regular intervals, filled with an elastic, colorless, and transparent matter. Above them, the external skin is pitted, and as the fungus grows old, is ruptured, and the gelatinous mass, which doubtless contains the sporules, is disseminated. After this the surface becomes honeycombed, with empty cells, and the fungus shrinks and grows together ; and in this state, without any process of cooking, it is eaten by the Fuegians, recommended probably by the circumstance that they can get nothing better. In fact, with the exception of a few berries of a dwarf arbutus, it is all their vegetable food.

The *Fucus giganteus* of Solander, a species of kelp, grows on all the rocks, both on the coast and within the channels, and, by indicating the spot where they lie beneath the waters, it saves many a vessel from destruction. Though the stem is seldom more than an inch in diameter, it resists those great breakers of the Western Ocean, which are too much even

for the rocks themselves. A few of them together will support the weight of the large stones to which they attach themselves, which can be lifted from the ground by them without falling apart. Captain Cook said that it grew to the length of more than sixty fathoms, and at Terra del Fuego and the Falkland islands, large beds are often found in ten and fifteen fathoms of water. The plant affords support and shelter to innumerable forms of life. The leaf is whitened with corallines; on the flat surfaces, patelliform shells, mollusca, and bivalves are secured; crustacea in vast numbers frequent every part of the plant: on shaking the roots, cuttle-fish, star-fish, crabs, sea-eggs, Holuthuriæ, Planariæ and nereidous animals all fall out together. These afford subsistence to seals, otters, and cormorants; and the Fuegian, the lord of the soil, who has but a barren sceptre in his grasp, is deeply indebted to this provision, which saves him from the necessity, as he regards it, of sometimes being a cannibal for the sake of food.

After a visit at Valparaiso, the Beagle sailed again to the south, among the Chonos islands. Mr. Darwin found a wild potato, which seemed to him more likely to be the original of the cultivated vegetable than the maglia described by Molina, which Humboldt is disposed to regard as the parent stock. The maglia grows in Chili in its native soil, whence it was transported to the north to some distance, though, at the time of the Spanish conquest, it was unknown in Mexico. The other, to which Mr. Darwin refers, grows near the beach, in a sandy, shelly soil. They were in flower in the middle of January, but the tubers were small and few in number. When raw, they had the taste of the common potato; but after the process of cooking, they became insipid and watery. Some of the vines rose to the height of four feet from the ground. It may be suggested, that they were probably imported; but they grow on uninhabited islands, and as they are known and recognized by various races of the natives, are, without much doubt, the indigenous production of the ground. The same plant, then, is found in the barren regions of central Chili, where the rain does not fall for six months, and also in the damp forests of the southern islands; in this resembling the cultivated potato, which makes itself at home wherever it may happen to be.

From Valparaiso, Mr. Darwin set out on an excursion to cross the Cordillera, and having ascended to a considerable height, on one of the patches of perpetual snow, he found the *red snow* described by Arctic navigators. He observed that the footprints of the mules were stained red, as if their hoofs had been slightly bloody ; at first, he thought it was dust which had blown from the mountains of red porphyry, — these extremely minute plants appearing like coarse grains, from the magnifying power of the crystals of snow. A small portion of it rubbed on paper communicated a faint rose tinge mixed with a little brick-red. He placed some of the discolored snow between the leaves of his pocket-book, and a month afterwards examined the traces on the paper. When scraped off, the specimens were of a spherical form, with a diameter of the thousandth of an inch. When living, on the snow, they are collected in groups, many lying close together. When immersed in any fluid, the central part appeared like a drop of red, oily matter, containing a few very small granules, which are probably the germs of a future growth.

There is a good deal of interest in Mr. Darwin's account of his passage over the mountains ; but the scenery has been described, and the difficulty and danger are well understood. In the higher ascent, they experienced that difficulty of respiration which is called *puna* by the Chilenos, who consider it a disease, and maintain that many have died of it ; persons, probably, who had some disease of the heart, and were overcome by the effort of ascending. The only sensation in himself, which he could ascribe to the rarefied atmosphere, was a slight stricture over the head and chest, and this was at once forgotten when he came in sight of fossil shells. Two of his companions, not aware that water, at the height of two miles, boils at a lower temperature, were vainly endeavouring to cook potatoes ; after boiling them the usual time, they came out as hard as they went in ; much to the surprise and displeasure of the hungry travellers, who, not able to account for it in any other way, inferred that it must be the fault of the pot, on which, accordingly, they bestowed appropriate benedictions. The dryness of the atmosphere appeared in the shrinking of the handle of a geological hammer, the hardening of articles of food like bread and sugar, and the preservation of the skin and parts

of the flesh of beasts which had perished on the road. To the same cause he ascribed the facility with which electricity was excited. Flannel, when rubbed in the dark, appeared as if it had been washed in phosphorus ; every hair on a dog's back crackled, and sparks came from linen sheets and the straps of the saddle.

He describes, what other travellers have noticed, the increased brilliancy of the moon and stars, when seen from a great elevation. The extreme clearness of the air gives a peculiar character to the scenery, and it is from this cause, quite as much as from the absence of objects of comparison, that the traveller judges incorrectly of the size and distance of the things within his view. During the day, the sky was very often covered with clouds ; but at night, when they cleared away, the great mountains, in the bright full moon, seemed hanging over them, as if they had been buried at the bottom of some deep ravine. Sometimes travelling is interrupted by storms, even in the depth of summer ; but the guides told him that there was no risk of a heavy snow-storm, without thunder and lightning attending it to give warning.

From Peru, the Beagle sailed to Tahiti, an island now drawn into the eddy of European politics, and suffering more from those who take to themselves the name of civilized than ever it did from the darkness in which it formerly lay. In the civilization of the present day there are about three parts of barbarism ; and in dealing with an unenlightened people, a Christian nation is sure to turn to them one of its savage sides, — a fact which is painfully illustrated in the history of every great nation of the present day. The people of Tahiti were then under the influence of missionaries, and were happily advancing in a course of improvement, which has since been miserably interrupted by the base proceedings of the French, intent, like their English neighbours, on making the possessions of others their own, without the least restraint of conscience or of shame. Mr. Darwin was greatly delighted with the appearance of the inhabitants. There was a mildness of aspect, which banished the idea that they were savages ; and an intelligence which showed them to be advancing in civilization. They received strangers with cheerful and friendly confidence, not aware, at the time, how soon they might have reason to regret that Europeans

had ever discovered their little island in the heart of the sea.

The land susceptible of cultivation is only a border of low alluvial soil, lying at the base of the mountains which form the interior of the island, and very little elevated above the level of the sea. It is protected from the waves by a coral reef, which encircles the whole island, forming a safe harbour for ships, and affording some passages through which they can enter. This fringe of soil has a most luxuriant vegetable growth ; and in the midst of orange, cocoa, banana, and breadfruit trees, are cleared fields, where yams, sweet potatoes, sugarcanes, and pineapples are cultivated. Through these forests or orchards, small winding paths lead to the scattered houses. The only way to go into the interior is to follow up one of the valleys which descend on the sides of the mountains.

The account which Mr. Darwin gives of the moral and social state of the islanders is full of interest, and must be regarded as the testimony of a perfectly impartial witness in favor of the efforts and success of the missionaries. He says that there is no truth whatever in the assertion, that they had become gloomy and superstitious ; on the contrary, they were remarkable for the cheerful kindness of their bearing ; and he thinks that the prevailing tone of morals is honorable both to the islanders and those who have taught them. He also intimates, what has been violently suspected before, that these unfavorable representations come from those who are disappointed at finding licentiousness less privileged than in former days, and who would fain restore the times when the heathen Christian may teach the Christian heathen the arts and refinements of his own most degrading sins. The captain of the Beagle was instructed to demand three thousand dollars as compensation for an English vessel which had been plundered ; an assembly was gathered to consider the subject ; the chiefs and people offered to contribute what was wanted ; and when the English captain suggested that their private property ought not to suffer for the crime of distant islanders, they said that they were grateful for his consideration, but they did it cheerfully for the sake of their queen.

From Tahiti they proceeded to New Zealand, where they were equally struck with what the missionaries had been able to accomplish, and that, too, against the resistance of for-

eign residents, many of whom are drunken, licentious, and contemptible, and yet rejoice in the name of Christian. But in spite of this opposition, houses are built, windows framed, fields cultivated, mills set in motion, and orchards grafted, by New Zealanders themselves. There were large fields of barley and wheat, potatoes and clover, and gardens containing not only the familiar vegetables, such as asparagus, beans, cucumbers, rhubarb, gooseberries, currants, and grapes, but many others peculiar to warmer countries. More attention is here paid to the arts of civilization than in Tahiti, where the same results are sought in direct religious instruction and improvement of the mind. This is, perhaps, because the mind of the Tahitian is of a higher order. In the northern part of the island, a majority are believed to profess the Christian faith ; and those who have not embraced it feel the influence of this wondrous religion in a sense of shame, which makes them less bold and confident in their views than in former days. Surely there is some reason to rejoice in such manifestations in this land of polygamy, murder, cannibalism, and all other atrocious crimes.

In his account of Australia, Mr. Darwin makes some remarks on the manner in which the aborigines waste and disappear before the Europeans who establish themselves among them. The famous law of population, so triumphantly put forward by Malthus, may have some application to the case of such a people, who do little or nothing to increase the means of subsistence on which they depend. At New Zealand, the strong and manly natives knew that their children were to pass away from the land ; in Tahiti, where infanticide has been abolished since the voyages of Cook, the inhabitants have diminished in numbers. But it also appears, and the accounts of New England voyagers go to confirm it, that diseases are introduced by ships, or rather by the intemperance which they bring with them, which do more than internal wars or any other cause to sweep the natives away. It is certain that waste and disappear they must ; but this no more justifies the proceedings of many civilized men in respect to them, than the well known fact that a man must die can be pleaded in excuse for one who murders him. It must needs be that they pass away ; but there is woe and retribution for those by whom they are dispossessed, if the order of nature is hastened by hardships and wrongs.

Mr. Darwin, at the close of his work, makes a summary of the advantages and discomforts of a five years' voyage, in which, though he is no enthusiast, he gives the preponderance to the former. Of the ocean he speaks with a coolness to which that element is but little used ; saying, that, after all its boasted glories, it is but a tedious waste, a desert of water. He speaks with some respect of a clear moonlight night upon the sea ; but as for the storm, with all its boasted sublimity, he thinks that it bears no comparison with the same agitation of the winds on shore. The scenery which he saw on his voyage was more varied and stupendous than Europe could have afforded him ; but after all his tastes as an observer of nature are satisfied, he seems to be most interested in the sight of man, in those earlier stages of barbarism through which our own ancestors must have passed. Doubtless, to some future age our own civilization will appear like a variety of barbarism, or at least like a transition state ; but meantime it is matter of study and reflection to observe those peculiarities out of which, or of something like which, our present social systems have sprung.

ART. VIII. — *The Poets and Poetry of Europe, with Introductions and Biographical Notices.* By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. Philadelphia : Carey & Hart. 1845. 8vo. pp. 779.

To the student of poetry, who is not acquainted with the languages of continental Europe, this large and handsome volume will bring a great store of amusement and instruction. Within a moderate compass, it gives him the means of gaining a connected view, and one as complete and perfect as can be obtained without a knowledge of the original tongues, of the poetical literature which exists in ten languages. Six of these, the Anglo-Saxon, Icelandic, Danish, Swedish, German, and Dutch, belong to the great Gothic family of the North ; while the remaining four, the French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, are daughters of the Latin. We find here some of the editor's own beautiful translations, most of which, however, had previously ap-

peared in print, from eight of these languages ; and in this great crowd of translations by different hands, certainly very few appear equal to Professor Longfellow's in point of fidelity, elegance, and finish. The work is an honorable memorial of his great attainments as a linguist, in which character, rather than as a poet, his fame will be sustained and advanced by this publication.

The plan of the work, so far as we know, is wholly original and peculiar. The editor's intention was to give as perfect an idea of the poetical literature of modern Europe, as could be gained from the rhythmical translations that have been made at divers times by English poets and linguists. The bulk of the volume, therefore, is composed of excerpts from the publications of Bowring, Herbert, Costello, Taylor, Jamieson, Brooks, Adamson, Thorpe, and a crowd of other versifiers, who have clothed foreign poetry in an English garb. As might be expected from its comprehensive character, "the work is to be regarded as a collection, rather than as a selection," many pieces being admitted without reference to their poetical merit, but as the only versions into English which could be found to illustrate the poetry of a particular nation or age. Viewed merely as translations, some are very literal, others are loose and paraphrastic ; many have been worked over into smooth and sounding English verse, while others are mere rough copies, that preserve the sentiment and imagery, but sacrifice entirely the metrical characteristics, of the originals. The former resemble foreign coins that have been melted down and stamped anew in the English mint ; the latter have merely had the foreign mark effaced, and are here presented only as bullion, or rude material, which may afterwards receive a new form and impression, and circulate again as currency.

The arrangement of these borrowed materials is the distinctive feature of this publication. The translations from each language are brought together, and arranged according to the dates, or with reference to the age of the poets from whom they are taken. The object is not merely to illustrate the literature of another country at a particular time, or during its Augustan age ; but to present at least a few specimens from every period in its annals, and thus to give a general idea of the history of poetry in each nation. An

introductory sketch is given of the peculiarities of the language, and of the several epochs into which the literary history of the country is divided. These sketches were meant to be brief, but comprehensive ; we cannot speak particularly of their merits, because several of them are taken from articles which appeared for the first time in this Journal. These are followed by the selected translations from the poets, beginning with the most ancient in each land, and coming down to those who are our contemporaries, save when, as in the case of the Anglo-Saxon, the history alike of the language and the literature was long since closed. The extracts are preceded by biographical or critical notices of the poets, quite brief for the most part, but sometimes giving occasion for very agreeable excursions into the domains of biography and literary disquisition. Most of these are written by Professor Felton, to whose taste and learning the merit of a large portion of what is most original and agreeable in this volume is entirely to be ascribed. His prefatory notices form a kind of dictionary of the poets of modern Europe ; and though, in many cases, the information given is quite scanty, those only who have had some experience in this kind of work can judge of the amount of labor and research which he has expended upon the undertaking.

Thus far we have considered the book as prepared for that class of English readers who can acquire a knowledge of the poetry of other countries only through the medium of translations. To the scholar who is well versed in the languages of continental Europe, the volume will appear curious and valuable when considered as a collection of specimens to show the comparative degree of skill and taste of many translators of foreign poetry into English verse. The task of such versifiers seems an humble one, when compared with the high vocation of the true "maker," or poet. The translator is a literary slave ; the humblest or the boldest attempt at originality of thought or expression on his part must be viewed as an imperfection or a crime. He is bound to follow his master with servile fidelity, to copy defects, as well as merits, with a kind of Chinese accuracy. He is a dealer in nothing but words, an artist only in style and metrical arrangement ; he has no right to any ideas of his own, and it is high-treason in him to alter or modify those of another, though it be only to mend them.

Imitation, indeed, is the province of art in general; but it is imitation of a free and daring kind, which superadds grace, beauty, and dignity to the original, which exalts the humble, restores the depraved, illumines the obscure, and animates the dead. This is the work of the sculptor, the painter, the musician, and the poet. The translator labors in a far humbler walk, as he aims at imitation only in the strictest sense of the term. His office, indeed, is rather to transfer, than to imitate; like the merchant, he imports goods from beyond sea, allowing them to suffer as little change or loss as is possible during the passage.

This, at any rate, is the theory of translation now most in vogue among the critics. With them, verbal accuracy is the great point; like charity, it is held to cover a multitude of sins. A poetical translation may be harsh, obscure, unmusical, ill-adapted to an English taste, still deformed by idiomatic peculiarities of the language whence it was drawn; but if it be literal, if it render not only line for line, but word for word, it is held up as the only faithful translation, the only copy that gives one a true idea of the original. We do not accept this canon of criticism, as we hold a far higher idea of the dignity and importance of the translator's office. We prefer Pope's Homer to Cowper's, and though scholars will scoff at such an avowal, the whole multitude of unlearned readers probably will agree with us in opinion. A mere child is fascinated with the former, to which some of the most remarkable men who have lived during the last hundred years — poets, statesmen, and philosophers — have been indebted for the first decided impulse which their minds received, for the earliest awakening and direction of their genius. No one but a Greek scholar ever read Cowper's version through, and he not without much labor and weariness of spirit. At most, he is glad to throw it aside, and recur once more to the sounding hexameters of the glorious original; the lagging and heavy translation had pleased him not for its own sake, but because it called more vividly to mind the well-remembered Greek. The first object of the poet, whether trading upon his own stock, or upon borrowed capital, is to impart pleasure; he does not aim primarily to instruct or convince; it is no part of his business to teach another language, or to daguerrotype some work of art in another clime so faithfully that the copy will

bear examination under the microscope. As a translator, it seems to us, his first purpose is to produce a beautiful English poem ; his second to preserve the lineaments of the original so far as the difference between the two languages and the attainment of the former and higher object will admit.

Of course, verbal accuracy is an excellence, when it is compatible with these ends ; but to exalt it over all the other qualities of a translation is to make the business of the translator a mere contest of difficulties with words and idioms. His success in a trial of this sort, like the feats of a juggler or a rope-dancer, we may view with curiosity or astonishment, but with no real pleasure or lasting gratification ; the thing done has no intrinsic value or beauty, but we wonder that he should be able to do it at all. An eminent German critic, more remarkable for learning and arrogance, than for taste or sound judgment, once undertook to translate the Odyssey into German hexameters, rendering line for line, and cæsura for cæsura, so that the version should be an exact transcript of the original. He began the task, but had not gone over a tenth part of the first book before he stopped short in the middle of a line, and declared that there was not a man in all Europe who was able to finish it. We hope no one was silly enough to make the attempt. This fragment of a version we have never seen ; but we think it must be a queer specimen of crabbed diction and halting versification, fit to be locked up in a cabinet of curiosities with a copy of the Odyssey written out in so fine a hand as to be all contained on a single sheet of paper ; no person who had any regard for his eyes or his patience would undertake to read either the manuscript or the translation.

The German critic, Menzel, makes some pungent remarks upon the very literal translations of J. H. Voss from the Greek, which are so apposite, and so fully sustain our views, that we place them before our readers. We quote from Professor Felton's translation, which is cited on the 301st page of this volume.

"For more than half a century, he undertook the Sisyphean toil of rolling the rough runestone of the German language up the Grecian Parnassus ; but

'Back again down to the plain rebounded the ragged rock swiftly.'

"He had the fixed idea, that the German language must be fitted to the Greek in mechanical fashion, syllable for syllable.

He confounded his peculiar talent for these philological trifles, and the predilection which flowed out of it, with a universal capacity and with a universal want of the German language and poetry, as if a rope-dancer were to insist upon every body's dancing on the rope. The most obvious means of trailing the German language over the espalier of the Greek was naturally translations. Here the German language was brought so near the Greek, that it was forced to follow all its movements, like a wild elephant harnessed to a tame one. Voss is celebrated as the most faithful translator, but only so far as regards the materials of language and its mechanical laws; spirit and soul have always vanished under his clumsy fingers. In his translations he has banished the peculiar character and the natural grace of the German language, and put a strait jacket upon the lovely captive, which allowed her to move only in a stiff, unnatural, and constrained manner. His great merit consists in having introduced into the language of literature a great number of good, but antiquated, words, or those used only among the common people. He was forced to this, because it was necessary that he should have a wide range of words to choose from, in order to fill out always the prescribed Greek measure with the greatest exactness. He has, moreover, like Klopstock, developed the powers of the German language, by these difficult Greek exercises; just as the money-diggers, though they found no money, yet made the soil more fertile. I am very far from denying him this merit with regard to the language, — a service as laborious as it was useful; but his studies cannot pass for masterpieces; they were only the apparatus, the scaffolding, the school, and not the work of art itself. They were distortions of the language, in order to show how far its capability extended, but did not exhibit the grace of its proper movement. No one could talk as Voss wrote. Every body would have thought it vexatious and ridiculous, who had been required to arrange his words like Voss. They never sound like any thing but a stiff translation, even when he does not in fact translate. These translations, however, are often so slavishly close, and, therefore, not German, that they are unintelligible, until we read the original. And yet that fidelity could not express the spirit and the peculiar character of the foreign author, together with the sound of the words. On the contrary, the painful stiffness of constraint is the universal badge of all his translations; and in this they are all alike; this was the last upon which he stretched them all. Whether Voss translates Hesiod, Homer, Theocritus, Virgil, Ovid, Horace, Shakspeare, or an old Minnesong, everywhere we hear only the goat-footed steed of his

prose trotting along; and even the mighty genius of Shakspeare cannot force him out of his own beat for a moment." — pp. 301, 302.

When a work of art is to be copied, fidelity to the original includes something more than an exact version of the words. Its spirit, harmony, and grace, its ease and finish, are to be transferred or imitated, or the copy will resemble nothing more than an exquisite piece of tapestry when viewed on the wrong side, every thread appearing in its due place, while the artistic effect of the whole has entirely disappeared. "Poetry is of so subtile a spirit," says Sir John Denham, "that in pouring out of one language into another, it will all evaporate; and if a new spirit be not added in the transfusion, there will remain nothing but a *caput mortuum*." The mere verbal copyist strains out a gnat, but swallows a camel; he is a slave to the letter, while he violates the spirit; he preserves the meaning, while he destroys the poetry. Walter Scott, in summing up the merits of Dryden, assumes it as one of his highest excellencies, that he had assisted "to free translation from the fetters of verbal metaphrase, and to teach posterity the powerful and varied poetical harmony of which their language was capable." Glorious John is the most copious, and, on the whole, most successful, poetical translator that English literature can boast of; and he showed, both by precept and example, his careful observance of the precept given by Horace: —

> "Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus
> Interpres."

The true law of poetical translation we hold to be this: to produce such a work on the given topic, and with the given materials of thought, as the author probably would have written, if he had been of the same country, and had spoken the same language, as the translator. The problem will then be solved, as far as the infirmity of our nature or the smallness of our means will permit, — to enable those who are readers only of the vernacular to derive as much pleasure from the poem as the scholar does who is well acquainted with the language in which it was first written. The scholar, indeed, will always have an additional enjoyment peculiar to himself, founded on the power of comparing the copy with the original. But this is only a second-

ary pleasure, though the translator who piques himself on verbal fidelity produces this effect and nothing else ; the characteristic excellence of his work can be appreciated only by one who understands the original, and who, therefore, has no need of any translation. The word or phrase which may give him pleasure, as a happy rendering of a difficult passage, may only offend the reader who is trying the poem by a taste formed exclusively upon English models. That this law of translation, which appears so obvious and reasonable, should be so frequently disregarded or violated, must be ascribed to the evil habits formed by the petty carpings of small critics, who follow a spirited translation of a noble poem with the original in one hand and a dictionary in the other, ready to pounce on every happy alteration of an epithet as a crime. Neither thought, taste, nor feeling is necessary for such criticism. The most that they gain by it is to display their own knowledge of the language, and to exult in a moment's fancied superiority over the translator.

Mr. Longfellow's theory of translation does not coincide with our own. He belongs to the straitest sect, even to the Pharisees ; and if others were as fortunate as he is in reconciling the severity of their principles with ease, grace, and idiomatic finish, we might be tempted to reconsider our position. In this bulky volume, however, filled with translations of every degree of fidelity and poetical merit, we find an abundance of examples wherewith to confirm our doctrine, and even to convict the editor of some inconsistency in the application of his principles. In every case in which he had any choice, he ought to have preferred the more faithful translation ; but his good taste has often triumphed over his theory, and compelled him to put aside the literal, but spiritless version, and make room for the elegant or daring paraphrase. Mr. Eliot's translation of "The Song of the Bell" is one of the most flowing and tasteful, but certainly not the most literal, of the numerous versions of that poem. We find, also, copious extracts from Lockhart's very beautiful Spanish Ballads, which are so paraphrastic that they can hardly be called translations. More faithful transcripts of these poems were at hand, if the editor had seen fit to adopt them. We do not complain of these violations of his principles, but rejoice over them. We rather complain of the opposite class of cases, in which he seems to us to have followed his the-

ory, in spite of his taste and better judgment. Thus, he has given W. Taylor's vapid rendering of Bürger's wild ballad, "Lenore," instead of the fine and bold imitation of it by Walter Scott.

The quantity of material given to illustrate any one period in a nation's literary history is not always proportioned to the richness or excellence of the native mine whence it was drawn. Not professing to give new translations, except in a very few cases, the work is made up of the labors of others, and in its comprehensive survey necessarily passes over some tracts, where they have done but little, and where, consequently, but little could be gleaned. Translators have worked in squads, as it were, expending great labor on certain poets and particular epochs, and passing over others very lightly. The earlier and more eminent Italian poets have been done into English by a great number of hands, and with every degree of excellence. So it has been with the later poets of Germany, of whose works translations have been multiplied even to wearisomeness ; thus proving that the number of students of the German language is now so much increased, as greatly to diminish the demand for more versions into English. On the other hand, from what we are apt to regard as the Augustan age of French literature, from the middle of the seventeenth to the middle of the eighteenth century, judging from the extracts in this volume, there are very few English metrical translations. He who desires to know the poets and dramatists of the age of Louis the Fourteenth, who would become acquainted with Corneille, Boileau, Racine, Molière, and Voltaire, must study them in the original. Of the satires of Boileau, however, he will find some very elegant and spirited imitations in the earlier volumes of this Journal. One of these has been adopted by Mr. Longfellow, and this, with a scene from "The Cid," translated by Colley Cibber, one from "Andromaque," imitated by Ambrose Philips, a brief, anonymous translation from "The Misanthrope," and two short extracts from Aaron Hill's version of "Alzire," is all that one finds to illustrate this remarkable group of satirists and dramatists.

But it is time to take a brief view of the contents of this volume, in the order in which they are presented. First come the translated specimens of Anglo-Saxon poetry, consisting of extracts from the old epic poem of "Beowulf,"

the monk Cædmon's paraphrase of portions of Holy Writ, King Alfred's version of the metres of Boethius, and a few historic odes and miscellaneous pieces. Most of the translations are by Taylor, Thorpe, Ingram, Kemble, and Longfellow. The specimens are mostly unrhymed, and more literal than rhythmical, so that they must be read rather as curious illustrations of the age and nation to which they belong, than with any expectation of poetical merit. The short, broken lines and abrupt diction are well suited to the rude simplicity of the narrative and descriptive passages, and to the wild and forcibly depicted imagery. The extracts bear about the same resemblance to poetry, that the clink of hammers in a blacksmith's shop does to music. Our great ancestors, after all, were a rough and barbarous set, and the cause of civilization had little to expect from their descendants, till the breed was crossed by the more refined and chivalrous Normans. We have room to copy but a small portion of the old monk's account of the destruction of Pharaoh.

"The folk was affrighted,
The flood-dread seized on
Their sad souls;
Ocean wailed with death,
The mountain heights were
With blood besteamed,
The sea foamed gore,
Crying was in the waves,
The water full of weapons,
A death-mist rose;
The Egyptians were
Turned back;
Trembling they fled,
They felt fear:
Would that host gladly
Find their homes;
Their vaunt grew sadder:
Against them, as a cloud, rose
The fell rolling of the waves;
There came not any
Of that host to home,
But from behind inclosed them
Fate with the wave.
Where ways ere lay,
Sea raged.
Their might was merged,
The stream stood,
The storm rose
High to heaven;
The loudest army-cry
The hostile uttered;
The air above was thickened
With dying voices;
Blood pervaded the flood,
The shield-walls were riven,
Shook the firmament
That greatest of sea-deaths:
The proud died,
Kings in a body;
The return prevailed
Of the sea at length;
Their bucklers shone
High over the soldiers;
The sea-wall rose,
The proud ocean-stream,
Their might in death was

Fastly fettered.
The tide's neap,
With the war-enginery obstructed,
Laid bare the sand
To the fated host,
When the wandering stream,
The ever cold sea,
With its ever salt waves,
Its eternal stations,
A naked, involuntary messenger,
Came to visit." — p. 18.

Icelandic poetry has the same general characteristics as the Anglo-Saxon, being equally abrupt, obscure, and bold, though it has a wider compass, and displays more imaginative power. The Skalds or minstrels were numerous, forming a distinct profession, and their songs cheered the long winter evenings for the people, and added to the entertainment on great festive occasions. Two causes operated chiefly to nourish the taste for song, and to determine its character; the wild and striking mythology which constituted the Icelandic religion, and the impressive forms of external nature in that volcanic island of the Northern sea. That huge and restless Hecla, continually throwing flame through ice, and imparting a ruddy tinge to the night sky and to the vast plains of surrounding snow, was enough in itself to nourish a superstitious and fanciful spirit among the people. Familiar objects seemed wildly transformed and spectral, when viewed by that strange glare. The rude natives were awed by such fierce contrasts and marvellous sights; and the popular stories current among all barbarous races received in their case a deeper tone of solemnity, and took more powerful hold of the feelings. Carlyle happily describes in a few words the ruling trait of their religious faith. "The primary characteristic of this old Northland mythology I find to be impersonation of the visible workings of Nature, — earnest, simple recognition of the workings of Physical Nature, as a thing wholly miraculous, stupendous, and divine. What we now lecture of, as Science, they wondered at, and fell down in awe before, as Religion."

Herbert and W. Taylor have furnished most of the translations of Icelandic poetry that are included in this volume. Those executed by the former have some artistic finish, and are more attractive than the bald versions of the latter. We quote a few stanzas of a gentler strain, from Herbert's translation of "The Dying Song of Asbiörn."

"Know, gentle mother, know,
Thou wilt not comb my flowing hair,
When summer sweets return
In Denmark's valleys, Svanvhide fair!
O, whilom had I fondly vowed
To hie me to my native land!
Now must my panting side be torn
By my keen foe's relentless brand!

"Not such those days of yore,
When blithe we quaffed the foaming ale;
Or urged across the waves
From Hordaland the flying sail;
Or gladly drank the sparkling mead,
While social mirth beguiled the hour.
Now, lonely in the narrow den,
I mourn the giant's savage power.

"Not such those days of yore,
When forth we went in warlike show:
Storolf's all-glorious son
Stood foremost on the armed prow,
As, sailing fast to Oresound,
The long-keeled vessels cleft the wave.
Now, tolled into the fatal snare,
I mourn beneath the sorcerer's cave.

"Not such those days of yore,
When conquest marked proud Ormur's way,
Stirring the storm of war,
To glut the greedy beasts of prey:
Beneath his thundering falchion's stroke
Flowed the deep waters red with gore,
And many a gallant warrior fell
To feed the wolves on Ifa's shore.

"Not such those days of yore,
When, south on Elfa's rocky coast,
Warring with weapons keen,
I fiercely smote the adverse host:
Oft from the loudly sounding bow
Ormur's unerring arrows flew,
Deadly, whene'er his wrath pursued
The bold sea-rover's trusty crew." — p. 56.

The copious poetical literature of Denmark, extending from the ballads, which belong to the thirteenth century, to the highly finished productions of Oehlenschläger, the great Danish poet of the present day, has afforded an abundant harvest to the translators, from whom Mr. Longfellow has gathered rich and attractive material. The names cited are less familiar to common readers than those of the eminent German poets, and this portion of the volume consequently has an air of freshness, which enhances the intrinsic merit of the borrowed poems. The old Danish ballads, which embody many of the popular traditions of the North, have been translated by Jamieson with great fidelity into Lowland Scotch; the affinity between the two languages being so great, that versions can be made from one into the other with much facility. Indeed, the most ancient form of the Scotch, into which the older ballads have been turned, is about as difficult to the ordinary English reader as the original Danish. Among the other poets of Denmark, of whom specimens are given, besides those who are our contemporaries, are Tullin, Evald, Storm, Thaarup, Heiberg, and Baggesen. Of these, Evald is one of the most remarkable, having been pronounced on good authority to be "one of the most perfect lyric poets the world has ever seen." He passed most of his life in obscurity, dying in 1781, at the age of thirty-eight, and the fame which should have cheered his manhood has since been heaped upon his tomb. Longfellow's spirited version of his "King Christian," which has become the national song of his countrymen, may enable the reader to judge of the justness of the comparison that has been instituted between him and Campbell.

"King Christian stood by the lofty mast
In mist and smoke;
His sword was hammering so fast,
Through Gothic helm and brain it passed;
Then sank each hostile hulk and mast
In mist and smoke.
'Fly!' shouted they, 'fly, he who can!
Who braves of Denmark's Christian
The stroke?'

"Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest's roar;
Now is the hour!
He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,

And smote upon the foe full sore,
And shouted loud, through the tempest's roar,
'Now is the hour!'
'Fly!' shouted they, 'for shelter fly!
Of Denmark's Juel who can defy
The power?'

"North Sea! a glimpse of Wessel rent
Thy murky sky!
Then champions to thine arms were sent;
Terror and Death glared where he went;
From the waves was heard a wail that rent
Thy murky sky!
From Denmark thunders Tordenskiol';
Let each to Heaven commend his soul,
And fly!

"Path of the Dane to fame and might!
Dark-rolling wave!
Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,
Goes to meet danger with despite,
Proudly as thou the tempest's might,
Dark-rolling wave!
And, amid pleasures and alarms,
And war and victory, be thine arms
My grave!" — p. 84.

Extracts are given, perhaps in too great quantity, from English versions of the poems of Oehlenschläger, most of them being by Mr. Gillies, a contributor to Blackwood's Magazine. Among them are specimens of his three dramas, "Aladdin," "Hakon Jarl," and "Correggio," and several of his miscellaneous pieces. These appear very striking and beautiful, even under the disadvantages of a translation; but we doubt the propriety of allotting to them so much as thirty pages in this volume, which is more than is afterwards devoted to Tegnér, and more than to Goethe and Schiller united. Professor Felton has supplied a very pleasant biographical and critical notice of Oehlenschläger.

The poets of Sweden, with the exception of Tegnér, are hardly known even by name to the English reader. The editor regrets "that the extracts which follow are so few, and from so few authors; and in particular that I have been able to find no English translations from Nicander, one of the most distinguished of the younger Swedish poets; nor from

Ling, one of the most voluminous." Neither do we find any specimens of Franzén, whose name, after that of Tegnér, is the most eminent on the list of the modern bards of Sweden. We find one of his love elegies translated in a number of the Foreign Quarterly Review ; but the version is heavy and inelegant, and gives no adequate impression of his powers as a poet. Leopold, the leader of what is called the French school among his countrymen, and who, in the ardor of literary controversy, has been praised and blamed by them with equal extravagance, appears in this collection as the author of an ode, "On the Desire of Deathless Fame," which evinces considerable vigor of thought and expression. We quote a small portion of it.

"And thou, the insect of an hour,
O'er Time to triumph wouldst pretend ;
With nerves of grass wouldst brave the power
Beneath which pyramids must bend !
A slave, by every thing controlled,
Thou canst not for an instant mould
Thine actions' course, thy destiny ;
In want of all, of all the sport,
Thou, against all who need'st support,
Boastest o'er Death the mastery !
Recall'st, as they would prove thy right
To honors but to few assigned,
Our Wasa sovereign's annals bright,
The triumphs of a Newton's mind.
Whilst round the globe thy glances rove
On works and deeds that amply prove
Man's strength of intellect, they fall :
Their mysteries Time and Space unfold,
New worlds are added to the old,
Beauty and light adorning all.

"Strange creature ! go, fulfil thy fate,
Govern the earth, subdue the waves,
Measure the stars' paths, regulate
Time's clock, seek gold in Chile's graves,
Raise towns that lava-buried sleep,
Harvest the rocks, build on the deep,
Force Nature, journey in the sky,
Surpass in height each monument,
On mountains mountains pile, — content,
Beneath their mass then putrefy !

"Yes, fruits there are that we enjoy,
Produce of by-gone centuries' toil;
The gifts remain, though Time destroy
The givers, long ago Death's spoil:
And whilst deluded crowds believe
Their guerdon they shall straight receive
In Admiration's empty cries,
Their whitening and forgotten bones
Repose, unconscious as the stones
Where burns the atoning sacrifice."—p. 145.

A view of the popular poetry of Sweden was given in the forty-second volume of this Journal, from which Mr. Longfellow has taken versions of five of the most ancient ballads. Translations of six others are borrowed from one of our English contemporaries, which, though modernized considerably in their English garb, still preserve some striking features of the remote period to which they belong. By the study of these authentic relics of the olden times, Tegnér seems to have formed his taste and fashioned his style; from the Eddas or Sagas of the North, the true sources of information respecting the Scandinavian mythology, he has derived his materials. The antiquarian, the critic, and the philologist may track his steps in these curious researches; but the mere lover of poetry will be content with the honey and flowers that he has gathered in those old forests, and will prize them the more highly from the additions and embellishments which they have received in passing through his hands. We need not dwell here upon the merits of Tegnér, as the biographical notice of him, and the very full analysis of his great poem, "The Legend of Frithiof," here given as an introduction to the translated extracts from his works, were first published in our pages eight years ago. Mr. Longfellow has inserted his own very beautiful versions of two cantos of Frithiof, and of "The Children of the Lord's Supper." By way of foil, probably, to the merits of these, he has quoted five other cantos from the English translation of Strong.

We have no room to expatiate upon the copious theme of German poetry, the translations from which into English, says the editor of this volume, "are so numerous, and extended through so many centuries, that they form in themselves almost a complete history." For the sake of conven-

ience, he has divided this history chronologically into seven periods, and has arranged the selected translations into corresponding divisions. The first period extends from the earliest times to the beginning of the twelfth century. The metrical remains of these times are of no worth except as literary curiosities, and the three translated fragments which are here given are quite enough to satisfy common readers. The second period, comprising the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, is one of the most fertile and remarkable in the history of German literature, and we are very glad to see it here so fully illustrated. Besides the almost innumerable love-songs and poetic romances of the Minnesingers, this division includes the fine old epic of the "Nibelungenlied," and the collection of heroic poems known as the "Heldenbuch," or "The Book of Heroes." By the aid of very full introductory notices, and copious extracts from the translations of Taylor and Weber, the reader will gain as full an idea of this curious period as it is possible to obtain without a knowledge of the older forms of the German language. The third division, extending over the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, is less interesting than its predecessor; the Mastersingers flourished in those days, the quaint old rhyme-smiths, who made a trade of the poet's calling. The sixteenth century might properly be ranked under this head, instead of forming, as it here does, a separate period; for it was the golden age of the Mastersingers. Old Hans Sachs, the poetic cobbler of Nuremberg, who wrote comedies and merry stories by the hundreds, and songs by the thousands, was the hero of this age, and the most renowned member of that curious fraternity. Translators have devoted little attention to these three centuries, and Mr. Longfellow has made but a scanty collection wherewith to illustrate their history. One or two versions of his own, a very characteristic and faithful one of "The Battle of Murten," by Professor Felton, and a few more borrowed from this Journal, are nearly all that deserve attention. These are enough, perhaps, considering the limits of the volume; but we are sorry to find no specimen of that merry old cobbler's poetry.

The fifth division, including the seventeenth century, is but a barren period in the annals of German poetry, the names of Ayrer, Opitz, and a few other minor poets alone occupy-

ing the page which they hardly illumine. The long religious war interrupted the pursuits of literature, and foreign influence debased the language and corrupted the tastes of the people. The only illustrations, now before us, of the poetic spirit of this age are two of Mr. Longfellow's own versions from Simon Dach, and a few grotesque verses by that eccentric preacher, Abraham a Sancta Clara. But the sixth period, extending from 1700 to 1770, is far more promising, and affords an abundant harvest of specimens. Here, says the editor, "we at length begin to emerge from the Black Forest of German literature, 'whence issuing, we again behold the stars.'" Of the many illustrious names belonging to this epoch, those best known to the English reader are Gessner, Klopstock, and Lessing. The second of these, though his reputation was once world-wide, is now, if we may credit his countryman, Menzel, rather respected for his patriotism and devotional spirit, than admired for his enthusiasm and genius. Weary of the flippancy and frivolities of the French school among his countrymen, he went to the literature of England for his models, and formed his taste by the study of Milton and Young. Yet he was not a mere imitator of the English; "On the contrary," says Menzel, "his merit in regard to German poetry is as peculiar as it is great." But our readers will remember the sarcasm of Coleridge, who, when told that he was the German Milton, muttered between his teeth, "A very *German* Milton, indeed!" Versions of four or five of his shorter poems in this volume give a pleasing, but not an impressive, idea of his abilities. The remaining translations here given from the bards of this period do not contain much that is worthy of notice.

The only remaining division, extending from the year 1770 to the present day, is the boast of German letters; for very early in this period many bright stars rose in quick succession above the literary horizon, and passed the meridian in a magnificent cluster. The debt which the preceding age had incurred to England was repaid with interest, for much of the English poetry of our own day bears decisive tokens of the study of German models. The effects of this study are sometimes visible in direct imitation, as in many of the poems of Coleridge and Shelley; but more frequently in the prevailing sentiment, and the general coloring imparted to the

thought. Much, indeed, of the mere talent of versifying, which exists among us, is directly expended upon translations from the German. In this volume, nearly a hundred pages, closely printed in double columns, are occupied with versions from the poets of this period alone ; and the quantity might with ease have been increased tenfold. Trained in such exercises, it is not surprising that the more original efforts subsequently made by these translators should still bear a deep impress derived from their German studies.

In this way, as well as from the commanding influence of Wordsworth, would we explain some of the strange mutations which English poetry has undergone since the opening of the present century. It has ceased to be narrative, epic, vigorous, clear, or equable ; it has become philosophic, elaborate, mystical, meditative, and tender. Much of it has lost the dew of the morning, the sparkle and freshness of the early part of the day. Like a landscape seen by moonlight, it abounds with indistinct outlines and shadowy forms, with figures fantastically blended together, and colors faintly seen and melting into each other in the distance. It embraces a wider range of subjects, but goes farther to search for them, and treats them, when found, with minute particularity or convulsive effort. It is impatient of rule, studious of novelty, confused in its combinations, and often harsh and rugged in its utterance ; but its lawlessness and its ruggedness are systematic and intentional, and its novelties are diligently sought for, and then patiently distributed into curious groups, just as the man of science arranges minerals in a cabinet. True, the practical element in the English character, and the utilitarian taste of the times, still offer some opposition to these foreign influences, or at least direct the choice of topics in the treatment of which these influences are conspicuous. Often, the work is not so much poetry, as it is rhymed oratory or versified philosophy, — science in metre, and sentiment and philanthropy drilled to "move harmonious numbers." Our age is learned, ingenious, and imitative ; and our poetry consequently lacks spontaneity, simplicity, and raciness. It is made ancillary to many purposes, — a sort of maid of all work, instead of being mistress of the house. It lectures upon science, preaches about various religious systems, and declaims against the corn laws. But on whatever task engaged, in sentiment, tone, and imagery,

in choice of metre, arrangement of topics, and the inwrought coloring of style, it still shows that it has recently been a wanderer in many lands, but especially among the remains of the Middle Ages in Germany. It often wears a garb of foreign and fantastic cut, and its coat is one of many colors.

But we are forgetting that our present theme is not English, but German poetry, and in excuse for the digression have only to plead the fact, that the contents of this volume certainly indicate an intimate relationship between the two. We have no time to track the editor over the vast field of German song, which lies between our own times and the middle of the last century; nor is it necessary. To those who are acquainted with the language, the theme appears somewhat hackneyed; to those not so fortunate, the tasteful introductory notices here given will supply the needed information in a form as succinct as is consistent with the object in view. For persons of the latter class, this portion of the volume will be one of the most attractive of all.

"Here," says the editor, "are the dwellings of Goethe, and Schiller, and Lessing; there the farms of Voss, and Herder, and Jean Paul; and yonder the grave-yard, with Matthisson making an elegy, and other sentimental poets leaning with their elbows on the tomb-stones. And then we have the old and melancholy tale, — the struggle against poverty, the suffering, sorrowful life, the early, mournful death, — still another confirmation of the fact, that men of genius too often resemble the fabled son of Ocean and Earth, who by day was wafted through the air to distribute corn over the world, but at night was laid on burning coals to render him immortal.

"One important portion of German poetry still remains to be noticed, — the great mass of Popular Songs, of uncertain date, and by unknown authors. The ancient German ballads are certainly inferior, as a whole, to the English, Danish, Swedish, and Spanish; but the German popular songs, blooming like wild-flowers over the broad field of literature from the fifteenth century to the present time, surpass in beauty, variety, and quantity those of any other country. Among their thousand sweet and mingled odors criticism often finds itself at fault, as the hunter's hounds on Mount Hymettus were thrown off their scent by the fragrance of its infinite wild-flowers. They exhibit the more humble forms of human life, as seen in streets, workshops, garrisons, mines, fields, and cottages; and give expression to the feelings of hope, joy, longing, and despair, from thousands of hearts which have no other records than these." — p. 187.

It is a point of some interest to remark, that a large portion of the translations here given, as specimens of the German poets of this period, are by American hands. As a sample of the criticisms which are embodied in the introductory notices, we will quote a part of Professor Longfellow's remarks on the writings of Heinrich Heine.

"The style of Heine is remarkable for vigor, wit, and brilliancy; but is wanting in taste and refinement. To the recklessness of Byron he adds the sentimentality of Sterne. The 'Reisebilder' is a kind of 'Don Juan' in prose, with passages from the 'Sentimental Journey.' He is always in extremes, either of praise or censure; setting at naught the decencies of life, and treating the most sacred things with frivolity. Throughout his writings are seen traces of a morbid, ill-regulated mind; of deep feeling, disappointment, and suffering. His sympathies seem to have died within him, like Ugolino's children in the tower of Famine. With all his various powers, he wants the one great power, — the power of truth. He wants, too, that ennobling principle of all human endeavours, the aspiration 'after an ideal standard, that is higher than himself.'

"In the highest degree reprehensible, too, is the fierce, implacable hatred with which Heine pursues his foes. No man should write of another as he permits himself to write at times. In speaking of Schlegel as he does in his 'German Literature,' he is utterly without apology. And yet to such remorseless invectives, to such witty sarcasms, he is indebted in a great degree for his popularity. It was not till after it had bitten the heel of Hercules, that the Crab was placed among the constellations.

"The minor poems of Heine, like most of his prose-writings, are but a portrait of himself. The same melancholy tone, the same endless sigh, pervades them. Though they possess a high lyric merit, they are for the most part fragmentary; — expressions of some momentary state of feeling, — sudden ejaculations of pain or pleasure, of restlessness, impatience, regret, longing, love. They profess to be songs, and as songs must they be judged. Then these imperfect expressions of feeling, — these mere suggestions of thought, — this 'luminous mist,' that half reveals, half hides the sense, — this selection of topics from scenes of every-day life, — and, in fine, this prevailing tone of sadness, will not seem affected, misplaced, or exaggerated. At the same time it must be confessed, that, in these songs, the lofty aim is wanting; we listen in vain for the spirit-stirring note, — for the word of power, — for those ancestral melodies, which amid the uproar of the world, breathe into our ears for evermore the voices of consolation, encouragement, and warning." — p. 350.

The following very graceful translation, by a writer in the Edinburgh Review, gives a good idea of Heine's minor poems.

"THE TEAR.

"The latest light of evening
Upon the waters shone,
And still we sat in the lonely hut,
In silence and alone.

"The sea-fog grew, the screaming mew
Rose on the water's swell,
And silently in her gentle eye
Gathered the tears and fell.

"I saw them stand on the lily hand,
Upon my knee I sank,
And, kneeling there, from her fingers fair
The precious dew I drank.

"And sense and power, since that sad hour,
In longing waste away;
Ah me! I fear, in each witching tear
Some subtile poison lay." — p. 350.

We have room but for one more specimen of German poetry, and it shall be this very striking version from Count Stolberg by Mr. W. W. Story.

"THE STREAM OF THE ROCK.

"Unperishing youth!
Thou leapest from forth
The cleft of the rock.
No mortal eye saw
The mighty one's cradle;
No ear ever heard
The lofty one's lisp in the murmuring spring.

"How beautiful art thou,
In silvery locks!
How terrible art thou,
When the cliffs are resounding in thunder around!
Thee feareth the fir-tree:
Thou crushest the fir-tree,
From its root to its crown.
The cliffs flee before thee:
The cliffs thou engraspest,
And hurlest them, scornful, like pebbles adown.

" The sun weaves around thee
The beams of its splendor ;
It painteth with hues of the heavenly iris
The uprolling clouds of the silvery spray.

" Why speedest thou downward
Toward the green sea ?
Is it not well by the nearer heaven ?
Not well by the sounding cliff ?
Not well by the o'erhanging forest of oaks ?
O, hasten not so
Toward the green sea !
Youth, O, now thou art strong, like a god,—
Free, like a god !

" Beneath thee is smiling the peacefullest stillness,
The tremulous swell of the slumberous sea,
Now silvered o'er by the swimming moonshine,
Now golden and red in the light of the west !

" Youth, O, what is this silken quiet,
What is the smile of the friendly moonlight,
The purple and gold of the evening sun,
To him whom the feeling of bondage oppresses ?
Now streamest thou wild,
As thy heart may prompt !
But below, oft ruleth the fickle tempest,
Oft the stillness of death, in the subject sea !

" O, hasten not so
Toward the green sea !
Youth, O, now thou art strong, like a god,—
Free, like a god ! " — pp. 298, 299.

We have no very poetical associations connected with Holland and the Low Dutch language. The words call to mind a flat, uninteresting country, and a people much addicted to traffic, gin, and tobacco. But they have had poets, those web-footed Dutchmen, and have them still, in goodly numbers, — poets who have sung of themes as lofty, and in strains, we are bound to believe, as musical, as if they had inhabited a mountainous region, and had been nurtured by all imaginative and stirring influences. Dr. Bowring, a remarkable linguist and most successful rhythmical translator, assures us that it is so, and has given evidence of his assertion in a respectable volume, which bears the happily selected and

euphonious title of "Batavian Anthology." From this book, and from an article or two in the Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Reviews, which very probably came from the same hand that wrote the "Anthology," Mr. Longfellow has culled all the specimens, which are here given, of Low Dutch poetry. Certainly, the fraternity of bards in Holland is under great obligations to Dr. Bowring for introducing them to the great people who speak the English tongue. If he had not fished them up, most of their works, so far as the English reader is concerned, might as well have been drowned in the Zuyder Zee. The specimens collected do not impress us very favorably. Those from the poets of our own times are the best; though of one of these, Kinker, the frank admission is made by his admiring critic, that "his verses are frequently unintelligible, though they leave the impression, that, if we could but understand them, they would be very fine." The reason assigned for this obscurity is quite a sufficient one, as it appears that Kinker was deeply bitten by the rage for Kantian metaphysics.

More accomplished, and better known out of his own country, as it seems that Mr. Southey has somewhere spoken of him, is Bilderdijk, who wrote and quarrelled incessantly during nearly the whole of a long life, which ended in 1831. Yet most of our readers will be disposed to echo the question with which Southey begins to speak of him, "And who is Bilderdijk?" The author of "Thalaba" coolly replies, that it would not be necessary to ask, if it had not been for the confusion of languages which took place at the building of Babel. The published works of Bilderdijk fill over one hundred octavos, "and there are more behind in manuscript." A Dutch critic remarks of him, that he "excels in every species of poetry, tragedy alone excepted; in this he has been able to equal neither the ancients, nor the French triumvirate, nor Shakspeare, nor Schiller, nor Vondel"; — a qualification which we can admit to be well founded, though we are not familiar with the Low Dutch tragedies of Vondel.

Mr. Longfellow has divided his view of French poetry, very nearly as he has done the German, into six periods, and arranged the translated specimens into corresponding divisions. They would fall more naturally, perhaps, under three heads, — the first embracing the earlier poems, and coming

down to the middle of the seventeenth century, the second extending to the end of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, and the third comprising what has been written since the earlier part of the eighteenth century. This arrangement would have shown, at least, in what unequal measure the treasures of French poetry have been made available for the English reader. That which belongs to the second of our periods, the most brilliant of the three, the courtly and magnificent age of the Great Monarch, seems either not to have attracted the notice of English translators, or to have defied their skill. French poetry of the classical school, indeed, is not well suited to our Anglo-Saxon tastes, and can with difficulty be rendered into our language without the loss of its most striking characteristics. Polished to the last degree of nicety, and often dependent for its principal charm on the most subtile idioms and the most delicate shades of expression, most of it is as untranslatable into English verse as the Odes of Horace. The editor, as we have said, has given us little from this period except a scene or two from some rather flat adaptations of the works of its great dramatists to the English stage.

But from the earliest of our three periods, Mr. Taylor, Miss Costello, and Mr. Longfellow have furnished an abundance of versions, most of them being very tasteful and rhythmical. The songs of the Jongleurs, the Trouvères, and the Troubadours come under this head. The vocation of all three differed not much from that of the Minnesingers of Germany, for the burden of their songs "was love, still love." The Jongleurs were simply wandering minstrels, who sang what they wrote, while the Trouvères composed, but did not sing; these two classes belonged to the North of France, while the strains of the Troubadours, softer and more voluptuous, came from the sweet South. As a specimen of their lays, and of the graceful versions of Miss Costello, we will extract two of the specimens, leaving it for our readers to ascertain whether Tom Moore has stolen from the Troubadours, or whether the fair translator has borrowed from the Irish bard the softness and melody of her versification.

"Who has not looked upon her brow
Has never dreamed of perfect bliss:
But once to see her is to know
What beauty, what perfection, is.

" Her charms are of the growth of heaven,
She decks the night with hues of day:
Blest are the eyes to which 't is given
On her to gaze the soul away!" — p. 429.

" No, never since the fatal time
When the world fell for woman's crime,
Has Heaven in tender mercy sent —
All preordaining, all foreseeing —
A breath of purity that lent
Existence to so fair a being!
Whatever earth can boast of rare,
Of precious, and of good, —
Gaze on her form, 't is mingled there,
With added grace endued.

" Why, why is she so much above
All others whom I might behold, —
Whom I, unblamed, might dare to love,
To whom my sorrows might be told?
O, when I see her, passing fair,
I feel how vain is all my care:
I feel she all transcends my praise,
I feel she must contemn my lays:
I feel, alas! no claim have I
To gain that bright divinity!
Were she less lovely, less divine,
Less passion and despair were mine." — pp. 430, 431.

The French poets of the present century appear to considerable advantage in this volume; and yet, they hardly have their due. But very few of their effusions have been skilfully married to English verse, though they are more translatable than the works of their immediate predecessors, the classical school. There is a very good introductory notice of Chateaubriand; but the two translated scraps of his verses give no idea of his poetic talent. Five or six of Beranger's inimitable lyrics have been capitally rendered in some of the English magazines, and Mr. Longfellow has done well in transferring the versions to his volume. A few translations from Victor Hugo, executed with great spirit and elegance, have been borrowed from our contemporary, the Democratic Review. The specimens given of the poetry of Madame Tastu and of Auguste Barbier are enough to make one wish for more from the same source.

From the well trodden field of Italian poetry the editor's gleanings have been considerable, and they form one of the most attractive portions of the volume. The chronological arrangement is into four periods, — the first including the poets of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the second extending over the fifteenth, the third over the sixteenth, century, while the fourth reaches from the year 1600 to the present day. Of these, the first and third are evidently the most interesting, the former comprising the immortal names of the *trecentisti*, of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, and the latter shining with the hardly less splendid fame of Ariosto, Michel Angelo, and Tasso. English translators have been as fond of trying their skill upon the great Italian poets, as they have been fearful of the French ; and Mr. Longfellow has consequently had more scope than usual for exercising his taste in making selections. He has generally shown nice discernment and true appreciation of the relative merits of different translators. He has passed over, for the most part, the watery transfusions of Hoole, and has gleaned from the ephemeral pages of the minor periodicals many scraps of translation, executed with great spirit, fidelity, and grace, which might otherwise have floated down to oblivion. We are not so well satisfied to find no specimen of Cary's translation of Dante, which, though it is unrhymed, and is in ordinary blank verse, instead of the metre of the original, is still executed with so much vigor, precision, and beauty, as well to deserve the reputation it has long enjoyed, of being a classic in this department of English literature. The gem, as it seems to us, of the specimens here brought together of versions from Dante is the following exquisite translation from the twenty-third book of the "Paradise," by Mr. F. C. Gray. We quote it the more readily, as in Mr. Longfellow's volume it appears, we believe, for the first time in print, and as it fully exemplifies our ideal of the manner in which such work should be performed, — not slavishly literal, but preserving all the spirit and general meaning of the original, which it fully rivals in grace and elegance. It is a perfect little poem, made so thoroughly English, as, for the eye unacquainted with the Italian, to retain no trace of its foreign origin. Mark the manner in which the interlocking rhyme and measure sustain the prolonged sense, and bear out the elaborate and beautiful comparisons in their full meaning and harmony.

" BEATRICE.

" Like as the bird, who on her nest all night
Had rested, darkling, with her tender brood,
'Mid the loved foliage, longing now for light,
To gaze on their dear looks and bring them food, —
Sweet task, whose pleasures all its toil repay, —
Anticipates the dawn, and, through the wood
Ascending, perches on the topmost spray,
There, all impatience, watching to descry
The first faint glimmer of approaching day :
Thus did my lady, toward the southern sky,
Erect and motionless, her visage turn ;
The mute suspense that filled her wistful eye
Made me like one who waits a friend's return,
Lives on this hope, and will no other own.
Soon did my eye a rising light discern ;
High up the heavens its kindling splendors shone,
And Beatrice exclaimed, 'See, they appear,
The Lord's triumphal hosts! For this alone
These spheres have rolled and reaped their harvest here!'
Her face seemed all on fire, and in her eye
Danced joy unspeakable to mortal ear.
As when full-orbed Diana smiles on high,
While the eternal nymphs her form surround,
And, scattering beauty through the cloudless sky,
Float on the bosom of the blue profound :
O er thousands of bright flowers was seen to blaze
One sun transcendent, from whom all around,
As from our sun the planets, drew their rays ;
He through these living lights poured such a tide
Of glory, as o'erpowered my feeble gaze.
'O Beatrice, my sweet, my precious guide!'" — p. 524.

The introductory notice of Dante, we believe, was written by Mr. Longfellow himself, and we quote from it the following beautiful and just explanation of the general idea on which the poet's great work depends.

" We are to consider the Divine Poem as the mirror of the age in which its author lived ; or rather, perhaps, as a mirror of Italy in that age. The principal historic events and personages, the character and learning of the time, are faithfully imaged and reproduced therein. Most of the events described had just transpired ; most of the persons were just dead ; the memory of both was still warm in the minds of men. The poet did not merely imagine, as a possibility ; but felt, as a reality. He was wandering about homeless, as he composed ; almost borrowing the ink

he wrote with. They who had wronged him still lived to wrong him further. No wonder, then, that in his troubled, burning soul arose great thoughts and awful, like Farinata, from his burning sepulchre. When he approached a city's gates, he could not but be reminded that into the gates of Florence he could go no more. When he beheld the towers of feudal castles cresting the distant hills, he felt how arrogant are the strong, how much abused the weak. Every brook and river reminded him of the Arno, and the brooklets that descend from Casentino. Every voice he heard told him, by its strange accent, that he was an exile; and every home he saw said to him, in its sympathies even, 'Thou art homeless!' All these things found expression in his poem; and much of the beautiful description of landscape, and of the morning and the evening, bears the freshness of that impression which is made on the mind of a foot-traveller, who sits under the trees at noon, and leaves or enters towns when the morning or evening bells are ringing, and he has only to hear 'how many a tale their music tells.'

"Dante, in his Latin treatise 'De Monarchiâ,' says, that man is a kind of middle term between the corruptible and the incorruptible, and, being thus twofold in his nature, is destined to a twofold end; 'namely, to happiness in this life, which consists in the practice of virtue, and is figured forth in the Terrestrial Paradise; and eternal beatitude, which consists in the fruition of the divine presence; to which we cannot arrive by any virtue of our own, unless aided by divine light; and this is the Celestial Paradise.' This idea forms the thread of the 'Commedia.'

"Midway in life the poet finds himself lost in the gloomy forest of worldly cares, beset by Pride, Avarice, and Sensual Pleasure. Moral Philosophy, embodied in the form of Virgil, leads him forth through the hell of worldly sin and passion and suffering, through the purgatory of repentant feelings, to the quiet repose of earthly happiness. Farther than this mere philosophy cannot go. Here Divine Wisdom, or Theology, in the form of Beatrice, receives the pilgrim, and, ascending from planet to planet, brings him to the throne of God.

"Upon this slender, golden thread hangs this universe of a poem; in which things visible and invisible have their appointed place, and the spheres and populous stars revolve harmonious about their centre." — p. 514.

Tasso fares well in this volume. A well written sketch of his life, and a discriminating criticism on his poetry, are followed by extracts from very good translations of his works. The specimens of the "Jerusalem Delivered," with excellent taste, are taken from the version by Fairfax,

one of the oldest, but certainly the best, of the numerous translations of this immortal poem. Most of his sonnets which are quoted are in the English dress given to them by Mr. R. H. Wilde, whose two volumes of "Conjectures and Researches" respecting Tasso are a most honorable monument to the taste, scholarship, and critical acumen of the writer. Of the crowd of Italian poets who have flourished during the past two centuries, as full notices and specimens are given as will be desired by the ordinary reader.

It only remains for us to notice the collections made to illustrate the history of poetry in Spain and Portugal. Three periods are established in the annals of the former, — the first reaching from 1150 to 1500, the second including the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the third coming down to the present day. The comparative barrenness of the latter division reminds one of the mournful decline in the condition and prospects of noble and romantic Spain. Ten pages suffice for notices and specimens of the Spanish poets who have flourished during the last century and a half, while more than five times that number give but an insufficient idea of the rich harvest of poetry, in that storied and picturesque land, during the two preceding centuries. This second period is adorned with the great names of Cervantes, Lope de Vega, and Calderon, of Garcilaso de la Vega, Ponce de Leon, and Ercilla, and a crowd of minor bards, almost any one of which outshines the brightest of those belonging to a later day. The high spirit for which the people were always remarkable was nurtured by their rich and chivalric life, by their widely spread renown in war, and by their marvellous and successful adventures on the ocean and in the newly discovered world. National pride and magnanimity of feeling could not but flourish under such influences as these ; the serious and religious element, always predominant in the Spanish character, colored and modified the effects produced by external circumstances, and the spirit of honor, loyalty, and faith imbued all their imaginative literature. Lyric poetry and the drama, the poetry of passionate love or equally passionate devotion, were the particular forms and modes of verse in which their fervid life and excited imaginations were most readily and frequently embodied. There was, perhaps, a tendency to exaggeration in their poetry, flowing from the strong excitement of their minds ; but this was kept down in all their works of

the highest class, through the innate gravity and dignity which were manifest in their noble bearing. True pride preserves from bombast, and concentrated passion rarely falls into mere rant. Even the mysticism, to which the rapturous devotional feeling of some of their poets was prone, was checked and overborne by the mandates of a severe taste and carefully nurtured judgment.

The editor was fortunate in being able to select versions of Spanish poetry from the works of a multitude of excellent translators. Bowring, Wiffen, Roscoe, Lord Holland, Shelley, and Bryant are among those to whom he is indebted, and he has, as it were, repaid the loan with a few of his own musical and faithful renderings into English. We have already exhausted our space for quotation, but must find room for the following morsel of exquisite versification by our own Bryant, taken from the anonymous poetry of the earliest period. We know nothing of the source whence it was drawn, but it is one of those cases in which it will appear a mere impertinence to ask whether the version be faithful to the original. The translator who has succeeded so perfectly has made the English verses in every sense his own.

"THE SIESTA.

"Airs! that wander and murmur round,
Bearing delight where'er ye blow, —
Make in the elms a lulling sound,
While my lady sleeps in the shade below.

"Lighten and lengthen her noonday rest,
Till the heat of the noonday sun is o'er:
Sweet be her slumbers, — though in my breast
The pain she has waked may slumber no more!
Breathing soft from the blue profound,
Bearing delight where'er ye blow,
Make in the elms a lulling sound,
While my lady sleeps in the shade below.

"Airs! that over the bending boughs,
And under the shadows of the leaves,
Murmur soft, like my timid vows,
Or the secret sighs my bosom heaves, —
Gently sweeping the grassy ground,
Bearing delight where'er ye blow,
Make in the elms a lulling sound,
While my lady sleeps in the shade below." — p. 664.

We would willingly dwell upon the beautiful ballads, which are the most precious part of the early poetry of Spain, and which appear in this volume in very pleasing, but very paraphrastic, versions into English. But we must pass on, to speak very briefly of the specimens of Portuguese poetry. The editor has here adopted the same division into historic periods as in the case of Spain ; the materials from which he has drawn were copious, for besides many of the translators already mentioned, Strangford, Adamson, and Mrs. Hemans have made numerous and valuable contributions for a Portuguese anthology. As for the originals, one name is written so high above all the others, that the foreign reader's attention is fastened almost exclusively upon it. Neither the first nor the third period in the literary annals of Portugal seems very rich, if we look at the quality of the wares, rather than their quantity ; and the second appears engrossed, as it were, with the single fame of Camoens, the writer of the national epic, who, in his lifetime, was steeped in poverty to the lips, and died in a hospital. As usual in such cases, a splendid monument was erected to him fifteen years after his death, when his name had become honorable to his country, though his country could no longer be of service to him. The "Lusiad" is the heroic poem of Portugal's heroic age ; it celebrates one of those grand feats of maritime adventure, which form epochs in the history of the world. Vasco de Gama's great discovery of a passage round the Cape of Good Hope seems hardly to afford sufficient material for an epic ; but Camoens himself had followed in this distinguished captain's track, and the story of his own adventures and sufferings in the East Indies might have furnished out a poem of equal or greater length. The merit of the work is probably to be ascribed in a considerable measure to his personal adventures ; if he had seen and suffered less, he might have written less forcibly. Misery is the most effectual, as it has been the most common, stimulant of genius. The defects of the poem are nearly as conspicuous as its beauties ; overwrought description, an ill-constructed story, and incongruous machinery are great drawbacks from the pleasure given by an epic. These faults, unluckily, are not likely to be lessened in a translation, and Camoens certainly is under no great obligations to Mr. Mickle, who has done the "Lusiad" into English. A better idea of the poetic genius of the

Portuguese bard will be gained from some very pleasing versions of his minor poems.

We have endeavoured to give the reader some idea of the very varied and interesting contents of Mr. Longfellow's volume ; but the sketch has necessarily been an exceedingly meagre one. The book abounds with material for the gratification of a cultivated taste, and for the instruction of every mind of a generous and inquiring nature. But it does not admit of abridgment, and the nearest approach to a summary account of it would be to copy its table of contents. It suggests many themes for criticism and reflection, which we have reluctantly passed over, and now leave for the unbiased consideration of those who may be able to dwell long and studiously upon its attractive pages.

Art. IX. — *Historic Fancies.* By the Hon. George Sydney Smythe, M. P. Second Edition. London : Henry Colburn. 1844. 8vo. pp. 386.

The institutions of England seem to have reached a crisis which will require all the wisdom of her wisest statesmen to conduct to a safe and happy issue. Pressed to the earth by a national debt, the extent of which imagination itself can scarcely embrace, hemmed in by vast accumulations of property, side by side with the most sordid poverty, the working classes have reached the lowest point of suffering which human nature can bear. The prodigious emigration to the colonies, and to the United States, increasing every year, scarcely seems to diminish the terrible sum of evil which still exists at home. The destiny of England is a grand, but fearful problem. The cries for relief from millions of agonized human hearts cannot go up for ever in vain. But what measure, or what series of measures, wisely conceived and vigorously executed, are destined to work out her salvation, and raise her to a power and a prosperity even beyond her present imperial greatness, perhaps no human sagacity can as yet foresee.

Among the most curious phenomena, however, which the condition of affairs in England has exhibited to the world

within the last fifteen or twenty years, is the development of the party calling itself by the somewhat fantastic designation of "Young England." It is a party made up of a number of young gentlemen, who know that great wrong now exists, and that it ought to be removed. They have as yet executed no measures that we have heard of, to bring about so desirable a result, except the wearing of white cravats. They talk a vast deal of nonsense about the Venetian oligarchy, and Erastianism; and they dream dreams about reuniting the cottage and the throne, — about restoring to the monarchy its ravished prerogatives, and to the lower classes the merry games and the convent alms that they enjoyed under a system of things which has now irrevocably passed away. The Revolution of 1688 is their especial abhorrence; and they abuse in good round terms what they are pleased to call the Dutch system of finance, whatever that may happen to be. They have some vague, mystical notion, that the Middle Ages were a sort of golden age for the people; and that this golden age must be restored, if the ills of the present turbulent days are ever to be cured. They speak of the Church, in the day of her unquestioned supremacy, with reverence, and of the implicit faith which she exacted, as something which she had a right to claim, and which is still her due. The Reformation, to Young England, as well as to the Puseyites, is a terrible stumbling-block. Freedom of individual conscience they think the source of unbounded mischief and an absurdity. The baronial castles, the monasteries, and the cathedrals of the Middle Ages they look back upon with longing and regret. Feudalism, with its reciprocal duties and obligations, seems to them the ideal of a wise and sound civil polity. The oppression of serfs, the unbounded scope then given to the licentious abuse of power, the stupid ignorance of the slaves, and the scarcely less stupid ignorance of the barons, the rude organization of society, the brutish ferocities of private war, and the nameless horrors of the detestable system of chivalry, vanish from the view of these dainty gentlemen, as they chant the glory and the happiness of the past, contrasted with the shame, and meanness, and sufferings of the present. The infinite cruelties of religious persecution, the rack, the thumb-screw, the faggot, the Inquisition, and the Holy Vehme; the seigniorial rights, not only over property, but over persons in their most

sacred relations, in many cases rendering the purity of domestic life among the lower classes dependent on the rare and unaccustomed chance of their having a virtuous and considerate lord ; — all these characteristic traits, which make up the very essence of those vaunted ages, are not taken into the account by this retrospective party.

The leading spirits of Young England have made a very prominent figure in literature of late years. They have affected a profound and philosophical air, have solved the difficulties which the wisest had vainly done their utmost to remove, and have, without the slightest ceremony, pushed from their stools the men on whose shoulders the burdens of state have immemorially reposed. Some of the dandy novels of Mr. Bulwer are conceived and written in this spirit. Mincing gentlemen, hardly out of their teens, — feeble voluptuaries, who have exhausted the resources of sensual indulgence before their prime, flourish their crude and wordy speculations, and are represented as superseding the long-taught lessons of experience and common sense. Several of Mr. D'Israeli's works have the same pseudo-political bearing. Early in life this gentleman seems to have cast a wistful eye upon the glories of a political career. The dandyism and affectation of Bulwer's heroes found in him an admirable realization. With imagination, some knowledge of literature, and, judging from his books, with vanity unspeakable and immeasurable, with words and phrases, some with meaning and some without, at his unlimited command, all he needed was an assured position to take a leading part in the fantastic drama about to be enacted by the members of Young England. After having written a series of volumes in a tawdry, but rather taking style, wherein great things were portentously announced, Mr. D'Israeli married a position and a seat in the House of Commons. A short time ago he published his "Coningsby," a novel which excited considerable interest among the political and literary quidnuncs of England and the United States. It has passed through several editions, and though something more than a year has expired since its publication, still continues to be read. It abounds in what are meant to be portraits of living political characters, and is supposed to embody the principles of Young England. These two circumstances have prolonged the term of its natural existence several months

after it would, in the proper course of things, have breathed its last. Mr. D'Israeli's amusing extravaganza about the Jews is one of the most whimsical and pleasant tirades in the book, and really appears to be written with something like a belief in its preposterous assumptions and fictitious facts. The question of the condition of England is brought forward in Young England's peculiar style ; and the grand remedy for the uneasiness and distress, so deep-seated and so universal, appears to be the ringing of the castle-bell for the stated distribution of soup among the poor. The political portraits are colored with all the virulence of a conceited partisan, whose long-drawn declamations, brilliant antitheses, and fantastic follies of sounding phrase had fallen powerless upon a practical legislative body. The political talk of the beardless young gentlemen, not yet let loose from school, who constitute the acting personages of the novel, is silly beyond the permissible limits of this kind of discourse. They really abuse their privilege of spouting unmeaning folly, in the most unjustifiable manner ; and if they had been persons in real life, would doubtless have been put under guardianship, and restrained from the management of their estates by a decree of *non compos.*

The speeches of Mr. D'Israeli in the House of Commons, for several years, are marked by the same traits as his books. While we read them at this distance of place, we are amazed by their unexampled impudence. Sir Robert Peel is the great object of his attack, both by the tongue and the pen. The curious variety of pertly turned phrases with which the dandy novelist attempts to molest the statesman, and to make him afraid, presents quite a study to the critic of style. With a considerable knack at a vicious and affected rhetoric, with a willingness to say what he supposes to be smart and cutting things of political opponents, but what all persons of correct taste feel to be the vulgarities of dandyism out of its natural sphere, and attempting to play a part for which it is wholly unfit, we should suppose the displays of Mr. D'Israeli's very peculiar eloquence might be amusing, did they not occupy the time which were more profitably given to the transaction of business. The minister takes it all very coolly, and, we should judge, rather contemptuously. A few mischievous members only, who evidently love the sport, halloo the representative of Young England on. Mr.

D'Israeli shows one mark of wisdom in the midst of his broadside of words and phrases, — he never proposes a measure. It would be a comical piece of political retribution, if, in the vicissitudes of life, this phrase-maker should be actually placed in a situation of responsibility ; should be forced to propose and defend measures of his own devising. How, like Cleon, he would shrink from the task, and tremble at the certain exposure of his incompetency ! Imagine England, with the author of "Vivian Grey" for prime minister, and a cabinet selected from the pages of "Coningsby"! The views that were shadowed forth in previous writings and speeches have been further illustrated in his recent novel, "Sybil," one of the most incoherent, extravagant, and absurd books of the season ; but yet attractive from the vivacity of its style, and the vigor of the descriptive passages, especially those in which some of the late insurrectionary movements among the manufacturing operatives are delineated.

Though it is not easy to say how the distress of the people in England is to be relieved, it is quite easy to see that they can never be alleviated by dreaming and talking. Sentimental phrases about loyalty, and sounding declamation upon the motto, "Nobility has its duties," will go but little way towards cloying the hungry edge of appetite. Playing at mediæval manners, making believe that the old feudal loyalty is to be restored, chattering about the castle and the cottage, abusing the practical measures of statesmen, and slandering the actual government as an "organized hypocrisy," will never supply the starving multitude with food, or cover the nakedness of shivering infancy and age with clothing. These are all pretty themes for epigrammatic talk ; they have a certain gracefulness upon the lips of gloved and lisping dandies ; but they touch no real want of the age ; they tend to no practical result ; they intimate no desire on the part of the speakers and writers to sacrifice one comfort, to deprive themselves of one luxury, to lift a finger in one heroic effort, for the benefit of those on whose condition they please themselves with turning finical sentences. Exclamation points and capital letters, announcing, with all the emphasis of typographic art, the coming of a new age, the advent of a new generation, and the passing away of the old, may excite a sensation in the boudoir, but can give no cheering

hope of amendment to the wretched pauper who expects to starve to-morrow. These wordy philanthropists are people who are clothed in purple and fine linen every day ; whose tables groan with the costliest luxuries from every clime ; for the gratification of whose capricious tastes the waters of every sea are vexed by British keels ; for whose delicate palates the vintages of the Rhine, of Champagne, and Burgundy pour out their richest blood. While they revel in the splendid voluptuousness which the wealth, the commerce, and the arts of the nineteenth century combine to produce, they profess to believe that the appalling evils which stand side by side with these wonderful results of modern civilization can be cured by a puny attempt to revive a class of sentiments, to restore a set of relations, which are as much forgotten, as antique and rusty, as the cumbrous armor worn by the stalwart warriors of the Dark Ages. They misconceive the past, and they misunderstand the present. The feelings which bound together the lords and the serfs, the monasteries and the tenantry, had their foundation in tyranny and slavery, in superstition, fraud, and ignorance. To restore these feelings, to reunite the severed orders on the basis of their ancient union, the tyranny, the slavery, the superstition, and the ignorance must also be restored. These dreamers of mediæval times must also be changed from the silken lords of to-day into the muscular, huge-fisted, brawny, iron-clad fighters of five hundred years ago. How would Mr. D'Israeli and Mr. Bulwer figure in the "complete steel" of the days of chivalry, with casques of metal deranging their perfumed curls, and breastplates of linked iron encompassing their slender waists, and greaves of brass around their tiny legs ? We imagine they would find it but a sorry exchange for the refinements and luxuries of their present lot.

Our age is not the time for such visions. It is impossible to conjure back by fine words the submissive loyalty of the poor to their lords, which existed when the ignorance of the people looked upon these distinctions of classes and conditions as fixed by the decree of Providence. Our age is progressive, not retrospective ; or if men do look back to the past, it is to learn from the ages of suffering how to avoid suffering in the future. We have reached the period of manhood ; and the bawbles which charmed our infancy and

youth can never resume their ancient power. Men have learned to know their just claims, and to demand their rights. They ask not for charity doled out by compassionate and condescending masters ; but they claim a free career for the natural exercise of their powers. They ask to be men, not beggars ; and they will not be contented, until these reasonable demands are fairly met. Maypoles and cricket-matches, and the ancient sports of merry England, and the Faith and Unity of the Church, — these canting phrases and catchwords of a false and sentimental philanthropy ; a monarchy restored to its just prerogatives, and supported by a happy peasantry emancipated from a Venetian oligarchy,— that unmeaning formula of dandy politics ; — all these are but sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal to the real questions which the present age has to solve.

But we descend from these general reflections to the book which lies before us. The Hon. George Sydney Smythe, M. P., belongs to the Young England school, as we judge from the "Historic Fancies." Though not a man of genius, he writes with a good degree of literary elegance. He is doubtless a gentleman and a scholar ; and he shows none of the presumption and self-conceit which mark the productions of some of his compeers. His style proves him to possess a delicate and refined taste, and a sympathetic appreciation of the felicities of expression. His habits are evidently intellectual and his sentiments humane. He is familiar with the history of the past and the condition of the present. He does not appear to possess a wide range of vision, however, or any very marked ability for dealing with practical questions or abstract truths. His prose is for the most part clear and unaffected ; and had he not caught Mr. D'Israeli's trick of canting about the "Erastianism of the present age," there would have been scarcely any thing to offend a correct taste. The sketches of historical personages who figured in the French Revolution are generally written with knowledge and elegance. In some of them, however, he has been seduced, by the false philosophy which is so much in vogue among the present French writers, into attempts at palliating the atrocities of the philanthropic ruffians and pedantic cutthroats who swayed the unhappy fortunes of France during that miserable period of the wrath of Heaven. This shows how far even the good sense and

sound morality of England may be imposed upon by the plausible theories of the philosophic apologists for tyranny, rapine, and blood. Young England has a strange and perverted sympathy with the multiplied villanies of regicide France, especially when we consider its absorption in mediæval visions, and its ardent devotion to legitimacy, unqualified despotism, and the ancient superstitions of the Church. But Young England, like Young America, has never been famous for logical consistency.

The poetical pieces in this volume are characterized by good taste, but indicate a very moderate degree of creative power. Greatly inferior to the historical ballads of Mr. Macaulay, they resemble them occasionally in subjects and rhythm. The "Last Prayer" of Mary Stuart is touching and elegant.

"A lonely mourner kneels in prayer before the Virgin's fane,
With white hands crossed for Jesu's sake, so her prayer may not be vain.
Wan is her cheek, and very pale, — her voice is low and faint, —
And tears are in her eyes, the while she makes her humble plaint.
O little could you deem, from her sad and lowly mien,
That she was once the Bride of France, and still was Scotland's Queen!

"O, Mary Mother! — Mary Mother! — be my help and stay!
Be with me still, as thou hast been, and strengthen me to-day!
For many a time, with heavy heart, all weary of its grief,
I solace sought in thy blest thought, and ever found relief:
For thou, too, wert a Queen on earth, — and men were harsh to thee!
And cruel things and rude, they said, — as they have said of me!

"O, Gentlemen of Scotland! O, Cavaliers of France!
How each and all had grasped his sword, and seized his angry lance,
If Ladye love, or Sister dear, or nearer dearer Bride,
Had been, like me, your friendless Liege, insulted and belied! —
But these are sinful thoughts, and sad, — I should not mind me now,
Of faith forsworn, or broken pledge, or false or fruitless vow!

"But rather pray — sweet Mary — my sins may be forgiven! —
And less severe than on the earth, my Judges prove in heaven.
For stern and solemn men have said — God's vengeance will be shown, —
And fearful will the penance be on the sins which I have done!
And yet, albeit my sins be great — Oh Mary, Mary dear! —
Nor to Knox, nor to false Moray, the JUDGE will then give ear!

"Yes! it was wrong and thoughtless, when first I came from France,
To lead courante, or minuet, or lighter, gayer dance.
Yes — it was wrong and thoughtless, — to while whole hours away
In dark and gloomy Holyrood, with some Italian lay.
Dark men would scowl their hate at me, and I have heard them tell,
How the Just Lord God of Israel had stricken Jezebel!

"But thou — dear Mary — Mary mine! hast ever looked the same,
With pleasant mien, and smile serene, on her who bore thy name;
Oh, grant that, when anon I go to death, I may not see
Nor axe, nor block, nor headsman, — but Thee, and only Thee!
Then, 'twill be told, in coming times, how Mary gave her grace
To die, as Stuart, Guise, should die — of Charlemagne's fearless race." — pp. 56 – 58.

We give the ballad on "The Aristocracy of France," as the most striking and characteristic.

"Oh never yet was theme so meet for roundel or romaunce
As the ancient aristocracy and chivalry of France; —
As when they went for Palestine, with Lewis at their head,
And many a waving banner, and the Oriflamme outspread; —
And many a burnished galley, with its blaze of armor shone
In the ports of sunny Cyprus, and the Acre of St. John; —
And many a knight, who signed the cross, as he saw the burning sands,
With a prayer for those whom he had left, in green and fairer lands.
God aid them all, God them assoil, for few shall see again
Streams like their own, their azure Rhone, or swift and silver Seine.

God aid him — the first baron, — the first of Christendom, —
God aid the Montmorenci, far from his northern home.
And they are far from their Navarre, and from their soft Garonne,
The Lords of Foix and Gramont, and the Count of Carcassone;
For they have left, those Southron knights, the clime they love so well,
The feasts of fair Montpellier, and the Toulouse Carousel, —
And the chase in early morning, when the keen and pleasant breeze
Came cold to the cheek, from many a peak of the snowy Pyrenees;
And they have vowed that they will vie with the Northmen in the plain,
With De Joinville, and with Artois, and with Thibaut of Champagne:
But with them all might none compare, how great or grand his line,
With that young knight, who bore in fight the blazon of Sergine.
Nor could one boast of all that host that went against the Moor,
So fair a feat, or one so meet for praise from Troubadour.
He clove his way, where Lewis lay, with the Moslemin around,
He clove his way, through all the fray, and bore him from the ground.
And thus he earned a prouder name than herald ever gave,
The foremost of the foremost, and the bravest of the brave.

" Oh never yet was theme so meet for roundel or romaunce,
As the ancient aristocracy and chivalry of France; —
As when they lay before Tournay, and the Grand Monarque was there,
With the bravest of his warriors, and the fairest of his fair;
And the sun that was his symbol and on his army shone,
Was in lustre, and in splendor, and in light itself outdone.
For the lowland and the highland were gleaming as of old,
When England vied with France in pride, on the famous Field of Gold;
And morn, and noon, and evening, and all the livelong night,
Were the sound of ceaseless music and the echo of delight.
And but for Vauban's waving arm, and the answering cannonade,
It might have been a festal scene in some Versailles arcade;
For she was there, the beautiful, the daughter of Mortemart,
And her proud eyes flashed the prouder for the roaring of the war.

And many a dark-haired rival, who bound her lover's arm
With a ribbon, or a ringlet, or a kerchief for a charm;
And with an air as dainty, and with a step as light,
As they moved among the masquers, they went into the fight:
O brave they went, and brave they fought, for glory and for France,
The La Tremöille, and the Noailles, and the Courtenay of Byzance;
And haughty was their war-cry, as they rushed into the field,
The de Narbonne and de Talleyrand, in Castilian on each shield.
And well they knew de Montesquieu, and Rohan, and Loraine,
That a bold deed was ever sure high lady's smiles to gain.
For none were loved with such true love, or wept with so true a tear,
As he who lived a Courtier, but who died a Cavalier.

"Oh never yet was theme so meet for roundel or romaunce,
As the ancient aristocracy and chivalry of France.
As now they lie in poverty — and dark is their decline;
For the sun that shone so long on them, it now hath ceased to shine.
And the mighty house of Bourbon, that made them what they were,
Kneels humbly at the Austrian's feet, beneath the Austrian's care.
And the nineteenth Louis knows not France, and his queen she never sees
Her soft St. Cloud, her Rambouillet, her solemn Tuileries;
And the revel, and the pageant, and the feast that were of yore,
And courtly wit and compliment — these things are now no more;
Save in some old man's memory, who loves to ponder yet
On Lamballe's playful jesting, and the smile of Antoinette.
And bids his son remember, how the middle classes reign
In the Basilic of Monarchs, and the Nobles' old domain!
For *these* they have lost all things save their honor and their names;
Chateaubriand and de Brêzé, and Stuart of Fitzjames,
And Lévis, and La Rochejacquelin, and the brave and blameless few,
Like de Biron and de Luxembourg, the loyal and the true:
Then, though their state be fallen, all Europe cannot show
Such glory as was theirs of old, such glory as is now.

For they themselves have conquered, themselves they have
forgone,
And they their own relinquish, till the King shall have his own.
Then grant, God grant, that day may come, and long shall it
endure,
For the poor will find true friends in those who have them-
selves been poor;
And the Noble, and the People, and the Church alike shall
know,
A Christian King of France, in King Henry of Bordeaux."

pp. 33 – 38.

The ballad on "King James the Second" is also very good, but we have not room to quote it.

Among the slighter fancy sketches that have considerable merit, the "Cabinet Dinner in the Last Century," and "An Opposition Scene in the Last Century," may be particularly mentioned. The ballad on "The Jacobin of Paris" strikes us as an unsuccessful attempt to deal poetically with a very vulgar and gory subject. Among the historical characters, we think Mr. Smythe has succeeded best in that of Mirabeau. While doing full justice to that profligate and mercenary demagogue's splendid talents, he does not, like Carlyle, confound all moral distinctions by setting up energy of character, not only as a substitute for virtue, but as something better than virtue. We close our notice of this interesting volume with the concluding paragraphs of this sketch.

"In retort and repartee, in sallies and attacks, in quickness of reply, in all the guerilla movements of debate, Mirabeau was also without a rival. He was as perfect a partisan as Mr. Pulteney, or Mr. Fox, without, like them, 'having blundered into excellence.' How happy, for example, this answer to the Abbé Maury, who had charged him with having called the mob in to his aid: 'I shall not degrade myself by refuting the accusation this moment made against me, unless, indeed, the Assembly shall elevate it to my notice, by ordering me to answer. In that case, I shall think that I have said enough for my justification and renown, by naming my accuser and myself.'

"To those who attacked the title of 'French people,' he was little less contemptuous. 'I adopt it, I defend it, I proclaim it, for the very reasons for which you assail it. Yes, it is because the name of "People" is not sufficiently esteemed in France; because it is tarnished and obscured by the rust of prejudices; because it presents an idea at which pride is alarmed, and vanity

revolted ; because it is pronounced with scorn in the saloons of the aristocracy ; yes, it is for all this, Gentlemen, that I could wish, it is even for this that we ought to impose on ourselves, the obligation not only of elevating but of ennobling it — of rendering it henceforward respected by ministers, and dear to every heart.'

" His voice, too, was such that he could always command the Assembly. Loud above the tumult was heard his imperious injunction — ' *Silence aux trente voix.*' High above all others he towered at the tribune, when he shouted aloud, ' I will leave this tribune triumphant, or in pieces.'

" It is, as M. Thiers says, a doubt which will be differently solved by the respective admirers of Mirabeau and the Revolution — whether he would have been as successful on the side of Authority as on that of Insurrection, whether his Herculean energies would have vanquished the Hydra, whether he would have been able to repress the popular chiefs, who wished in their turn for power ; whether he would have been able to say to Robespierre, ' Remain in your obscure faubourg,' and to Danton, ' Be still, within your section.' That this was not impossible, M. Thiers has seen a proof, since he wrote his history. He has seen a revolution charged with dangers as alarming, and a spirit as audacious, rolled back by an energy, and controlled by a genius, only inferior to Mirabeau's. He has served under Casimir Perier. And he may still see the same system of aggressive domination continued by a statesman, who combines all the characteristics of the three great Revolutionary schools ; the intellect of the Girondins, the corruption of the Dantonists, and the severity of the Mountain. *Soyez impitoyables*, M. Guizot's words, are as cruel as any that St. Just ever used.

" It is certain that his notorious connection with the Court was of no injury to Mirabeau's popularity. He charged at the head of the aristocracy with the same ardor as when leading the people. Their admiration for him was like that of his Cossack enemies for Murat. They delighted in the brilliancy of his appearance, and gloried in the versatility of his triumphs. He was still their champion. He was as much their hero as a grand Seigneur, as he had been as a demagogue. The very magnificence and splendor, which the gifts of the Court enabled him to display, were a homage to their choice. The luxuries of his sumptuous hotel, the lavishness of his superb expenditure, were rather matters of satisfaction than offence. There was a genuineness, an honesty, a breadth, in his enjoyment, which seemed to invite their simple and ready sympathy. There was nothing

of exclusion, fashion, or selfishness about it. It was that sort of Foxite extravagance which men rather love than envy. But the gold which the Court flung to the passions of Mirabeau destroyed him. He plunged into a course of debaucheries so intense, into orgies without a parallel in excess, even among the feeble Princes of the East, and which never before, except, perhaps, in the case of Lord Somers, coexisted with so strong an intellect. But Lord Somers only occasionally gave way to his passions; in Mirabeau they devoured his whole existence. His lust was as encyclopædic as his knowledge. It embraced every experiment, invention, combination, of blandishment and pleasure. His mornings were exhausted in contests to which those of Pericles and Cimon, Cæsar and Pompey, were insignificant and tame; his nights were consumed in a lascivious intemperance, in comparison with which those of the Regency were decency. But his intellectual powers and energies were not enfeebled or debilitated. He determined to show that he was no mere Rienzi; — he might break down, but he would not languish or relax. To the last he continued to work, to write, to speak, to agitate, to intrigue, with unabated spirit and indomitable force. At last, his physical strength gave way. He prepared for his death-bed with the calm courage of an ancient Stoic, and the delicate care of an Epicurean. 'Read this oration at the Tribune to-morrow,' he said to Talleyrand, the boon companion of his happier hour, 'it will be pleasant to hear a man speak against wills, who is dead, and has made his own.' 'Support that head,' he said to his servant, 'it is the strongest in France. Would that I could leave it to you.' His jealousy of Mr. Pitt's greatness disturbed his dying moments. 'That Pitt is the minister of preparatives. He governs by a system of threats; I should give him trouble if I lived.' The curate of the parish having come to offer the rites of the Catholic Church, Mirabeau declined them with politeness, saying that he had his superior already in the house — the Bishop of Autun. 'No,' he exclaimed, 'I will die in my own way. Open the windows, bring perfumes, flowers, music.' And he ordered beautiful objects and sweet sounds to be brought within the range of his languid and declining senses. But Providence was not thus to be eluded. The agonies of his death were so excruciating, that even his powers of endurance were worn out. He called repeatedly for laudanum. Cabinis, his physician, gave him a cup with a soothing draught, to deceive him. He drank it eagerly, and the moment afterwards expired, on the 2d of April, 1791." — pp. 210–215.

Art. X. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *A Manual of Ancient History, containing the Political Geography, Geographical Position, and Social State of the Principal Nations of Antiquity; carefully revised from the Ancient Writers.* By W. C. Taylor, LL.D., M. R. A. S. Revised by C. S. Henry, D. D., Professor of Philosophy and History in the University of the City of New York. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 323.

This work, at least in its present form, is not adapted to the use of scholars. It is not, like Heeren's valuable manual, to which it is largely indebted, a companion for the historical inquirer, furnishing him with the heads and main events of each epoch, and a catalogue *raisonné* of ancient and modern authors. Its aim is a more humble, though not less important one; to fill a place in the course of elementary study in our schools and colleges. As such it is welcome; for in no department of instruction is the dearth of good class-books more apparent.

History, with its handmaid geography, is a study especially suited to the tastes and capacity of the youthful mind. By its minuteness of detail, its occasional glances at individual character, its variety of incident, and its unceasing appeal to the imagination, it interests and excites the young student. If history is to be taught at all to minds not yet mature, it should be with an eye to such effects. Mere catalogues of dates and places, mere rolls of dynasties, are of as little use as the figures of a superannuated almanac. Though, fortunately, these are seldom remembered, they cost the poor learner vexation enough to disgust him with the whole study. We apprehend that one great object of instruction is to interest the pupil in his studies. To give the beginner a distaste for his work is to do him an irreparable injury; for not only is his immediate advancement precluded, but he forms a rooted prejudice, which even the riper judgment of later years may be unable to remove. We cannot see the wit or wisdom of systematically reducing a subject to its driest elements; of killing out every green branch, and serving up the stubble. This, however, is too often done, especially in historical and geographical manuals. The pupil is forced to plod his weary way through a desert of names and dates, to him as little attractive or important as a militia muster-roll.

The work before us is accompanied, in the American edition, by a "Manual of Modern History," of which at present we have

nothing to say. Our remarks are confined to the ancient history. Though purporting to be carefully revised from the ancient writers, it seems to us to bear much oftener the mark of the modern compilers and essayists, to whom the author in his preface candidly acknowledges his obligations. We may herein do him some injustice; for the notes to which he refers, "consisting for the most part of illustrations and anecdotes," if relating to this portion of his work, have disappeared. Whether this is one of the "slight curtailments" made by the American editor, we are not informed. For the purposes of instruction, they would be of little value. Notes and illustrations, to be of any use, should be wrought into the body of the work. The pupil always regards the note as subordinate to the text, and is apt entirely to neglect it. We are not quite satisfied with the execution of the work, though in some respects its plan is excellent. A systematic attempt has been made to present a sketch of the physical, social, and political condition of the various races and nations who pass successively in review. To the geographical and topographical outlines of different countries and cities much space has been devoted. All this is well. But the work is done too often in a dry, dogged way, with a consistent disdain of illustration, anecdote, or fancy. The Athenian character, for instance, so capable of being set off by a few spirited strokes and pertinent illustrations, is dismissed almost without a touch of life. Of the wayward and sensitive, though keen-eyed and energetic Demos, scarcely a feature is seen. No attempt, or only a most meagre one, is made to show the causes of the greatness of Athens or Rome. We have no hint of the peculiar traits in the Roman character, which fitted it alike to acquire and retain the sway of the world; none of those amazing contrasts between national heroism and individual meanness, so conspicuous in the history of ancient times. The student cannot sympathize with the great men of Greece or Rome, because no effort is made to raise them from the dead before him. Cæsar might have been Pompey, or Pompey, Cæsar, but for dates and places. The men are known, not by their true character, but by their latitude or their century.

The geographical portion of the book, with some barren exceptions, is well enough prepared; though we think that physical geography might have received a larger share of attention. The topographical descriptions of Athens and Rome are a valuable addition to the general geography. The proportions of the book are not well adjusted. The history of the Jews is drawn out to an exorbitant length, — especially as every page reminds one of the superior life and truth of the Scripture narrative.

While the career of Alexander the Great is disposed of in four pages, the history of the states which arose out of the dismemberment of his empire occupies thirty-seven, though these states owe nearly all their significance to their collision at a subsequent period with the colossal power of Rome, and are best treated of as episodes to the great movement of Roman conquest. We have here and there chapters containing only dull skeletons of dull histories of kings whose names suggest nothing, and whose deeds are hardly worthy of the scanty notice they receive.

The accuracy of a class-book should be complete. The learner should have, at least, the satisfaction of having learned a fact, though it be a very arid one. The work under review is in this respect by no means out of the reach of criticism. Though in such a treatise we deem no blunder a light one, we can pass over such slips as *western* frontier for eastern, *southeast* for northwest, *Mount* Opus for the *city* Opus, and the like. We may wonder what "ancient writer" informed Mr. Taylor that Marathon was *forty* miles distant from Athens, or that Saguntum was *on the Iberus*, or that Agrigentum was *eighteen hundred furlongs* from the sea, or that the younger Scipio was the adopted *son* of the elder. We need some new theory of ubiquity to account for the same battle taking place at two dates, nine years apart, or for the possibility that Cæsar should have been in Spain at the moment of his assassination in the Senate-house at Rome. We have been used to hear of the Olympic games as occurring every four years. Mr. Taylor substitutes *five*. We wish his new Olympiads might explain some anomalies in his chronology. Hieroglyphics, it appears, are of too little prominence in the history of Egyptian civilization to be even alluded to; and Babylon, having been only the intended seat of Alexander's empire and the place of his death, is not named in the account of his life. Mr. Taylor will permit us to inquire, who were the "*twelve* sons of Jacob" that sold "their brother Joseph" into Egypt.

One word as to the American edition, "revised by C. S. Henry, D. D., Professor of Philosophy and History in the University of the City of New York." Dr. Henry informs us, that, in revising this Manual, he "has made a few slight curtailments, principally in the first part of the volume." Perhaps the absence of any notice of Egyptian hieroglyphics is owing to one of these "slight" curtailments. Be that as it may, we must protest against the practice of indorsing, with names of some notoriety, books in the execution of which the pretended revisers have so small a share. The reviser of a book has no right to give currency to outrageous typographical blunders, which the most cursory examination of the proof-sheets would have detect-

ed. The reading of the sheets of this book seems to have been intrusted to some ignoramus, who had never read a line of Greek or Latin; so that, in respect to the orthography and accentuation of proper names, the present edition is wholly untrustworthy. We have Virentes for Veientes, Conrum for Comum, Careto for Caieta, Ancius for Anicius, Ancus for Aruns, Africa for Attica, Erus for Ems, Aquæ Lutiæ for Aquæ Sextiæ, &c. To show the degree of care with which the accents have been affixed, out of a forest of errors we select the following; Méssene, Megáris, Ozólæ, Ephýre, Taygétum, Phálereus, Mycále, Thrasýbulus, Evergétes, Creméra, Archímedes, and Cicéro, — the last, as if needing confirmation, appearing thrice on one page. We ought in justice, however, to acknowledge the scrupulous accuracy with which such words as Núma, Tárquin, Álba, Cróton, Gáza, and others, are accentuated; though we know not why Dendera and Naucratis have not at least an equal right. We cannot complain of a man merely for holding his literary reputation so cheap as to consent to be responsible for a roll of blunders, which would disgrace a school-boy. That is his own affair. But we do complain of publishers who borrow, and editors who lend, the authority of respectable names to editions equally discreditable to both.

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2. — *Rural Economy, in its Relations with Chemistry, Physics, and Meteorology; or Chemistry applied to Agriculture.* By J. B. Boussingault, Member of the Institute of France, etc. Translated, with an Introduction and Notes, by George Law, Agriculturist. New York: Appleton & Co. 1844. 12mo. pp. 507.

This is a handsome American reprint of a faulty English translation of an excellent work. M. Boussingault, whose name is by no means new to our readers, possesses rare qualifications as a writer on chemical and physical science applied to agriculture and rural affairs generally. He is a learned and experienced chemist, and has largely contributed to the recent advancement of the organic department of this science; he has been an extensive traveller, and has resided for several years in tropical America; he is also a practical farmer. The fruits of his foreign travel, and of his observations and experiments at home as the fellow-laborer of Arago and Dumas, tested by his experience at Bechelbronn, as a farmer perfectly familiar not only with the principles upon which agriculture depends, but also with their results under a great variety of circumstances,

must therefore possess the highest value. We should add, that Boussingault's farm in Alsace, the extreme east of France, is situated in a climate not essentially different from that of our own Northern and Middle States.

The work embodies the results of the inquiries upon various points of rural economy with which the author has long been sedulously engaged, presented in the most practical and generally intelligible form which the nature of the topics admits. French *savans* are, we think, peculiarly successful in their attempts to convey scientific truths in a popular style; and our author is so clear and simple in his statements, and has so completely excluded all superfluous technical details, that his book will prove, we imagine, more interesting to the general reader than any of its class. It is more sound, discriminating, and practical than the works of Liebig, more readable and much more comprehensive than those of Johnston. Want of room alone prevents us from giving an analysis of the contents of the volume, and a series of extracts on a variety of important subjects, — such, for instance, as the causes of decay in timber, and the modes lately adopted in France of impregnating the trunks of trees, when felled, with cheap but efficient antiseptic materials, so as to protect the timber against dry-rot and other causes of decay, to increase its hardness and strength, preserve its elasticity, diminish its inflammability, counteract the alternate expansion and contraction from the varying moisture of the atmosphere, and even to impart to common kinds of wood a variety of permanent tints, which will render them adapted to the construction of costly furniture. The account of the sugar manufacture and the cultivation of the sugar-cane is also very interesting, and abounds with hints that may be turned to profitable account by our neighbours, about to become our brethren, in Texas. The chapters on the feeding of animals and management of stock have anticipated Liebig's promised work upon that subject; and the meteorological chapter, filled with matters that will be new and striking to general readers, closes with a discussion of the influence of agricultural labors and the clearing of woods upon the climate of a country, and the quantity of running water. The question is interesting to us, since our own country is about to furnish the most satisfactory elements for its solution. Boussingault, who has studied the subject chiefly in the tropics, gives it as his opinion, that the felling of forests over a large extent of country always lessens the mean annual quantity of rain, and tends to disturb its equable distribution; thus agreeing with Humboldt, who remarks, that men in all climates, by destroying the trees which cover the summits and slopes of mountains, seem to be

bringing upon future generations two calamities at once, — a want of fuel and a scarcity of water.

The most unsatisfactory chapter of the book is the first, which is devoted to a brief summary of vegetable physiology, though here the numerous faults chiefly relate to matters of detail. They are, besides, greatly exaggerated by the incompetency of the translator, who in numerous passages has attained only a dim perception of his author's meaning. Mr. George Law may have done his best; but he appears to lack two rather important qualifications of a translator; namely, an adequate acquaintance with the subject of his author's book, and with the language in which it is written.* The editor's notes, even upon practical subjects, and his introductory comments, are of a similar character; as, for instance, where he controverts his author's views upon the philosophy of the dunghill; — but here, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, "comparisons are odorous," and we cannot engage in the discussion. We may, however, venture to advise the enterprising New York publishers to procure a new translation by some competent hand, when a second edition of this very valuable work is needed.

M. Boussingault, confining himself to his legitimate province, scarcely touches upon questions of pure physiology. But we are glad to notice, that he does not seem to countenance doctrines just now rife and popular, which would resolve all the phenomena of life into ordinary, or extraordinary, chemical or molecular action, — doctrines extremely seducing to young and unwary chemists, which the specious writings of Liebig have done much to bring into vogue, and of which Mulder now appears to be the foremost expounder. We shall probably have occasion to examine them *in extenso* at no distant day, in their connection with the recent progress and tendencies of chemico-physiological science.

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3. — *Registration of Births, Marriages, and Deaths in Massachusetts in* 1844. *Third Annual Report.* By John G. Palfrey, Secretary of the Commonwealth. Boston. 1845. 8vo. pp. xxix, 110.

An act was passed in Massachusetts, in 1842, providing for an annual return of births, marriages, and deaths in the State. This

* The readers of the English version may be somewhat surprised to find *mahogany* mentioned as a *dye-wood*. But the translator has merely taken a fancy to apply this name, instead of *logwood*, to *bois de Campèche*, or *Hæmatoxylon Campechianum*.

is the first attempt that has come to our knowledge for obtaining a series of exact annual reports of this description in any State in the United States. Some defects being developed by experience in the provisions and actual working of that law, a new one was passed in 1844. This report is made under the former law, the latter having gone into effect only a few weeks previous to the 1st of May, 1844, when the registration year covered by the report terminated. The present law provides for the return of the date of the birth, the place, name of the child (if named), sex, names of the parents, their residence, and the occupation of the father; of marriages, the date, place, by what clergyman or magistrate, names of the parties married, residence of each, whether both were single, or both or either had been before married, the occupation of each, names of their respective parents; and of the deaths, the date, name, sex, whether single or married, age, occupation, place of birth, names of parents, and the disease or cause of death. A record of all these facts is to be made by the town-clerk in each town, who is entitled to receive eight cents from the town or city treasury for the record of each birth and each death; a clergyman or magistrate officiating at the celebration of any marriage is required to make a return of the same to the town-clerk within the first ten days of the next month, under a penalty of twenty to a hundred dollars; every sexton, or other person having charge of a burial-ground, is also required, within the first ten days of each month, to make a return to the town-clerk of the facts relative to any person whose burial he may have superintended during the preceding month, and is entitled to receive from the town treasury five cents for the return of each death; the school-committee of each town is required to ascertain, on or before the last of May annually, the births and facts relative thereto in their town during the year preceding the first of that month, and the committee, or the person authorized by them, is entitled to receive from the town treasury five cents for the return of the facts relative to each birth.

Such is the machinery for collecting these very important statistics. The first returns made under the first law were, as was to be expected, very imperfect. The second report was better, but still quite imperfect. The third, which is the subject of this notice, is a great improvement upon the two preceding, as the officers had the advantage of former experience in making their returns, and the indefatigable activity and industry of Mr. Secreary Palfrey, in supplying blank forms to the town-clerks, and corresponding with them, and giving them instructions relative to the records, have contributed essentially to the improvement of this report. Still it presents many chasms; and one most re-

markable; there being no return whatever reported from the city of Boston, of either births, marriages, or deaths. This is the more singular, as a complete register of deaths has been kept by the superintendent of burial-grounds, and it is hardly credible that the clergymen and magistrates, before whom marriages have been celebrated, have exposed themselves to very considerable penalties, by a total neglect to make reports; and one might suppose that the school-committee could have employed a competent person to collect the facts relative to births, for the compensation allowed by law. Other large towns seem to have endeavoured to comply with the law. We have made inquiries, but without success, to ascertain the cause of this singular delinquency of Boston in a matter in which it is more interested than any other town in the State, and whose inhabitants and public officers are not wont to be behind others in any measure of public utility.

It is to be hoped that Massachusetts will persevere, until it presents an example, which will soon be followed by other States, of a complete record of the statistics of the population. Such statistics, when accurately collected, on sufficient authority, and arranged in tables, in such manner that the general results are apparent at a glance, according to the recent practice in England, and the plan adopted by Mr. Secretary Palfrey, are full of interest and instruction to the legislator and the philanthropist, and of incalculable utility in their bearing and influence upon proceedings connected with the public welfare, and in the administration and management of private rights and interests. They are not merely matters of speculative curiosity, but form the actual basis of legislation, and of the proceedings of voluntary associations and individuals for the melioration of the condition of the people. In order to know what will promote the welfare of a people, and what will be prejudicial to them, it is quite material to know the facts relative to the population; and such facts can be collected only by the government. These statistics enter into affairs, and are essential in determining the rights of persons, in a thousand ways. The value of a widow's dower, for instance, or of any life estate, must frequently be decided upon by the judicial tribunals; and this cannot be done correctly in any community without a long continued registry of births and deaths. The value of such an interest has been erroneously estimated in Massachusetts for a long series of years, and, indeed, ever since any such estimate was first made, for the want of such a registry. For it is easy to show, that Professor Wigglesworth's tables of mortality, by which the value of such rights has been settled in Massachusetts, and more or less in other States, are not correct.

He himself stated that they were not correct. It is not now possible to construct an accurate table of longevity for any part of the United States from any series of well authenticated statistics. In computing rates of premium for insurance on lives, and the value of annuities, the same difficulty occurs as in estimating the value of life estates. The returns collected and digested in the secretary's reports already made in Massachusetts afford considerable materials for such computations; still, with these and all the other data to be found for the purpose, only an approximation can be made towards the construction of an accurate scale of the value of lives.

Some light is shed by these reports upon another subject of much interest; namely, the rate and causes of the increase of the population in this country. It appears from the recent statistics in England, that the average age of marriage of maidens is there $24\frac{30}{100}$; whereas, from these annual reports of the secretary, it is to be inferred, that in Massachusetts the average age of maidens at their marriage is about $23\frac{30}{100}$. The return of this fact of the age has caused more inconvenience and dissatisfaction than that of any other required by the law. The clergyman requested to attend a marriage is reluctant to put such an inquiry, and, if he does, he is liable sometimes to receive a short answer, quite aside from the purpose. This is not because the parties generally expect or wish to conceal their age; an attempt at such concealment is ordinarily both silly and ridiculous, since the fact is usually notorious to one's acquaintances. When there is any plain object for putting this inquiry in the course of business, not one person in a hundred will affect any reserve. But where the occasion for the inquiry is not obvious, the making it savors somewhat of impertinence. It is probable that the law has not hit upon the most convenient way of ascertaining this fact. Accordingly, representations were made at the last session of the legislature against this part of the law; and, as is very apt to be the result in such cases, — since it is much easier, and more within the reach of the unskilful, to destroy than to build up or amend, — the proceedings preliminary to legislation on the subject resulted in a proposition to repeal the law, and sweep the whole subject of registration by the board. This proposition did not succeed, and it is to be hoped that it will never again be made. It is likely, however, to have the effect of encouraging municipal officers in their neglect. There is, therefore, the more occasion for public-spirited, liberal-minded persons to use their exertions to promote the execution of the law, and its amendment in any particulars in which it is found not to work well.

4. — *The Botanical Text-Book, for Colleges, Schools, and Private Students ; comprising, Part I. An Introduction to Structural and Physiological Botany. Part II. The Principles of Systematic Botany ; with an Account of the Chief Natural Families of the Vegetable Kingdom, and Notices of the Principal Useful Plants.* Second Edition, illustrated with more than a Thousand Engravings on Wood. By Asa Gray, M. D., Fisher Professor of Natural History in Harvard University. New York : Wiley & Putnam. 1845. 12mo. pp. 509.

The first edition of this work, published less than three years ago, was favorably reviewed in our number for January, 1843. The justice of the hearty commendations then bestowed upon it, which have been echoed from the other side of the Atlantic, is confirmed by the call for a new edition. We ought rather to say, that a new treatise has been written to supply the place of the former one. This was rendered almost necessary, indeed ; partly on account of the rapid advancement which physiological botany, no less than all the natural sciences, is continually making ; and partly because Dr. Gray's experience as a teacher, since the first edition was published, has enabled him to discern, as only a teacher can do, the points which were defective, or which required more detailed explanation. He has thus had the advantage of making a practical trial of his own theories, and of the sufficiency of their exposition. The progressive improvement of the whole cousinhood of the sciences has been so marked of late, that it is dangerous now to presume upon an acquaintance with them, merely on the strength of an intimacy formed a few years ago. Stereotype text-books, however they may answer the purpose in other departments of knowledge, which vary only from century to century, are here quite out of the question.

We are glad to see, therefore, that the author of the Botanical Text-Book, on the occasion of a new edition being required, has made such a good use of the opportunity, and of his professional experience, and has recomposed, and almost entirely rewritten, the first, and, in the author's view, the most essential, part of the work, that upon structural and physiological botany, which has here been amplified to nearly twice its former extent. The author correctly remarks in his preface, that " this part of the volume, instead of having been rendered more abstruse by the enlargement, will rather be found to be more simple and generally intelligible than before." This is owing to the greater expansion he has given to the abstruse points, to the increased

number of illustrative wood-cuts, which in the new edition is fully doubled, and also to some changes in the style, which has been rendered rather more flowing and narrative, and less terse and axiomatic than before. No doubt, some further changes of the same sort would render it yet more adapted to the end in view; that is, if room can be found for the expansion, for the work has already extended into a bulky volume of above five hundred pages. This is a somewhat unusual fault to find with elementary works, which generally need concentration rather than dilation; but Dr. Gray sometimes expects rather too much of his readers, and appears to forget that a sentence, however clear, may be too compact; and, though it demonstrably embodies the whole idea, may fail to convey it at a glance to those who are not already somewhat familiar with the subject.

The "Preliminary Considerations" of the first edition, which were open to these objections, and must have been difficult for the student to master at the outset, are here omitted, and in their place we have a brief development of the mode in which the leading divisions of the science of botany may be supposed to arise, which strikes us as truly philosophical, and in some respects original. In our former review, we took some exceptions to our author's mode of stating the doctrine of vegetable metamorphosis, as it is, we still think, somewhat inaptly termed. It seemed to savor too much of Wolff's notion, that the vegetable degenerated into the flower. The more detailed statements of the present edition are no longer liable to these strictures. The general laws of vegetation are traced from the stem and foliage into the flower in the following manner.

"The flower may next be viewed under a more theoretical aspect. In the preceding chapter we have recognized the close analogy of flower-buds to leaf-buds, and consequently of flowers to branches, and of the leaves of the flower to ordinary leaves. The plant continues for a considerable time to produce buds which develope into branches. At length it produces buds which expand into blossoms. Is there an entirely new system introduced when flowers appear? Are the blossoms formed upon such a different plan, that the general laws of vegetation, which have sufficed for the interpretation of all the phenomena up to the inflorescence, are to afford no further clew? Or, on the contrary, now that peculiar results are to be attained, are the simple and plastic organs of vegetation — the stem and leaves — developed in new and modified forms for the accomplishment of these new ends? The latter, doubtless, is the correct view. The plant does not produce essentially new kinds of organs to fulfil the new conditions, but adopts and adapts the old. New laws of development are now introduced; but these operate subordinately to the primary laws of vegetation, instead of subverting them.

"In vegetation, new organs are not created for every or any con-

tingency; but the root, stem, and leaves are modified, as circumstances require, to subserve every needful purpose. Thus, the same organ which constitutes the stem of an herb, or the trunk of a tree, we recognize in the trailing vine, or twiner, spirally climbing other stems, in the straw of Wheat and other Grasses, in the columnar trunk of the Palm, in the flattened and jointed Opuntia, or Prickly-pear, and in the rounded, lump-like body of the Melon-Cactus. So, also, the branches harden into spines in the Thorn, or, by an opposite change, become flexible and attenuated tendrils in the Vine, and runners in the Strawberry; or, when developed under ground, they assume the aspect of creeping roots, and sometimes form thickened root-stocks, as in the Calamus, or tubers, as in the Potato. But the type is easily seen through these disguises. They are all mere modifications of the stem. The leaves, as we have already seen, appear under a still greater variety of forms, some of them as widely different from the common type of foliage as can be imagined; such, for example, as the thickened and obese leaves of the Mesembryanthemums; the intense scarlet or crimson floral leaves of the Euchroma, or Painted-Cup, the Poinsettia of our conservatories, and several Mexican Sages; the tendrils of the Pea tribe; the Pitchers of the Sarracenia, &c., and those of the Nepenthes, which are leaf, tendril, and pitcher combined. The leaves also appear under very different aspects in the same individual plant, according to the purposes they are intended to subserve. The first pair of leaves, or cotyledons, as in the Bean and Almond, gorged with nutritive matter for the supply of the earliest wants of the embryo-plant, seem to be peculiar organs. But when they have discharged this special office in germination, by yielding to the young plant their store of nourishment with which they are laden, they throw off their disguise, and assume the color and appearance of ordinary foliage. As the stem elongates, the successive leaves vary in form or size, according to the varying vigor of vegetation. In our trees, we trace the last leaves of the season into bud-scales; and in the returning spring, we often observe the innermost scales of the expanding leaf-buds to resume, the first perhaps imperfectly, but the ensuing ones successfully, the appearance and the ordinary office of leaves.

"Analogy would therefore suggest, that in the final act of vegetable development, in flowering, the leaves, no longer developing as mere foliage, are now wrought into new forms, to subserve peculiar purposes. In the chapter on Inflorescence, we have already shown, that the arrangement and situation of flowers upon a stem conform to this idea. In this respect, flowers are absolutely like branches. The aspect of the floral envelopes favors the same view. We discern the typical element, the leaf, in the calyx; and again, more delicate and refined, in the petals. In numberless instances, we observe a regular transition from ordinary leaves into sepals, and from sepals into petals. And, while the petals are occasionally green and herbaceous, the undoubted foliage sometimes assumes a delicate texture and the brightest hues. Familiar cases of the latter kind have just been alluded to."—pp. 208–211.

Then follows the ordinary class of illustrations with some novel examples; and our author continues:—

"The irresistible conclusion from all such evidence is, that the flower is one of the forms, — the ultimate form, — under which branches appear; that the leaves of the stem, the leaves or petals of the flower, and even the stamens and pistils, are all forms of a common type, only differing in their special development. And it may be added, that in the earliest state in which these parts are discernible with a powerful microscope, they all appear alike. That which, under the ordinary laws of vegetation, would have developed as a leafy branch, does, from peculiar causes, finally develope as a flower; its several organs appearing under forms, some of them slightly and others extremely different in aspect and in office from the foliage. But they all have a common nature and a common origin.

"Now, as we have no general name to comprehend all those organs which, as leaves, bud-scales, bracts, sepals, petals, stamens, &c., successively spring from the ascending axis, or stem, having ascertained their essential identity, we naturally, and indeed necessarily, take some one of them as the *type*, and view the others as modifications, or metamorphoses of it. The leaf is the form which earliest appears, and is the most general of all the organs of the vegetable; it is the form which is indispensable to vegetation, in which it plays, as we have seen, the most important part; it is the form into which all the floral organs may sometimes be traced back by numerous gradations, and to which they are liable to revert when flowering is disturbed, and the proper vegetative forces again prevail. Hence the leaf is properly assumed as the type, to which all the others are to be referred. When, therefore, in accordance with these theoretic views, the floral organs are termed *modified* or *metamorphosed leaves*, it is not to be supposed that a petal has ever actually been a green leaf, and has subsequently assumed a more delicate texture and hue, or that stamens and pistils have previously existed in the state of foliage; but only that what is fundamentally one and the same organ developes, in the progressive evolutions of the plant, under any of these various forms. When the individual organ is once developed, its destiny is fixed." — pp. 215, 216.

Great additions have been made to the portion which treats of cryptogamous plants. Before listening to the lectures of Professor Gray at the Lowell Institute, we had been accustomed to regard the study of these plants as possessing little general interest. But we have now learned that the Ferns, the Lichens, Mushrooms, Algæ, and Confervæ are all curious and interesting subjects of inquiry. Among these we are to seek for the links which unite the animal and the vegetable kingdom; and it is singular enough, that the plants which in form and development exhibit the nearest approach to animals are found among the lowest, or more properly speaking, the most obscure, of their race. If, too, we would pursue the study of adaptation and design in vegetables, we shall find the most abundant illustrations among the flowerless plants.

We notice some verbal errors in this volume. In the note on page 95, the sesquipedalian words "monocotyledonous" and

"dicotyledonous" are evidently transposed, so as to render the statement just the reverse of what it was intended to be. In the very interesting account of the chemical influences of vegetation upon the atmosphere, there is an obvious typographical error, twenty-four for twenty-two, as the context shows.

We must not omit reference to the very neat and tasteful manner in which the mechanical part of this book is finished. Its outside is as attractive as the subject of which it treats, the binding, print, paper, and engravings being not merely unexceptionable, but elegant. This is such a rare merit in a mere manual of instruction, and at the same time, as we consider it, a point of so much importance, that it deserves especial notice and commendation.

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5. — *Hebrew Tales, selected and translated from the Writings of the Ancient Hebrew Sages.* Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1845. 18mo. pp. 100.

This little compilation is not made exclusively for the use of the young, although they will profit by it most largely; but readers of all classes may be made wiser and better by the simple and striking lessons which it contains. The selection is made from a work of the same title, which was published some time ago by the learned Hebraist, Hurwitz. From the Talmud, and other similar collections of ancient Jewish writings, he culled a large number of moral sayings, parables, and narratives, the forms in which the wisdom of the Orientals is usually embodied, and put them forth for the entertainment and instruction of a later age and a Christian people. This collection the American editor has sifted over again with good taste and discretion, and has thus formed quite a remarkable little book, which we can cordially commend to the attention of our readers. The simplicity of the style, the aptness of the illustrations, and the beauty of the sentiment or thought often remind one of favorite passages of Holy Writ. The lessons here taught come with less authority, indeed, than if borrowed from the sacred volume; but they are impressive and sound, affecting the imagination strongly from their decided hue of Orientalism, and adapted to purify and elevate the heart and the life. The publication will do much good, also, if it should induce some who make a boast of their Christian faith to surrender at least a portion of their anti-Jewish prejudices.

6. — *Histoire des Peuples du Nord, ou des Danois et des Normands, depuis les Temps les plus reculés jusqu'à la Conquête de l'Angleterre.* Par HENRI WHEATON. Edition revue et augmentée par l'Auteur, avec Cartes, Inscriptions, et Alphabet Runiques, etc. Traduit de l'Anglais, par PAUL GUILLOT. Paris: E. Marc-Aurel. 1844. 8vo. pp. 583.

THIS work in its English dress, entitled "History of the Northmen, or Danes and Normans," was first published in London in 1831, and was reviewed in our pages in the course of the following year. The book now before us is not merely a French translation of the original publication, but a new edition of it, enlarged with notes and the fruits of the learned author's subsequent researches. In 1838, Mr. Wheaton united with Mr. Crichton, of Edinburgh, in preparing and publishing a work called "Scandinavia," comprising the ancient and modern history of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, with an account of the geographical features of these countries, and information respecting the mythology, manners, and political and religious institutions of their inhabitants. Aided by the materials thus brought together, by other publications relating to the same subject in France and Germany, and especially by the great work of Professor Rafn, entitled "Antiquitates Americanæ," our author has much increased the compass and importance of his book, and has now sent it forth in a dress adapted for circulation on the continent of Europe. He has followed in the track of the Danish antiquaries, and has carefully studied their editions of the old Sagas first made known to the world in print since 1831. A new introduction to his work contains a succinct, but comprehensive, view of the whole Scandinavian mythology. A new chapter presents a condensed history of the expeditions and conquests of Robert Guiscard and his brothers, in Sicily and Greece, coming down to the period, when the Norman dynasty, in the southern part of Italy, became extinct. With these additions and improvements, we hope the French edition may prove as serviceable to the author's fame among the learned on the European continent, as the work in its English garb was to his reputation in England and America. We rejoice to perceive, that his numerous, long-continued, and successful labors as a diplomatist have not been allowed to exhaust his time and abilities; but that he has still some leisure for the cultivation of his literary taste, and for contributions to the general stock of scholastic acquirements.

7. — *Phreno-Mnemotechny, or the Art of Memory; the Series of Lectures, explanatory of the Principles of the System, delivered in New York and Philadelphia, in the Beginning of* 1844. By Francis Fauvel Gouraud, D. E. S., of the University of France. New York and London: Wiley & Putnam. 1845. 8vo. pp. 566 and xcvi.

This is one of the most remarkable books it has ever fallen to our lot to examine. In style, manner, and matter, it will hereafter rank among the most curious of the curiosities of literature. Its great size is one of the smallest of its demands upon the attention of the learned world. In his "Ante-prædictum to the public," *Professor* Gouraud is candid enough to state that the argumentative parts of the following lectures were delivered extemporaneously, "without even any previous mental preparation." But we feel bound to say, that to take the *professor* at his word would be doing him a great injustice. He had made considerable mental preparation; he had studied the subject of artificial memory, and, according to his own account, made not a little progress in the practical application of its principles. He has certainly improved upon the schemes of Dr. Grey, "the illustrious vicar of Hinton," of Feinaigle and Aimé Paris, as we could show by comparing his "fundamental basis" (what basis is not fundamental?) with theirs, if he had not prudently threatened audacious copyists with the penalties of the law. The substance of the whole matter, however, in all these systems, is nearly the same; the leading idea is absolutely the same. In the "fundamental basis," certain letters are arranged to correspond to the numbers; and then the number of the date to be remembered is formed into a word, which word, it is supposed, may be more easily retained than the numerical sign. Gouraud's method is to find a word which has some analogy with the subject to be committed to memory, and then to form a sentence in which that word shall be introduced; the sentence also bearing upon the fact or event which it is designed to fix in the memory.

In order to facilitate the application of this system, Mr. Gouraud, it appears, has published a *phreno-mnemotechnic* dictionary. We have not seen this work, but suppose it contains a series of numbers arranged with the various corresponding words to facilitate the rapid *mnemonization* of facts. It is obvious that a work of this kind is quite necessary, if a person really means to use the system to any important extent. It would be a wearisome and even endless task to be left to search out words cor-

responding by their letters to all the numbers which one might desire to remember. With this apparatus it may sometimes be convenient to use the system for the purpose of remembering dates; but in most cases, as it would be necessary to have the phreno-mnemotechnic dictionary at hand, the question naturally occurs, Why is it not just as well to have a chronological table, and turn to the dates whenever they are wanted? In order to apply the principles of the system to any great advantage, a variety of things must be attended to and remembered. Though it may be easier to remember the mnemotechnic words, in many cases, than to remember the numbers represented, still, in a large body of facts and dates, there will be a large number of words and sentences to be imprinted on the memory by some method or other; by some analogy or association by contrast, or by actually committing them to memory. And it is not at all likely that these words and sentences will remain long fixed, unless the association is frequently renewed, and the ground repeatedly gone over. This exercise may be a very good one in some respects for the memory; and yet, to accustom the memory to depend on casual or indirect associations is to form a bad intellectual habit. The best memory is the natural memory, of course; and in most men, practice and attention will strengthen and enlarge it to almost any extent. Depending on such artificial aids is like using crutches to support the body, or, at best, like riding on a velocipede; a somewhat troublesome operation, that falls short of giving their appropriate exercise to the limbs, and, in the long run, and taking all things together, saves but little time and fatigue. It is a cumbrous contrivance to accomplish a very unimportant object.

To dignify such an arbitary mnemonic arrangement, as the system either of Grey, Feinaigle, Aimé Paris, or *Professor* Gouraud, with the name of science, is to misuse language, and to play the charlatan. The art is an ingenious trick, a pretty contrivance, and sometimes useful for special purposes, but having about as much claim to the dignity of a science, as riddles, charades, and puns. It has not a single characteristic of a science, a single philosophical principle about it. It is a mere piece of adroitness; and the most complete mastery of it has no tendency to improve the mind, exalt the imagination, or refine the taste. The attempt to introduce this or any other system of artificial memory into our systems of education is not very likely to be made; but if it should be made, would do nothing but mischief.

The language which Mr. Gouraud applies to the persons who have, by successive steps, perfected this mnemonic sleight, is ludicrously exaggerated. Dr. Grey is the "illustrious and learned

rector of Hinton," to whom science is indebted for a "gigantic impulse given to mnemotechnics." Feinaigle appeared in the "literary horizon," and his reputation "took a flight which soon raised him to fortune and consideration, and rendered his name immortal"; "he was borne to the clouds by the greater part of the journals," and his name was "sung by the alpha of modern English poets, Byron"; and yet, like Dr. Grey, he found a few "contemptible detractors," among whom we must reckon *Professor* Gouraud himself, who, with an amusing inconsistency, calls Feinaigle's system a "heterogeneous body, a veritable Sphynx, (meaning probably Sphinx), a monster," and all but a hippopotamus. Gouraud himself, in his distinguished boyhood, next figures upon the mnemonic stage; and the little autobiographical sketch with which we are furnished is one of the coolest pieces of self-complacency that the reader will find in the range of his researches. The following is a portion of it: —

"In the course of the year 1822, nearly three years had already elapsed since my *pelagian* tutor had initiated me into the doctrines of Feinaigle. While endeavouring to bring to perfection his beautiful idea, I had by turns visited India, Arabia, China, and South America; that is to say, all the principal seaports upon the coasts of these various countries. I had tasted the 'ambrosia of Constance,' and hunted the African ostrich at the Cape of Good Hope; breathed the perfumes of the incense upon the burning soil of Yemen; enjoyed the nectar of the coffee upon the sandy plains of Mocha; eaten the dates of Arabia in the tented streets of Muscat; languidly pillowed my head upon the downy carpets of Teheran in the kiosks of Bassora, while inhaling the rosy attar of the harems beneath the shade of its perfumed acacias; admired the Asiatic splendors of Surat, Bombay, and Calcutta; hunted the hydrocorax and the paroquet through the forests of Malabar and Coromandel; attended the sacrifice of the Hindostan widow upon the funeral pile of her husband; fished up the pearls of the ancient Ormus upon the nacreous coasts of Ceylon; mounted the elephant of Seringapatam; bathed in the sacred waters of the Ganges, &c., &c., &c. . . . . until the time when, guided by a benevolent Providence, I came to burn my roving wings in this focus of future liberty of the world, while awaiting the destined hour when at last, freed from its mortal envelope, my spirit, taking its last flight, shall depart on its eternal voyage. I came back, then, as I have said, from this splendid tour, loaded not only with precious souvenirs of the voyage, but with my memory enriched with a multitude of *facts* in statistics, geography, history, and the mathematics, which I had been fortunate enough to master during my long pilgrimage by the assistance of *my key*, modified from the fundamental basis of Feinaigle." — pp. 89, 90.

Mr. Gouraud's moral indignation is prompt enough, when any skeptic calls in question his own claims. The manner in which he deals with all such unbelieving dogs is marked by equal good-

temper, modesty, and refined taste. The objurgatory passages are brought in, with singular appropriateness, in the midst of the eloquent flights with which the lectures are diversified. For example, the modest and learned gentleman affirms, that "it would be as impossible to translate the system of Aimé Paris from the French to the English language, as it would be to extract an atom of honesty or decency from the joint bodies, brains, and shallow minds of those contemptible individuals, who once dared, with the hope of pilfering with impunity from the fruits of my labors, to speak of plagiarism concerning my system and that of Paris."

To give a more particular account of the contents of the volume; it consists of an "Ante-prædictum to the public"; "a few words to the friendly and intelligent members of my New York and Philadelphia classes"; an "Introduction," mainly historical, but diverging occasionally into the philosophical, wherein he requests of the reader's "longanimity" to wait for some future work before he passes judgment on the character of some of his propositions; and six lectures or lessons. A "General Dedication" to the memory of Colonel Stone, with a very bombastic letter to the same departed gentleman, precedes the whole. Each lecture is then separately dedicated to two persons, twelve fortunate individuals being thus mnemonized into immortality. Here is an economy of dedication, — taking two men to dedicate a single lecture to, — which does great credit to the ingenuity of the author. Besides the lectures, the flattering comments of the reporters are given; and, parenthetically, at the proper places, the various kinds and degrees of applause with which the speaker was received are carefully mentioned. Thus we have in the first lecture, on p. 112 (*applause*); on the same page (*bursts of hilarity*); again (*hilarity*); again (*prolonged and animated laughter*); on the next page (*approbation*), then (*deep attention*), then (*applause*); — on p. 114 (*loud applause*), and (*mirthful applause*), and finally (*interruptive applause*); — on p. 115 (*warm applause*), then (*prolonged laughter and loud applause*), (*loud cheering*), and (*applause*). On the next page the entertainment is varied with (*murmurs of assent*), (*laughter*), (*continued applause*); and on p. 117, we have a grand crash of (*tempestuous bursts of laughter, and prolonged hilarity*). And so it goes on. The reader will be struck with the fact, that these outbreaks of laughter, applause, and hilarity uniformly occur just after the professor has brought out some particularly intense piece of asinity.

It would be impossible to characterize adequately the absurdity of the style in which these lectures are written. To call it Sophomorical would be doing the greatest conceivable injustice to

the young gentlemen who are supposed to monopolize that particular manner; to speak of it as theatrical would be to libel the Crummleses of the stage. It is bombastic to the last degree of the ridiculous; wordy to an inconceivable extent; vulgar in its tawdriness, and disgusting in its affectation and pretence. The lectures abound in the most incoherent and absurd rhapsodies; in what "the learned call rigmarole"; and together with these are published all the exaggerated commendations of the newspaper press. The book has been thrust upon the public notice by a system of puffery which would discredit the author's illustrious namesake, the advertiser of the "Poudres Subtiles," or the still more illustrious venders of Dr. Brandreth's pills. Indeed, a large portion of *Professor* Gouraud's volume belongs to the species of literature, which, in its higher departments, embraces those immortal advertisements. If the tasteless and utterly unfounded pretensions of this book, and the ludicrously exaggerated puffs it has received, are deserving of rebuke, the arrogant tone of the author himself ought to be met with a sterner reprobation. Flattered by the applauses of indiscriminating audiences in New York and Philadelphia, in which perhaps there was a vein of irony which he failed to perceive, he has had the vanity to speak of himself with an air that would have been unbecoming in a Newton, and of others who have questioned his foolish claims with an insolence for which it is not easy to find an epithet. A book so full of charlatanry as this, had it appeared in any other civilized country in Christendom, would have instantly encountered a storm of ridicule and contempt. It could not have survived the day of its birth.

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8. — *Epitaphs from the Old Burying-Ground in Cambridge. With Notes.* By William Thaddeus Harris, Junior Sophister in Harvard College. Cambridge: John Owen. 1845. 12mo. pp. 192.

The work of Old Mortality performed by an undergraduate in college! It is a pious office to render permanent the inscriptions on the gravestones of our fathers, and thus, as far as in one lies, to perpetuate the memory of their lives and virtues. To bring together these simple records, also, is a good deed for the future historian, enabling him to complete many a genealogical record, and to ascertain dates and isolated facts, of which there may be no other memorial extant. The merit of the work

is enhanced, when faithfully performed, as in the present case, and illustrated, through the medium of notes, by all the light which town and church records could throw upon it, and by references to other antiquarian and historical publications, that touch upon the same subjects. The old burying-ground in Cambridge is an interesting spot, — even more so, to one class of visitants, than the remarkable and picturesque cemetery in its neighbourhood. It is intimately connected with the history of the College, or rather of the *Grammar School in Cambridge*, out of which the present well endowed and flourishing University has sprung. It contains the ashes of many of its earlier officers and presidents, and of some of its promising students cut off before their time. Time's " effacing fingers " were rapidly obliterating the lines graven upon their head-stones, and wiping out the memory of their services from the hearts of their descendants. This little publication may do something to arrest this work of the destroyer, and to induce the inhabitants of the town to make some effort to improve the neglected and desolate aspect of a place which ought to be hallowed in their eyes.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

A Joint Letter to Orestes A. Brownson and the Editor of the North American Review, in which the Editor of the North American Review is proved to be no Christian and little better than an Atheist. By R. Hildreth, Author of "Theory of Morals." Boston. 1845. 24mo. pp. 34.

The Library of American Biography, conducted by Jared Sparks. Second Series. Vol. V. Lives of Count Rumford, Zebulon M. Pike, and Samuel Gorton. Boston: Little & Brown. 1845. 12mo. pp. 411.

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La Supresion del Tráfico de Esclavos Africanos en la Isla de Cuba, examinada con Relacion á Agricultura y á su seguridad, por Don José A. Saco. Paris. 1845. 8vo. pp. 70.

An Inquiry into the Views, Principles, Services, and Influences of the Leading Men in the Origination of our Union, and in the Formation and Early Administration of our Present Government. By Thaddeus Allen. Boston: Printed by S. N. Dickinson & Co. 1845. 8vo. pp. 86.

A Practical Introduction to Greek Prose Composition. By Thomas Kerchever Arnold, A. M., Rector of Lyndon, and Late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Revised Edition, with References to Kühner's Greek Grammar. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1845. 12mo. pp. 196.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CXXIX.

OCTOBER, 1845.

ART. I. — 1. *La Russie en* 1839. Par le MARQUIS DE CUSTINE. 4 vols. Seconde Edition, revue, corrigée, et augmentée. Paris. 1843.

2. *A Memoir of the Life of Peter the Great.* By JOHN BARROW, Esq., Secretary to the Admiralty. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1839.

ONE day, in the year 1697, the great Duke of Marlborough happened to be in the village of Saardam. He visited the dockyard of one Mynheer Calf, a rich shipbuilder, and was struck with the appearance of a journeyman at work there. He was a large, powerful man, dressed in a red woollen shirt and duck trowsers, with a sailor's hat, and seated, with an adze in his hand, upon a rough log of timber which lay on the ground. The man's features were bold and regular, his dark brown hair fell in natural curls about his neck, his complexion was strong and ruddy, with veins somewhat distended, indicating an ardent temperament and more luxurious habits than comported with his station; and his dark, keen eye glanced from one object to another with remarkable restlessness. He was engaged in earnest conversation with some strangers, whose remarks he occasionally interrupted, while he rapidly addressed them in a guttural but not unmusical voice. As he became occasionally excited in conversation, his features twitched convulsively, the blood rushed to his forehead, his arms were tossed about with extreme violence of gesticulation, and he seemed constantly upon the point of giving way to some explosion of passion, or else of falling into a fit of catalepsy.

His companions, however, did not appear alarmed by his vehemence, although they seemed to treat him with remarkable deference; and, after a short time, his distorted features would resume their symmetry and agreeable expression, his momentary frenzy would subside, and a bright smile would light up his whole countenance.

The Duke inquired the name of this workman, and was told it was one Pieter Baas, a foreign journeyman of remarkable mechanical abilities and great industry. Approaching, he entered into some slight conversation with him upon matters pertaining to his craft. While they were conversing, a stranger of foreign mien and costume appeared, holding a voluminous letter in his hand; the workman started up, snatched it from his hand, tore off the seals and greedily devoured its contents, while the stately Marlborough walked away unnoticed. The Duke was well aware that, in this thin disguise, he saw the Czar of Muscovy. Pieter Baas, or Boss Peter, or Master Peter, was Peter the despot of all the Russias, a man who, having just found himself the undisputed proprietor of a quarter of the globe with all its inhabitants, had opened his eyes to the responsibilities of his position, and had voluntarily descended from his throne for the noble purpose of qualifying himself to reascend it.

The empire of Russia, at this moment more than twice as large as Europe, having a considerable extent of seacoasts, with flourishing commercial havens both upon the Baltic and the Black seas, and a chain of internal communication, by canal and river, connecting them both with the Caspian and the Volga, was, at the accession of Peter the First, of quite sufficient dimensions for any reasonable monarch's ambition, but of most unfortunate geographical position. Shut off from civilized Western Europe by vast and thinly peopled forests and plains, having for neighbours only the sledded Polack, the Turk, the Persian, and the Chinese, and touching nowhere upon the ocean, that great highway of civilization, — the ancient empire of the Czars seemed always in a state of suffocation. Remote from the sea, it was a mammoth without lungs, incapable of performing the functions belonging to its vast organization, and presenting to the world the appearance of a huge, incomplete, and inert mass, waiting the advent of some new Prometheus to inspire it with life and light.

Its capital, the *bizarre* and fantastic Moscow, with its vast, turreted, and venerable Kremlin, — its countless churches, with their flashing spires and clustering and turbaned minarets glittering in green, purple, and gold, — its mosques, with the cross supplanting the crescent, — its streets swarming with bearded merchants and ferocious Janizaries, while its female population were immured and invisible, — was a true type of the empire, rather Asiatic than European, and yet compounded of both.

The government, too, was far more Oriental than European in its character. The Normans had, to be sure, in the eleventh century, taken possession of the Russian government with the same gentlemanlike effrontery with which, at about the same time, they had seated themselves upon every throne in Europe ; and the crown of Ruric had been transmitted like the other European crowns for many generations, till it descended through a female branch upon the head of the Romanoffs, the ancestors of Peter and the present imperial family. But though there might be said to be an established dynasty, the succession to the throne was controlled by the Strelitzes, the licentious and ungovernable soldiery of the capital, as much as the Turkish or Roman empire by the Janizaries or Pretorians ; and the history of the government was but a series of palace-revolutions, in which the sovereign, the tool alternately of the priesthood and the body-guard, was elevated, deposed, or strangled, according to the prevalence of different factions in the capital. The government was in fact, as it has been epigrammatically characterized, " a despotism tempered by assassination."

The father of Peter the First, Alexis Michaelovitz, had indeed projected reforms in various departments of the government. He seems to have been, to a certain extent, aware of the capacity of his empire, and to have had some faint glimmerings of the responsibility which weighed upon him, as the inheritor of this vast hereditary estate. He undertook certain revisions of the laws, if the mass of contradictory and capricious edicts which formed the code deserve that name ; and his attention had particularly directed itself to the condition of the army and the church. Upon his death, in 1677, he left two sons, Theodore and John, and four daughters, by his first wife ; besides one son,

Peter, born in 1672, and one daughter, Natalia, by the second wife, of the house of Narischkin. The eldest son, Theodore, succeeded, whose administration was directed by his sister, the ambitious and intriguing princess Sophia, assisted by her paramour Galitzin. Theodore died in 1682, having named his half-brother Peter as his successor, to the exclusion of his own brother John, who was almost an idiot. Sophia, who, in the fitful and perilous history of Peter's boyhood, seems like the wicked fairy in so many Eastern fables, whose mission is constantly to perplex, and, if possible, destroy, the virtuous young prince, who, however, struggles manfully against her enchantments and her hosts of allies, and comes out triumphant at last, — Sophia, assisted by Couvanski, general of the Strelitzes, excited a tumult in the capital. Artfully inflaming the passions of the soldiery, she directed their violence against all those who stood between her and the power she aimed at ; many of the Narischkin family (the maternal relatives of Peter), with their adherents, were butchered with wholesale ferocity, many crown-officers were put to death, and the princess at length succeeded in proclaiming the idiot John and the infant Peter as joint Czars, and herself as regent.

From this time forth, Sophia, having the reins of government securely in her hand, took particular care to surround the youthful Peter with the worst influences. She exposed him systematically to temptation, she placed about him the most depraved and licentious associates, and seems to have encouraged the germination of every vicious propensity with the most fostering care. In 1689, during the absence of Prince Galitzin upon his second unsuccessful invasion of the Crimea, Peter was married, at the age of seventeen, through the influence of a faction hostile to Sophia, to a young lady of the Lapouchin family. After the return of Galitzin, a desperate revolt of the Strelitzes was concerted between their general, and Sophia and Galitzin, whose object was to seize and murder Peter. He saved himself for the second time in the Convent of the Trinity, — the usual place of refuge when the court was beleaguered, as was not unusual, by the Janizaries, — assembled around him those of the boyards and the soldiers who were attached to him, and, with the personal bravery and promptness which have descended like an heirloom in his family, defeated the conspirators at

a blow, banished Galitzin to Siberia, and locked up Sophia in a convent, where she remained till her death, fifteen years afterwards. His brother John remained nominally as joint Czar till his death in 1696.

In less than a year from this time, Peter made the acquaintance of a very remarkable man, to whom, more than to any other, Russia seems to have been indebted for the first impulse towards civilization. Happening one day to be dining at the house of the Danish minister, he was pleased with the manners and conversation of his Excellency's private secretary. This was a certain youthful Genevese adventurer, named Lefort. He had been educated for the mercantile profession and placed in a counting-house ; but being of an adventurous disposition, with decided military tastes and talents, he had enlisted as a volunteer, and served with some distinction in the Low Countries. Still following his campaigning inclinations, he enlisted under a certain Colonel Verstin, who had been commissioned by the Czar Alexis to pick up some German recruits, and followed him to Archangel. Arriving there, he found that the death of Alexis had left no demand for the services either of himself or the colonel, and after escaping with difficulty transportation to Siberia, with which he seems to have been threatened for no particular reason, he followed his destiny to Moscow, where he found employment under the Danish envoy De Horn, and soon after was introduced to the Czar.

It was this young adventurer, a man of no extraordinary acquirements, but one who had had the advantage of a European education, and the genius to know its value and to reap its full benefit, — a man of wonderful power of observation, in whom intuition took the place of experience, and who possessed the rare faculty of impressing himself upon other minds with that genial warmth and force which render the impression indelible, — it was this truant Genevese clerk, who planted the first seeds in the fertile, but then utterly fallow, mind of the Czar. Geniality and sympathy were striking characteristics of both minds, and they seem to have united by a kind of elective affinity, from the first instant they were placed in neighbourhood of each other.

It was from Lefort that the Czar first learned the great superiority of the disciplined troops of Western Europe over the licentious and anarchical soldiery of Russia. It

was in concert with Lefort, that he conceived on the instant the daring plan of annihilating the Strelitzes, the body-guard which had set up and deposed the monarchs, — a plan that would have inevitably cost a less sagacious and vigorous prince his throne and life, and which he silently and cautiously matured, till, as we shall have occasion to relate, it was successfully executed. Almost immediately after his acquaintance with Lefort, he formed a regiment upon the European plan, which was to be the germ of the reformed army which he contemplated. This regiment was called the Preobrazinski body-guard, from the name of the palace, and Lefort was appointed its colonel, while the Czar entered himself as drummer.

It was to Lefort, also, that the Czar was, about this time, indebted for the acquaintance of the celebrated Menzikoff. This was another adventurer, who had great influence upon the fortunes of the empire, who sprang from the very humblest origin, and who seemed, like Lefort, to have been guided from afar by the finger of Providence to become a fit instrument to carry out the plans of Peter. The son of miserable parents upon the banks of the Volga, not even taught to read or write, Menzikoff sought his fortune in Moscow, and, at the age of fourteen, became apprentice to a pastry-cook, and earned his living as an itinerant vender of cakes and pies ; these he offered about the streets, recommending them in ditties of his own composing, which he sang in a very sweet voice. While engaged in this humble occupation, he happened one day to attract the attention of Lefort, who entered into some little conversation with him. The Swiss volunteer, who had so lately expanded into the general and admiral of Muscovy, could hardly dream, nor did he live long enough to learn, that, in that fair-haired, barefooted, sweet-voiced boy, the future prince of the empire, general, governor, regent, and almost autocrat, stood disguised before him. There really seems something inexpressibly romantic in the accidental and strange manner, in which the chief actors in the great drama of Peter's career seem to have been selected, and to have received their several parts from the great hand of fate. The youthful Menzikoff was presented by Lefort to the Czar, who was pleased with his appearance and vivacity, and made him his page, and, soon afterwards, his favorite and confidant.

At about the same time that Peter commenced his model regiment, he had also commenced building some vessels at Voroneje, with which he had already formed the design of sailing down the Don and conquering Azoff, the key to the Black Sea, from the Turks.

Nothing indicated the true instinct of Peter's genius more decidedly than the constancy with which he cultivated a love for maritime affairs. He is said in infancy to have had an almost insane fear of water; but as there was never any special reason assigned for it, this was probably invented to make his naval progress appear more remarkable. At all events, he seems very soon to have conquered his hydrophobia, and in his boyhood appears to have found his chief amusement in paddling about the river Yausa, which passes through Moscow, in a little skiff built by a Dutchman, which had attracted his attention as being capable, unlike the flat-bottomed scows, which were the only boats with which he had been previously familiar, of sailing against the wind. Having solved the mystery of the keel, he became passionately fond of the sport, and, not satisfied with the navigation of the Yausa, nor of the lake Peipus, upon which he amused himself for a time, he could not rest till he had proceeded to Archangel, where he purchased and manned a vessel, in which he took a cruise or two upon the Frozen Ocean as far as Ponoi, upon the coast of Lapland.

Peter understood thoroughly the position of his empire, the moment he came to the throne. Previous Czars had issued a multiplicity of edicts, forbidding their subjects to go out of the empire. Peter saw that the great trouble was, that they could not get out. Both the natural gates of his realm were locked upon him, and the keys were in the hands of his enemies. When we look at the map of Russia now, we do not sufficiently appreciate the difficulties of Peter's position at his accession. To do so is to appreciate his genius and the strength of his will. While paddling in his little skiff on the Yausa, he had already determined that this great inland empire of his, whose inhabitants had never seen or heard of the ocean, should become a maritime power. He saw, that, without seaports, it could never be redeemed from its barbarism, and he was resolved to exchange its mongrel Orientalism for European civilization. Accordingly, before he had been within five hundred miles of blue water,

he made himself a sailor, and at the same time formed the plan, which he pursued with iron pertinacity to its completion, of conquering the Baltic from the Swede, and the Euxine from the Turk. Fully to see and appreciate the necessity of this measure was, in the young, neglected barbarian prince, a great indication of genius ; but the resolution to set about and accomplish this mighty scheme in the face of ten thousand obstacles constituted him a hero. He was, in fact, one of those few characters whose existence has had a considerable influence upon history. If he had not lived, Russia would very probably have been at the present moment one great Wallachia or Moldavia, — a vast wilderness, peopled by the same uncouth barbarians who even now constitute the mass of its population, and governed by a struggling, brawling, confused mob of unlettered boyards, knavish priests, and cut-throat Janizaries.

It was not so trifling a task as it may now appear, for Russia to conquer Sweden and the Sublime Porte. On the contrary, Sweden was so vastly superior in the scale of civilization, and her disciplined troops, trained for a century upon the renowned battle-fields of Europe, with a young monarch at their head who loved war as other youths love a mistress, gave her such a decided military preponderance, that she looked upon Russia with contempt. The Ottoman empire, too, was, at that time, not the rickety, decrepit state which it now is, holding itself up, like the cabman's horse, only by being kept in the shafts, and ready to drop the first moment its foreign master stops whipping ; on the contrary, in the very year in which Peter inherited the empire from his brother Theodore, 200,000 Turks besieged Vienna, and drove the Emperor Leopold in dismay from his capital. Although the downfall of the Porte may be dated from the result of that memorable campaign, yet the Sultan was then a vastly more powerful potentate than the Czar, and the project to snatch from him the citadel of Azoff, the key of the Black Sea, was one of unparalleled audacity.

But Peter had already matured the project, and was determined to execute it. He required seaports, and, having none, he determined to seize those of his neighbours. Like the "king of Bohemia with his seven castles," he was the "most unfortunate man in the world, because, having the

greatest passion for navigation and all sorts of sea affairs, he had never a seaport in all his dominions." Without stopping however, like Corporal Trim, to argue the point in casuistry, whether — Russia, like Bohemia, being an inland country — it would be consistent with divine benevolence for the ocean to inundate his neighbour's territory in order to accommodate him, he took a more expeditious method. Preferring to go to the ocean, rather than wait for the ocean to come to him, in 1695 he sailed down the Don with his vessels, and struck his first blow at Azoff. His campaign was unsuccessful, through the treachery and desertion of an artillery officer, named Jacob ; but as the Czar through life possessed the happy faculty of never knowing when he was beaten, he renewed his attack the next year, and carried the place with the most brilliant success. The key of the Palus Mæotis was thus in his hands, and he returned in triumph to Moscow, where he levied large sums upon the nobility and clergy, to build and sustain a fleet upon the waters he had conquered, to drive the Tartars from the Crimea, and to open and sustain a communication with Persia, through Circassia and Georgia.

Thus the first point was gained, and his foot at last touched the ocean. Moreover, the Tartars of the Crimea, who had been from time immemorial the pest of Russia, — a horde of savages, who "said their prayers but once a year, and then to a dead horse," and who had yet compelled the Muscovites to pay them an annual tribute, and had inserted in their last articles of peace the ignominious conditions, that "the Czar should hold the stirrup of their Khan, and feed his horse with oats out of his cap, if they should chance at any time to meet," — these savages were humbled at a blow, and scourged into insignificance by the master hand of Peter.

A year or two before the capture of Azoff, Peter had repudiated his wife. Various pretexts, such as infidelity and jealousy, have been assigned for the step ; among others, the enmity of Menzikoff, whom she had incensed by the accusation that he had taken her husband to visit lewd women, who had formerly been his customers for pies ; but the real reason was, that, like every one else connected with the great reformer, she opposed herself with the most besotted bigotry to all his plans. She was under the influence of the priests, and the priests, of course, opposed him. Unfortunately, the

Czar left his son Alexis in the charge of the mother, a mistake, which, as we shall see, occasioned infinite disaster.

Peter, having secured himself a seaport, sent a number of young Russians to study the arts of civilized life in Holland, Italy, and Germany ; but being convinced that he must do every thing for himself, and set the example to his subjects, he resolved to descend from his throne, and go to Holland to perfect himself in the arts, and particularly to acquire a thorough practical knowledge of maritime affairs.

Having been hitherto unrepresented in any European court, he fitted out a splendid embassy extraordinary to the States-General of Holland, — Lefort, Golownin, Voristzin, and Menzikoff being the plenipotentiaries, while the Czar accompanied them *incognito*, as *attaché* to the mission. The embassy proceeds through Esthonia and Livonia, visits Riga, — where the Swedish governor, D'Alberg, refuses permission to visit the fortifications, an indignity which Peter resolves to punish severely, — and, proceeding through Prussia, is received with great pomp by the king, at Königsberg. Here the Germans and Russians, "most potent at pottery," meet each other with exuberant demonstrations of friendship, and there is much carousing and hard drinking. At this place, Peter leaves the embassy, travels privately and with great rapidity to Holland, and never rests till he has established himself as a journeyman in the dockyard of Mynheer Calf. From a seafaring man, named Kist, whom he had known in Archangel, he hires lodgings, consisting of a small room and kitchen, and a garret above them, and immediately commences a laborious and practical devotion to the trade which he had determined to acquire. The Czar soon became a most accomplished ship-builder. His first essay was upon a small yacht, which he purchased and refitted upon his arrival, and in which he spent all his leisure moments, sailing about in the harbour, visiting the vessels in port, and astonishing the phlegmatic Dutchmen by the agility with which he flew about among the shipping. Before his departure, he laid down and built, from his own draught and model, a sixty-gun ship, at much of the carpentry of which he worked with his own hands, and which was declared by many competent judges to be an admirable specimen of naval architecture.

But besides his proficiency so rapidly acquired in all

maritime matters, he made considerable progress in civil engineering, mathematics, and the science of fortification, besides completely mastering the Dutch language, and acquiring the miscellaneous accomplishments of tooth-drawing, blood-letting, and tapping for the dropsy. He was indefatigable in visiting every public institution, charitable, literary, or scientific, in examining the manufacturing establishments, the corn-mills, saw-mills, paper-mills, oil-factories, all of which he studied practically, with the view of immediately introducing these branches of industry into his own dominions ; and before leaving Holland, he spent some time at Texel, solely for the purpose of examining the whale-ships, and qualifying himself to instruct his subjects in this pursuit after his return. "*Wat is dat? Dat wil ik zien*," was his eternal exclamation to the quiet Hollanders, who looked with profound astonishment at this boisterous foreign prince, in carpenter's disguise, flying round like a harlequin, swinging his stick over the backs of those who stood in his way, making strange grimaces, and rushing from one object to another with a restless activity of body and mind which seemed incomprehensible. He devoured every possible morsel of knowledge with unexampled voracity ; but the sequel proved that his mind had an ostrich-like digestion as well as appetite. The seeds which he collected in Holland, Germany, and England bore a rich harvest in the Scythian wildernesses, where his hand planted them on his return. Having spent about nine months in the Netherlands, he left that country for England.

His purpose in visiting England was principally to examine her navy-yards, dockyards, and maritime establishments, and to acquire some practical knowledge of English naval architecture. He did not design to work in the dockyards, but he preserved his *incognito*, although received with great attention by King William, who furthered all his plans to the utmost, and deputed the Marquis of Caermarthen, with whom the Czar became very intimate, to minister to all his wants during his residence in England. He was first lodged in York Buildings ; but afterwards, in order to be near the sea, he took possession of a house called Sayes Court, belonging to the celebrated John Evelyn, "with a back door into the king's yard, at Deptford" ; there, says an old writer, "he would often take up the carpenters' tools, and work with

them ; and he frequently conversed with the builders, who showed him their draughts, and the method of laying down, by proportion, any ship or vessel."

It is amusing to observe the contempt with which the servant of the gentle, pastoral Evelyn writes to his master concerning his imperial tenant, and the depredations and desecrations committed upon his "most boscaresque grounds." "There is a house full of people," he says, "right nasty. The Czar lies next your library, and dines in the parlour next your study. He dines at ten o'clock, and six at night ; is very seldom at home a whole day ; very often in the king's yard, or by water, dressed in several dresses. The best parlour is pretty clean for the king to be entertained in." Moreover, in the garden at Sayes Court, there was, to use Evelyn's own language, "a glorious and refreshing object, an impregnable hedge of about four hundred feet in length, nine feet high, and five feet in diameter, at any time of the year glittering with its armed and variegated leaves ; the taller standards, at orderly distances, blushing with their natural coral" ; and through this "glorious and refreshing object," the Czar amused himself by trundling a wheelbarrow every morning for the sake of the exercise !

He visited the hospitals, and examined most of the public institutions in England ; and particularly directed his attention towards acquiring information in engineering, and collecting a body of skilful engineers and artificers to carry on the great project, which he had already matured, of opening an artificial communication, by locks and canals, between the Volga, the Don, and the Caspian ;—a design, by the way, which was denounced by the clergy and nobility of his empire, "as a piece of impiety, being to turn the streams one way, which Providence had directed another." His evenings were generally spent with the Marquis Caermarthen, with pipes, beer, and brandy, at a tavern near Tower hill, which is still called the "Czar of Muscovy."

During his stay in England, he went to see the University of Oxford, and visited many of the cathedrals and churches, and "had also the curiosity to view the Quakers and other Dissenters at their meeting-houses in the time of service." In this connection it is impossible not to quote the egregiously foolish remarks of Bishop Burnet, in his "History of his own Times."

"I waited upon him often," says the bishop, "and was ordered, both by the king and the archbishop, to attend upon him and to offer him such information as to our religion and constitution as he might be willing to receive. I had good interpreters, so I had much free discourse with him. He is a man of a very hot temper, soon influenced, and very brutal in his passion; he raises his natural heat by drinking much brandy, which he rectifies himself with great application; he is subject to convulsive motions all over his body, and his head seems to be affected with these. He wants not capacity, and has a larger measure of knowledge than might be expected from his education, which was very indifferent; a want of judgment, with an instability of temper, appears in him but too often and too evidently. He is mechanically turned, and seems designed by nature rather *to be a ship-carpenter than a great prince.* This was his chief study and exercise while he staid here; he wrought much with his own hands, and made all about him work at the models of ships. He told me he designed a great fleet at Azoff, and with it to attack the Turkish empire; but he did not seem capable of conducting so great a design, though his conduct in his wars since this has discovered a greater genius in him than appeared at that time. He was desirous to understand our doctrine, but he did not seem *disposed to mend matters in Muscovy.* He was, indeed, resolved to encourage learning and to polish his people by sending some of them to travel in other countries, and to draw strangers to come and live among them. He seemed apprehensive still of his sister's intrigues. There is a mixture both of passion and severity in his temper. He is resolute, but understands little of war, and seemed not at all inquisitive in that way. After I had seen him often, and had conversed much with him, I could not but adore the depth of the providence of God, that had raised up such a furious man to so absolute an authority over so great a part of the world."— *History of his own Times*, Vol. II., pp. 221, 222.

The complacency with which the prelate speaks of this "furious man," "designed by nature rather to be a ship-carpenter than a great prince," who "did not seem disposed to mend matters in Muscovy," is excessively ludicrous. Here was a youth of twenty-five, who had seen with a glance the absolute necessity of opening for his empire a pathway to the ocean, and had secured that pathway by a blow, and who now, revolving in his mind the most daring schemes of conquest over martial neighbours, and vast projects of internal improvement for his domains, had gone forth in mask

and domino from his barbarous citadel, not for a holyday pastime, but to acquire the arts of war and peace, and, like a modern Cadmus, to transplant from older regions the seeds of civilization to the barbarous wildernesses of his realm. Here was a crowned monarch, born in the purple, and, in the very heyday of his youth, exchanging his diadem and sceptre for the tools of a shipwright, while, at the same time, in his capacious brain his vast future lay as clearly imaged, and his great projects already to his imagination appeared as palpable as, long years afterwards, when completed, they became to the observation of the world ; and yet, upon the whole, the churchman thought him " not disposed to mend matters in Muscovy," and rather fitted by nature " to be a ship-carpenter than a great prince."

The Czar, before his departure from England, engaged a large number of scientific persons, at the head of whom was Ferguson, the engineer, to accompany him to Russia, to be employed upon the various works of internal improvement already projected. To all these persons he promised liberal salaries, which were never paid, and perfect liberty to depart when they chose, " with crowns for convoy put into their purse " ; although, in the sequel, the poor devils never got a ruble for their pains, and those who escaped assassination by some jealous Russian or other, and were able to find their way " bootless home, and weather-beaten back," after a few profitless years spent upon the Czar's sluices and bridges, were to be considered fortunate.

One of the disadvantages, we suppose, of one man's owning a whole quarter of the globe and all its inhabitants, is a tendency to think lightly of human obligations. It is useless to occupy one's mind with engagements that no human power can enforce. The artificers, being there, might accomplish their part of the Czar's mission to civilize, or at least to Europeanize, Russia. This was matter of consequence to the world ; their salaries were of no importance to any body but themselves. It is odd, that these persons were the first to introduce into Russia the science of reckoning by Arabic numerals, accounts having been formerly kept (and, indeed, being still kept by all shop-keepers and retail dealers) by means of balls upon a string, as billiards are marked in America. For the Czar to have introduced an improved method of account-keeping by means of the very men with

whom he intended to keep no account at all seems a superfluous piece of irony ; but so it was. He had, however, a nicer notion of what was due from one potentate to another; for, upon taking his departure from England, he took from his breeches pocket a ruby wrapped in brown paper, worth about £10,000, and presented it to King William. He also, in return for the agreeable hours passed with Lord Caermarthen at the "Czar of Muscovy" upon Tower hill, presented that nobleman with the right to license every hogshead of tobacco exported to Russia by an English company, who had paid him £15,000 for the monopoly, and to charge five shillings for each license.

Upon his return through Vienna, where he was entertained with great pomp, he received news of an insurrection which had broken out in Moscow, but which had already been suppressed by the energy of General Patrick Gordon. This news induced him to give up his intended visit to Italy, and to hasten back to his capital. He found, upon his arrival, that the Strelitzes, who, instigated of course by the Princess Sophia, were the authors of the revolt, had been defeated, and the ringleaders imprisoned. He immediately hung up three or four of them in front of Sophia's window, had half a dozen more hung and quartered, and a few more broken upon the wheel. Under the circumstances, this was quite as little as a Czar who respected himself, and who proposed to remain Czar, could have done by way of retaliation upon a body of men as dangerous as these Strelitzes.

It is not singular, however, that, at that day, when the Czar of Muscovy was looked upon by Western Europeans as an Ogre who habitually breakfasted upon his subjects, these examples of wholesome severity were magnified into the most improbable fables. Korb, the secretary of the Austrian legation at Moscow, entertained his sovereign with minute details of several banquets given by Peter to the nobility and diplomatic corps, at every one of which several dozen Strelitzes were decapitated in the dining-room. He tells of one select dinner-party in particular, in which the Czar chopped off the heads of twenty with his own hands, washing down each head with a bumper of brandy, and then obliging Lefort, and several of the judges, and some of the foreign ministers, to try their hand at the sport. In short, if we could believe contemporary memorialists, the Stre-

litzes were kept in preserves like pheasants, and a grand *battue* was given once a week by the Czar to his particular friends, in which he who bagged the most game was sure to recommend himself most to the autocrat. If we were to rely upon the general tone of contemporary history, or to place any credence in circumstantial and statistical details of persons having facts within their reach, we should believe that there never was so much fun in Moscow as while these Strelitzes lasted. Residents there stated, that two thousand of them were executed in all, including those made way with by the Czar and the *dilettanti*.

Perhaps our readers may think that we are exaggerating. We can assure them that the flippancy is not ours, but history's. We should have dwelt less upon the topic, had not our friend the Marquis de Custine reproduced some of these fables with such imperturbable gravity.*

At all events, the Strelitzes were entirely crushed by these vigorous measures ; and from cutting off the heads of the Janizaries, the Czar now found leisure to cut off the petticoats and beards of his subjects. The great cause of complaint which De Custine makes against Peter is, that he sought to improve his country by importing the seeds of civilization from the older countries of Western Europe. He

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* On lit dans M. de Ségur les faits suivants: " Pierre, lui même a interrogé ces criminels (les Strélitz) par la torture ; puis à l'imitation d'Iwan le Tyran, il se fait leur juge, leur bourreau ; il force ses nobles, restés fidèles, à trancher les têtes des nobles coupables, qu'ils viennent de condamner. Le cruel, du haut de son trône assiste d'un œil sec à ces exécutions ; il fait plus, il mêle aux joies des festins l'horreur des supplices. Ivre de vin et de sang, le verre d'une main, la hache de l'autre, en une seule heure, vingt libations successives marquent la chute de vingt têtes de Strélitz, qu'il abat à ses pieds, en s'enorgueillissant de son horrible adresse. L'année d'après, le contre coup, soit du soulèvement de ses Janissaires, soit de l'atrocité de leur supplice, retentit au loin dans l'Empire, et d'autres revoltes eclatent. Quatre-vingt Strélitz, chargés de chaînes, sont trainés d'Azoff à Moscou, et leurs têtes, qu'un boyard tient successivement par les cheveux, tombent encore sous la hache du Czar." *Hist. de Russie et de Pierre le Grand*, par M. le Général Comte de Ségur. — *La Russie en* 1839, par le Marquis de Custine, I. 306.

" Mais tandis que ce grand précepteur de son peuple enseignait si bien la civilité puérile aux boyards et aux marchands de Moscou, il s'abaissait lui même à la pratique des métiers les plus vils, à commencer par celui de bourreau ; on lui a vu couper vingt têtes de sa main dans une soirée ; et on l'a entendu se vanter de son adresse à ce métier, qu'il exerça avec une rare férocité lorsqu'il eut triomphé des coupables, mais encore plus malheureux Strélitz," etc. — De Custine, III. 330.

would have preferred to have had the Russians, being a Sclavonic race, civilized as it were Sclavonically. What this process is, and where it has been successfully put into operation, he does not inform us. As we read the history of the world, it seems to us that the arts have circled the earth, successively implanting themselves in different countries at different epochs, and producing different varieties of intellectual, moral, and physical fruit, corresponding to the myriad influences exercised upon the seed. At all events, if Peter made a mistake in importing the germs of ancient culture from more favored lands, it was a mistake he made in common with Cadmus, and Cecrops, and Theseus, and other semi-fabulous personages, — with Solon, and Lycurgus, and Pythagoras, in less crepuscular times.

Right or wrong, however, Peter was determined to *Occidentalize* his empire. The darling wish of his heart was to place himself upon the seashore, in order the more easily to Europeanize his country. In the mean time, and while awaiting a good opportunity for the "reannexation" of Ingria, Esthonia, and Livonia, provinces which had several centuries before belonged to the Russian crown, but had been ceded to, and possessed by, Sweden for ages, he began to denationalize his subjects, by putting a tax upon their beards and their petticoats. Strange to say, his subjects were so much more patriotic than their master, that the tax became very productive. Peter increased his revenue, but could not diminish the beards or petticoats. He was obliged to resort to force, and by "entertaining a score or two of tailors and barbers" at each gate of Moscow, whose business it was to fasten upon every man who entered, and to "cut his petticoats all round about," as well as his whiskers, he at last succeeded in humanizing their costume ;—a process highly offensive, and which caused the clergy, who naturally favored the Russian nationality upon which they were fattened, to denounce him as Antichrist. At the same time, he altered the commencement of the year from the 1st of September to the 1st of January, much to the astonishment of his subjects, who wondered that the Czar could change the course of the sun. He also instituted assemblies for the encouragement of social intercourse between the sexes. But his most important undertakings were the building, under his immediate superintendence, assisted by the English offi-

cers whom he had brought with him, of a large fleet upon the Don, and the junction of that river with the Volga. About this time, he met with an irreparable loss in the death of Lefort, who perished at the early age of forty-six. Peter was profoundly afflicted by this event, and honored his remains with magnificent obsequies.

Both coasts of the gulf of Finland, together with both banks of the river Neva, up to the lake Ladoga, had been long, and were still, in possession of the Swedes. These frozen morasses were not a tempting site for a metropolis, certainly ; particularly when they happened to be in the possession of the most warlike nation of Europe, governed by the most warlike monarch, as the sequel proved, that had ever sat upon its throne. Still, Peter had determined to take possession of that coast, and already in imagination had built his capital upon those dreary solitudes, peopled only by the elk, the wolf, and the bear. This man, more than any one perhaps that ever lived, was an illustration of the power of volition. He always settled in his own mind exactly what he wanted, and then put on his wishing-cap. With him, to will was to have. Obstacles he took as a matter of course. It never seemed to occur to him to doubt the accomplishment of his purpose. For our own part, we do not admire the capital which he built, nor the place he selected ; both are mistakes, in our humble opinion, as time will prove and is proving. But it is impossible not to admire such a masterly effort of human volition as the erection of Petersburg.

In the year 1700 was formed the alliance between Augustus the Strong, elector of Saxony and king of Poland, the king of Denmark, and the Czar Peter, against Charles the Twelfth, king of Sweden, then a boy of eighteen, of whose character nothing was known, and who, it was thought probable, might be bullied. The Czar, as we know, desired Ingria and Carelia. Augustus wished to regain Esthonia and Livonia, ceded by Poland to Charles the Eleventh of Sweden ; and Denmark wished to recover Holstein and Schleswig. It soon appeared, that the allied sovereigns had got hold of the wrong man. Charles the Twelfth, to the astonishment of his own court no less than of his enemies, in one instant blazed forth a hero. He " smote the sledded Polack," to begin with ; then defeated the Danes ; and, hav-

ing thus despatched his two most formidable enemies in appearance, he was at leisure to devote his whole attention to the Czar, whom, however, he treated with the contempt which a thoroughbred soldier, at the head of tried and disciplined troops, naturally felt for the barbarous autocrat of barbarous hordes.

Peter, however, who knew nothing of war but in theory, with the exception of his maiden campaign of Azoff, went manfully forward to the encounter. He invaded Ingria at the head of sixty thousand men; and wishing, like Andrew Aguecheek, to "keep on the windy side of the law," and to save appearances, he defended his invasion by the ludicrous pretext, that his ambassadors had been charged exorbitant prices for provisions on their tour through the Swedish provinces to Holland, and that he himself had been denied a sight of the citadel at Riga. Not that he wanted Riga himself, or Ingria, or Livonia, — "O, no, not at all"; — but the preposterous charges made by the butchers and bakers of Ingria were insults which could only be washed out in blood. On the 20th of September he laid siege to Narva, a strongly fortified town on the river Narowa. On the 19th of November, Charles the Twelfth fell upon Peter's army during a tremendous snow-storm, which blew directly in their teeth, and with nine thousand soldiers completely routed and cut to pieces or captured about sixty thousand Russians. Never was a more ignominious defeat. The Russians were slaughtered like sheep, and their long petticoats prevented the survivors from running away half as fast as they wished. The consequence was, that, according to the Swedish accounts, the prisoners four times outnumbered the whole Swedish army.

One would have thought that this would have settled the Czar for a little while, and kept him quiet and reasonable. It did so. He preserved the most imperturbable *sang-froid* after his return to Moscow, and devoted himself with more zeal than ever to the junction of the Baltic and the Euxine, just at the moment when the former seemed farthest from him, and when a common man would have been "qualmish at the name" of Baltic. At the same time, reversing the commonplace doctrine, he continues in war to prepare for peace, — with one hand importing sheep from Saxony, erecting linen and paper factories, building hospitals and

founding schools, while with the other he melts all the church and convent-bells in Moscow into cannon, and makes every preparation for a vigorous campaign the ensuing season. He had not the slightest suspicion that he was beaten. He was, in fact, one of those intellectual Titans, who never feel their strength till they have been fairly struck to the earth. "I know very well," he says in his journal, "that the Swedes will have the advantage of us for a considerable time; but they will teach us at length to beat them." And at a later period he says: — "If we had obtained a victory over the Swedes at Narva, being, as we were, so little instructed in the arts of war and policy, into what an abyss might not this good fortune have sunk us! On the contrary, the success of the Swedes cost them very dear afterwards at Pultowa."

In the following spring, his troops obtained some trifling successes, and General Scherematoff made the memorable capture of Marienburg, in Livonia, — memorable not so much in a military point of view, as on account of a young and pretty Livonian girl, who was captured with the town. This young woman, whose Christian name was Martha, without any patronymic, or any at least that has been preserved, was born near Dorpt, and had been educated by one Dr. Gluck, a Lutheran minister at Marienburg, who pronounced her a "pattern of virtue, intelligence, and good conduct"; she had been married the day before the battle of Marienburg to a Swedish sergeant, who fell in the action, and she now found herself alone, a friendless, helpless widow and orphan of sixteen, exposed without any protector to all the horrors of a besieged and captured town.

If a writer of fiction, with a brain fertile in extravagant and incredible romance, had chosen to describe to us this young peasant-girl, weeping half distracted among the smoking ruins of an obscure provincial town, and then, after rapidly shifting a few brilliant and tumultuous scenes in his phantasmagoria, had presented to us the same orphan girl as a crowned empress, throned upon a quarter of the world, and the sole arbitress and autocrat of thirty millions of human beings, and all this without any discovery of a concealed origin, without crime and without witchcraft, with nothing supernatural in the machinery, and nothing intricate in the plot, — should we not all have smiled at his absurd-

ity ? And yet, this captive girl became the consort of the Czar Peter, and upon his death the empress of all the Russias. The Russian General Bauer saw her, and rescued her from the dangers of the siege. She afterwards became the mistress of Menzikoff, with whom she lived till 1704, when, in the seventeenth year of her age, the Czar saw her, was captivated by her beauty, and took her for his mistress, and afterwards privately, and then publicly, married her.

It is to this epoch that belongs the abolition of the patriarchal dignity in Russia. Peter, having at a blow destroyed the Strelitzes, had long intended to annihilate the ecclesiastical power, the only balance which existed in the country to the autocracy of the sovereign. The superstition of the Russians was, and is, unbounded. Their principal saint was Saint Anthony, who, says a quaint old author, "came all the way from Rome to Novogorod by water on a millstone, sailing down the Tiber to Civita Vecchia, from thence passing through several seas to the mouth of the Neva, then went up that, and, crossing the lake Ladoga into the Volkhoff, arrived at the city before named. Besides this extraordinary voyage, he wrought several other miracles as soon as he landed where the monastery now stands that is dedicated to him ; one was, to order a company of fishermen to cast their nets into the sea ; which having done, they immediately drew up, with a great quantity of fish, a large trunk containing several church ornaments, sacred utensils, and priestly vestments for celebrating the liturgy, which the Russians, as well as the Eastern Greeks, believe was first performed at Rome in the same manner and with the same ceremonies as they themselves use at this time. The people tell you farther, that he built himself a little cell, in which he ended his days. In this place there now stands a chapel, in which they say he was buried, and that his body remains as uncorrupted as at the instant of his death. Over the door of the cell, the monks show a millstone, which they endeavour to make the ignorant people believe is the very same that the saint sailed upon from Rome, and to which great devotions were once paid, and many offerings made, till the time Peter the Great made himself sovereign pontiff."

To this saint, or to Saint Nicolas, we forget which, letters of introduction were always addressed by the priests, and

placed in the hands of the dead when laid in their coffins. The superstition of the Russians is grosser and more puerile than that of any people purporting to be Christians. They would rather starve than eat pigeons, because the Holy Ghost assumed the form of a dove ; they dip their new-born children into the Neva in January, through holes cut in the ice, directly after the ceremony of blessing the water has been concluded by the Patriarch ; and it would be an easy but endless task to enumerate other similar absurdities. It may be supposed, that the patriarchal dignity, founded upon superstition as solid as this, would be a difficult power to contend with. It was so. The Patriarch's power was enormous. He pronounced sentence of life, and death, and torture, without intervention of any tribunal. On Palm Sunday, he rode to church upon an ass "caparisoned in white linen," at the head of a long procession of ecclesiastical and civil dignitaries, with a mitre upon his head, and "skirts of many colors, three or four ells long," borne by a band of young men ; while the Czar walked uncovered by his side, holding the bridle of the beast upon his arm.

This dignity, which had been established by a sort of accident in the year 1588, up to which time the Russian church acknowledged the supremacy of the Patriarch of Constantinople, had grown to be very distasteful to Peter. The church was the greatest possible enemy to his plans of reformation. The bigotry of its opposition to all his projects was insurmountable. Besides, it was very inconvenient that any one should have any power, or any rights, except himself. He determined to annihilate the office of Patriarch, and to place himself at the head of the church. We do not find, however, that he thought it necessary to go through an apprenticeship in this profession, as he had done in others ; but on the contrary, upon the death of the Patriarch Adrian, which happened about this time, he simply appointed himself *pontifex maximus*, and declined nominating any other Patriarch. The man who had destroyed the Janizaries, cut off the beards of his subjects, and changed the course of the sun, was also strong enough to trample the prelate's mitre in the dust. He was entirely successful in his contest with the church. The clergy made but a feeble resistance. The printing-press, to be sure, which he had first introduced into Russia, swarmed with

libels upon him, and denounced him as Antichrist; but he was defended by others of the clergy, "because the number six hundred and sixty-six was not found in his name, and he had not the sign of the beast."

Before the close of the year 1702, the troops of the Czar had driven the Swedes from the Ladoga and the Neva, and had taken possession of all the ports in Carelia and Ingria. On the 16th of May, without waiting another moment after having possessed himself of the locality, he begins to build his metropolis. One hundred thousand miserable workmen are consumed in the first twelve months, succumbing to the rigorous climate and the unhealthy position. But "*il faut casser des œufs pour faire une omelette*"; in one year's time there are thirty thousand houses in Petersburg. Never was there such a splendid improvisation. Look for a moment at a map of Russia, and say if Petersburg was not a magnificent piece of volition, — a mistake, certainly, and an extensive one, — but still a magnificent mistake. Upon a delta, formed by the dividing branches of the Neva, — upon a miserable morass half under water, without stones, without clay, without earth, without wood, without building materials of any kind, — having behind it the outlet of the lake Ladoga and its tributary swamps, and before it the gulf of Finland contracting itself into a narrow compass, and ready to deluge it with all the waters of the Baltic, whenever the southwest wind should blow a gale eight-and-forty hours, — with a climate of polar severity, and a soil as barren as an iceberg, — was not Petersburg a bold *impromptu?* We never could look at this capital, with its imposing though monotonous architecture, its colossal squares, its vast colonnades, its endless vistas, its spires and minarets sheathed in barbaric gold and flashing in the sun, and remember the magical rapidity with which it was built, and the hundred thousand lives that were sacrificed in building it, without recalling Milton's description of the building of Pandemonium: —

> "Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
> Rose like an exhalation, ...
> Built like a temple, where pilasters round
> Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
> With golden architrave; nor did there want
> Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven;
> The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon

> Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
> Equalled in all their glories, to enshrine
> Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat
> Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
> In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile
> Stood fixed her stately height; and straight the doors
> Opening their brazen folds discover, wide
> Within, her ample spaces o'er the smooth
> And level pavement."

Within a few months after the foundation of Petersburg and Cronstadt, Peter had the pleasure of piloting into his new seaport with his own hands a vessel belonging to his old friend, Cornelius Calf, of Saardam. The transfer of the seat of government, by the removal of the senate from Moscow to Petersburg, was effected a few years afterwards. Since that time, the repudiated Oriental capital of the ancient Czars, the magnificent Moscow, with her golden tiara and her Eastern robe, has sat, like Hagar in the wilderness, deserted and lonely in all her barbarian beauty. Yet even now, in many a backward look and longing sigh she reads plainly enough that she is not forgotten by her sovereign, that she is still at heart preferred, and that she will eventually triumph over her usurping and artificial rival.

The building of Petersburg in a year was, however, a mere *aside* in the great military drama that was going on. Peter founded this city as soon as he had won a place for it; but the war still went on. While the Czar was erecting his capital, establishing woollen manufactures, and importing sheep from Saxony, Charles the Twelfth was knocking the Elector of Saxony off the Polish throne, putting Stanislaus Leckzinsky in his place, and ravaging all Poland and Saxony. The scenes of the great drama which occupied the next few years, but which we have no intention of sketching, opened in Poland, and closed on the confines of Turkey. It is a magnificent, eventful, important drama, a chapter of history which has been often written and is familiar to almost every one, and yet which would well bear handling again. There is no life of Peter which is in all respects satisfactory, which does not partake too much of eulogium or censure in its estimation of his character; and there is none which developes with sufficient accuracy and impartiality, and in a sufficiently striking manner, the stirring events of the great Northern war. The brilliant drama enacted in the first fifteen years of the present century — forming probably the most splendid chapter

in the military history of the world, and which is still so fresh in the minds of men — has thrown into comparative oblivion the very picturesque and imposing scenes which were displayed in the first fifteen years of the eighteenth. And yet what a magnificent subject for the historical painter, what imposing personages, what dramatic catastrophes, what sudden and bewildering reverses, what wild scenery, what Salvator-like *chiaroscuro*, — dark Sarmatian forests enveloping the actors in mystery and obscurity, with flashes of light breaking upon the anxious suspense of Europe, and revealing portentous battles, sieges, and hairbreadth escapes, — what "dreadful marches" through the wilderness, what pitched combats, upon whose doubtful result hinged, as almost never before or since, the weal or woe of millions, and in which kings fought sword in hand in the hottest of the fight, with their crowns staked upon the issue!

There was always something very exciting to our imagination in the characters of the three kings who were the principal actors in the Northern war. There seemed to be a strange, fitful, mythical character about the war and the men who waged it. The Elector Augustus of Saxony, king of Poland, with his superhuman and almost fabulous physical strength, his personal bravery, his showy, chivalrous character, his world-renowned adventures in a gentler field, familiar to posterity through the records of "*La Saxe galante*," is a striking personage. It is astonishing that such a magnificent Lothario should have chosen, for the barren honor of being elected to the Polish throne, to exchange the brilliant and voluptuous gayety of his own court for "the bloody noses and cracked crowns" which were "passing current" in Poland. But it is still more astonishing, that, having once engaged in the affair, he should have cut such a miserable figure in it. The splendid Augustus, Augustus the Strong, Augustus the Gallant, became merely the anvil for the sledgehammers of Charles and Peter. He made a fool of himself; he disgraced himself more than it seemed possible for a human being to disgrace himself; he humiliated himself more completely, more stupidly, because more unnecessarily, than it seemed possible for the greatest idiot, as well as the most arrant coward, to humiliate himself. He lost his crown at the very start, went down on his knees in the dirt to pick it up again, made a secret treaty with

Charles, renouncing his alliance with the Czar, deserted his ally with incredible folly just as the Russians in conjunction with his own troops were gaining a brilliant victory and entering Warsaw in triumph, concealed his shameful negotiation from his own generals, while at the same time he wrote a letter to Charles, apologizing for having gained a victory, and assuring him that he had intended to have drawn off his troops and deserted to the enemy, but that his orders had not been obeyed, and then sneaked off to Charles's camp, where, in obedience to that monarch's orders, he capped the climax of his shame by writing a letter of sincere and humble congratulation to Stanislaus Leckzinsky for supplanting him upon his own throne. Peter, in the sequel, put his crown on his head again, to be sure ; but for ever after he looked like

> "The thief,
> Who from the shelf the precious diadem stole,
> And put it in his pocket."

What a pity that this man, who was deficient neither in courage nor, we suppose, in a certain amount of intellect sufficient for all ordinary purposes, should have got himself into such a scrape, merely for the sake of carrying an election over the Prince of Conti and Stanislaus ! The truth was, that, the moment he got among giants, — giants in action, like Charles and Peter, — he showed himself the pigmy he was in mind, despite his stature, his strength, and his personal bravery.

And Charles the Twelfth, the hero, the crowned gladiator, — what had he to do with the eighteenth century ? The hero of every body's boyhood, he remains a puzzle and a mystery to us in our maturer years. He seems an impossibility in the times in which he lived. On the death of Charles the Eleventh, and the commencement of the hostile movement by Russia and Denmark, the stripling sovereign seems to dilate into the vast, shadowy proportions of some ancient hero of Scandinavian Sagas. He seems like one of the ancient Norsemen, whose vocation was simply to fight, — who conquered the whole earth, not because they wanted it, but because they were sent into the world for no other earthly purpose ; a legitimate representative of the old Sea Kings, or rather an ancient Sea King himself, reappearing in the eighteenth century, with no specially defined object, and

proposing to himself no particular business in the world which he had so suddenly revisited, but to fight as much as possible, and with any body that came along. Viewed in this light, he can be judged more justly. He was out of place where he was. He would have been a magnificent hero and a useful personage six or seven hundred years earlier. He was a very mischievous character in the eighteenth century. People no longer fought in the same way as before ; they no longer fought for the fun of it ; they now had always an object in their wars. Sovereigns, however belligerent in taste, had always an eye to their interest. This was pre-eminently the case with his great antagonist, Peter. He never fought except for an object ; but sooner than relinquish the object, he would have fought till "sun and moon were in the flat sea sunk." He was a creator, a founder, a law-giver, as well as a warrior. He was constructive ; Charles merely destructive. The Czar was a great statesman ; Charles only a great gladiator. In war, Peter was always preparing for peace ; as for Charles, after he first started upon his career, he never seemed to have had the faintest suspicion that there was such a thing, such a *status*, as peace. He came into the world to fight, and he fought ; he lived fighting, he died fighting. He poured himself out, like a fierce torrent from his native mountains, in one wild, headlong, devastating flood. There was nothing beneficent, nothing fertilizing, in his career. His kingdom was neglected, his treasury exhausted, his subjects impoverished ; while he himself, from the admiration and wonder of Europe, became, or would have become, but for his timely death, its laughing-stock. The hero at Narva was only Bombastes Furioso at Bender.

While Charles was deposing Augustus and crowning Stanislaus, the troops of Peter were not idle. Keeping his eye ever fixed upon his great object, the Czar was adding to his domain province after province of what was then the Swedish seacoast. Dorpat and Narva are captured, and with them all Ingria, of which Peter makes the pastry-cook's apprentice governor. Courland soon follows, and now the Czar joins his forces to those of Augustus in Poland. While he is called off to quell an insurrection in Astracan, (distances are nothing to the Czar,) Augustus seizes the opportunity to make the ignominious compact with

the Swedish king, to which we have referred, and — most shameful and perfidious part of his treason — surrenders to the vengeance of the ferocious Charles, *to the torture and the wheel*, the unfortunate General Patkul, ambassador of the Czar at the court of Augustus, who had incurred the hatred of the Swedish monarch for heading a deputation of Livonian nobles, and presenting to him a petition concerning the rights and privileges of their province. The allies of King Augustus take possession of Warsaw, while King Augustus himself is writing his congratulations to King Stanislaus.

Peter, having helped himself to almost as many Swedish provinces as he cared for, while Charles has been bullying Augustus and breaking Patkul on the wheel, is now disposed to treat for peace. The French envoy at Dresden offers his services, but Charles declines treating except at Moscow. "My brother Charles wishes to act Alexander," says the Czar; "but he shall not find me Darius."

Peter now conceives almost exactly the same plan by which the conqueror of the nineteenth century was entrapped and destroyed. He makes his country and climate fight for him, and retreats slowly before his advancing enemy, drawing him on step by step to a barren country, whence he could have no retreat, and where Peter could suddenly advance from his own secure position, and overwhelm him at a blow. With masterly generalship, he retreats before his hot-headed adversary, still "tempting him to the desert with his sword," marches to Moghilef and Orsha, on the eastern bank of the Dnieper, a position in free communication with Smolensko, sends his Cossacks to lay waste the country for thirty miles round, and then orders them to join him beyond the Borysthenes. The two Northern monarchs now disappear from the eyes of anxious Europe among the wildernesses of ancient Scythia. Peter, with a hundred thousand men, well provided, and in convenient communication with his own cities and magazines, remains quiet. Charles, intent upon dictating terms at Moscow, crosses the Borysthenes with eighty thousand men. A fierce battle without results is fought on the Berezina. Charles pushes on to Smolensko. By order of Peter, the country between the Borysthenes and Smolensko had been laid waste. At the approach of winter, the Swedish army dwindles and wastes away beneath the horrors of the iron climate. Still Charles advances, when suddenly, and to

the Czar inexplicably, he turns aside from his path, abandons his design upon Moscow, and directs his steps to the Ukraine. The mystery is solved by the news of Mazeppa's treason. The old hetman of the Cossacks deserts to Charles, promising to bring over all his troops ; he brings no one but himself ; the Cossacks scorn his treachery, and remain faithful to their Czar.

By this time it was December, the cold intense, and, the Swedish army perishing by thousands, Count Piper implores his master to halt, and go into the best winter-quarters they could find in the Ukraine. The king refuses, resolved to reduce the Ukraine, and then march to Moscow. In the month of May, after a winter spent by the Czar's forces in comfortable quarters, and by the king's exposed to all kinds of misery, Charles lays seige to Pultowa with eighteen thousand men, the remnant of his eighty thousand. On the 15th of June, 1709, the Czar appears before Pultowa, and, by feint of attack upon the Swedes, succeeds in throwing two thousand men into the place, and at length, a few days after, gives him battle, and utterly routs and destroys his army. Both the king and the Czar, throughout this

"Dread Pultowa's day,
When fortune left the royal Swede,"

fight in the front of the battle. Several balls pierce the Czar's clothes ; while Charles, having been previously wounded in the heel, is carried through the fight upon a litter. After the total overthrow of his army, Charles escapes on horseback, with a handful of followers, and, entering the confines of Turkey, halts at Bender on the Dniester.

The battle of Pultowa and the final overthrow of Charles are followed, during the autumn and winter, by the complete conquest of Livonia, — Wiborg, Elbing, Riga, and Revel being taken early in 1710. At the same time, Peter deposes Stanislaus, and restores the illustrious Augustus.

In the mean time, Charles remains at Bender, the stipendiary of the Sultan, while Poniatowski, his emissary at the Porte, is busily intriguing to bring about a declaration of war from Turkey against the Czar. In conjunction with the Khan of the Crimean Tartars, who appeals to the Sultan's jealousy of the increasing power of Russia, and inspires him with a desire to recover Azoff and expel his encroaching neighbours from the Black Sea, the envoy succeeds.

The Grand Mufti declares that it is necessary for the Sultan to go to war with the Czar; whereupon the Muscovite ambassador is forthwith "clapped into prison," by way of commencement of hostilities, and the war begins. Peter immediately makes a levy of one man in four, besides one "valet out of every two belonging to the nobility," makes a solemn declaration of war, and then marches at the head of forty thousand men to the frontier of Turkey. Previously to his departure, he makes a public proclamation of his previous marriage to Catharine; and the empress, despite his earnest remonstrances, accompanies the invading army.

It is strange that the Czar, on this expedition, should have committed the same error, and placed himself in almost the same unfortunate predicament, as his adversary, Charles. Trusting to the representations and the friendship of the faithless hospodar of Moldavia, he advances rapidly, at the head of an insufficient force, into a hostile and barren country, relying for men and munitions of war upon his ally. Crossing the Pruth, he finds himself near Jassy, in a hostile country, between an army of Turks and another of Tartars, with a deep and rapid river between him and his own dominions. Forty thousand Russians are held at bay by two hundred thousand Turks and Tartars. The situation of the Czar is terrible; annihilation seems to stare him in the face. His enemy, Charles, visits the Turkish camp in disguise, urging the Czar's destruction upon the Vizier. A destructive battle is going on unceasingly, which in three days costs him eighteen thousand men. Retreat is impossible; no ally is near him, no succour expected. What can possibly extricate him? Shall he dash upon the Turks at the head of his remaining forces, and cut his way through them, or die, sword in hand, in the attempt? Shall he surrender to the overwhelming power of the Sultan's army, and be paraded at Constantinople as the captive Czar? Tortured and perplexed, he shuts himself up alone in his tent, and falls into terrible convulsions. None of his generals dare approach him; he has forbidden an entrance to all. Suddenly, despite of the prohibition, the captive of Marienburg stands before him. She, who at all times possessed a mysterious power to calm the spasmodic affections, half physical, half mental, to which he was subject, now appears before him

like an angel to relieve his agony, and to point out an escape from impending ruin. She suggests the idea of negotiation, which had occurred to no one, in the desperate situation in which they were placed, and which, she instinctively prophesied, would still be successful. She strips herself of her jewels, and ransacks the camp for objects of value, to form a suitable present for the Grand Vizier. The Vice-Chancellor Shaffiroff is despatched to the enemy's camp, and the apparently impossible result is a treaty of peace. Arms are suspended immediately, and soon afterwards honorable articles are signed, of which the principal are the surrender of Azoff, the exclusion of the Czar from the Black Sea, the demolition of the fortress of Taganroc, the withdrawal of the Russian soldiers from the neighbourhood of the Danube, and the promise of free passage to Charles the Twelfth through Russia to his own states.

It is unnecessary to analyze or to criticise the different motives that actuated the Vizier in acceding to an honorable negotiation, when the Czar seemed to be so completely in his power. It is sufficient that this was the surprising and fortunate result of Catharine's counsel. "Her great merit," says Voltaire, "was, that she saw the possibility of negotiation, at a moment when the generals seem to have seen nothing but an inevitable misfortune." No language can describe the rage and mortification of Charles the Twelfth at this unexpected result, — at this apparently impossible escape of his hated rival from overwhelming ruin. Hastening to the camp of the Vizier, he upbraids him, as if he had been his master, instead of his stipendiary; he expresses his profound disgust, that the Czar has not been carried to Constantinople, instead of being allowed to go home so easily. "And who will govern his empire in his absence?" asked the Vizier, with bitter irony; adding, that "it would never do to have all the sovereigns away from home." In answer to this retort, Charles grins ferociously in his face, turns on his heel, and tears the Vizier's robe with his spurs. After thus insulting the great functionary of the Sultan, he continues three years longer a pensionary upon his bounty. To the reiterated entreaties of his senate, that he would return, and attend to the pressing exigencies of his kingdom, he replies, in a style worthy of Bombastes, that he would send one of

his boots to govern them, and remains at Bender, still deluded and besotted with the idea that he should yet appear with a Turkish force before Moscow. At last, in 1714, after fighting a pitched battle, at the head of his valets, grooms, and house-servants, against a considerable Turkish army, sent to dislodge him by force, he is ignominiously expelled from the country whose hospitality he has so long outraged, and returns in the disguise of a courier to Sweden.

The Czar, upon his return to his dominions, gains a considerable victory over the Swedish fleet in the Baltic, commanding his own in person, in a line-of-battle ship of his own building. On arriving at Petersburg, he ordains a great triumphal procession to bring the captured ships, with their admirals and officers, up the Neva. At this time, he transfers the senate from Moscow to Petersburg, establishes assemblies, at which the penalty for infringement of the rules and regulations is to "empty the great eagle, a huge bowl, filled with wine and brandy," institutes the Academy of Arts and Sciences, founds the public library commenced with the one captured ("conveyed, the wise it call") from the University at Abo, sends a mission through Siberia to China, and draws up a map of his dominions, much of it with his own hand.

In 1715, after taking Stralsund, completing the conquest of Finland and Esthonia, and commanding in person the allied fleets of England, Denmark, and Russia, he makes a second tour in Europe, accompanied by Catharine. He revisits Saardam, where he is received with great enthusiasm, is entertained with great distinction in Paris, and visits the tomb of Cardinal Richelieu, where he exclaims, dropping upon his knees, "Thou great man, I would have given thee half of my dominions to have learned of thee to govern the other half." He drew up with his own hand a treaty of commerce with France, and returned through Berlin to Petersburg. The letters of the Margravine of Bayreuth from Berlin present no very flattering picture of the imperial travellers. She describes Peter as dressed plainly in a naval costume, handsome, but rude, uncouth, and of dreadful aspect; and Catharine as fat, frouzy, and vulgar, needing only to be seen to betray her obscure origin, and bedizened with chains, orders, and holy relics, "making such a *geklink-klank* as if an ass with bells were coming along"; she

represents them both as intolerable beggars, plundering the palace of every thing they could lay their hands on.

Peter had long ago constituted himself the head of the church, and treated with contempt the pretensions of the prelates to temporal power. When at Paris, however, he had received an elaborate petition from the Sorbonne, the object of which was to effect a reunion between the Greek and Latin churches. But the despot who had constituted himself the head, hand, heart, and conscience of his people, — who had annihilated throughout his empire every element of power adverse to his own, — who had crushed the soldiery, the nobility, and the clergy, deposed the Patriarch, and constituted himself the high-priest of his empire, — was not very likely to comply with the Sorbonne's invitation to acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope in his dominions. Nevertheless, he received their petition with great politeness.

On his return to Petersburg, he was vexed by the importunity of some of his own clergy, who clamored for the appointment of a Patriarch, on the ground that it was demanded by the people, and that it was necessary to assert the dignity and independence of the Greek church. Now there happened to be about Petersburg one Sotoff, a venerable jester of eighty-four, who had been the Czar's writing-master in his younger years, and at the age of seventy had been advanced to the dignity of buffoon. This venerable individual the Czar fixes upon for the office of Patriarch, previously creating him a prince and a pope. In order to make the office of Patriarch completely ridiculous in the eyes of the people, and to give them a little innocent recreation at the same time, he now ordains a solemn marriage between this Patriarch and a "buxom widow of thirty-four." We must ask indulgence, while we quote a short description of this funny ceremony from the old author already cited.

"The nuptials of this extraordinary couple were solemnized by the court in masks or mock show. The company consisted of about four hundred persons of both sexes. Every four persons had their proper dress and peculiar musical instruments, so that they represented a hundred different sorts of habits and music, particularly of the Asiatic nations. The four persons appointed to invite the guests were the greatest stammerers that could be found in all Russia. Old decrepit men, who were not able to walk or

stand, had been picked out to serve for bridesmen, stewards, and waiters. There were four running footmen, the most unwieldy fellows, who had been troubled with the gout most of their lives, and were so fat and bulky that they wanted others to lead them. The mock Czar of Moscow, who represented King David in his dress, instead of a harp, had a lyre with a bear-skin to play upon. He, being the chief of the company, was carried on a sort of a pageant placed on a sled, to the four corners of which were tied as many bears, which, being pricked with goads by fellows purposely appointed for it, made such a frightful roaring as well suited the confused and horrible din raised by the disagreeing instruments of the rest of the company. The Czar himself was dressed like a boor of Friesland, and skilfully beat a drum in company with three generals. In this manner, bells ringing everywhere, the ill-matched couple were attended by the masks to the altar of the great church, where they were joined in matrimony by a priest a hundred years old, who had lost his eyesight and his memory; to supply which defect, a pair of spectacles were put upon his nose, two candles held before his eyes, and the words sounded into his ears, which he was to pronounce. From church the procession went to the Czar's palace, where the diversion lasted some days. Many strange adventures and comical accidents happened on their riding sleds through the streets, too long to be related here. Thus much may suffice to show that the Czar, among all the heavy cares of government, knew how to set apart some days for the relaxation of his mind, and how ingenious he was in the contrivance of those diversions."

We confess that we are unable to agree with the grave conclusion of the author from whom we quote. To us this "ingenious diversion" seems about as sorry a jest as we ever heard of. However, it was considered "most admirable fooling" in Moscow, and at all events, after two or three repetitions, seems to have quite cured the people of their desire for Patriarchs.

"The Czar," says Voltaire, "thus laughingly avenged twenty emperors of Germany, ten kings of France, and a host of sovereigns. This was all the fruit which the Sorbonne gathered from their not very politic idea of reuniting the Greek and Latin churches."

The darkest chapter in the life of Peter now approaches. After the lapse of a century, no one can read the account of that dreadful tragedy, the trial, condemnation, and death of the Czarowitch Alexis, without a shudder of horror. No

one can contemplate the spectacle of a son judicially condemned by his father for no crime, — no one can read the record of the solemn farce which represents the trial of the unfortunate victim, without feeling all his admiration for the extraordinary qualities of the Czar swallowed up by indignation and abhorrence. Up to this time, Peter seems a man, — a hard-hearted, despotic, inexorable man, perhaps, — but he is still human. He now seems only a machine, a huge engine of unparalleled power, placed upon the earth to effect a certain task, working its mighty arms night and day with ceaseless and untiring energy, crashing through all obstacles, and annihilating every thing in its path with the unfeeling precision of gigantic mechanism.

It was hardly to be expected, to be sure, that this tremendous despot, who had recoiled before no obstacle in the path of his settled purpose, who had strode over every thing with the step of a giant, who had given two seas to an inland empire, who had conquered the most warlike nation and sovereign of Europe with barbarians in petticoats, who had crushed the nobility, annihilated the Janizaries, trampled the Patriarch in the dust, — who had repudiated his wife, because she was attached to the old customs of Muscovy, and had married and crowned a pastry-cook's mistress, because it was his sovereign will and pleasure, — it was hardly to be expected that such a man would hesitate about disinheriting his own son, if he thought proper to do so. But it might have been hoped, that he would content himself with disinheriting him, and that the "*Pater Patriæ*," as by solemn decree he was shortly afterwards entitled, would remember that he was also father of Alexis.

This unhappy young man, the son of the repudiated wife of the Czar, seems to have been a very miserable creature. We have the fullest sympathy with the natural disappointment of Peter at the incorrigible, hopeless stupidity and profligacy of his son. Still, he had himself to blame, in a great measure, for many of his son's defects. His education had been neglected, or, rather, worse than neglected ; it had been left to the care of monks, to the care of the very order of people most wedded to the ancient state of things, and most desirous of restoring it, if possible. The necessary result of such training upon a dull boy might easily have been foreseen. There was, however, not the slightest objection

to disinheriting him ; he had no claim to the throne, and he was totally unworthy of it. There was no law of Russia designating the eldest son as successor. On the contrary, the genius of the Russian autocracy seems to vest the fee simple of all the Russias and all the Russians in the actual autocrat, to be disposed of as he sees fit, and devised to whomsoever he deems most eligible. This had been, and was then, the law, if it be worth while to talk about law, when the will of the sovereign makes and alters the law at any moment. Alexis seems to have been weak, dissolute, and intriguing, — a sot, a bigot, a liar, and a coward, — the tool of "bushy-bearded" priests and designing women, whose control of the empire had been terminated by Peter's energetic measures. The Czar's predominating fear was, that, at his death, the empire would relapse into the quagmire of barbarism from which he had reclaimed it. Alexis, priest-ridden and ignorant, was sure to become a tool in the hands of priests as soon as he should ascend the throne, and the old order of things would as surely be reinstated.

Peter, soon after the death of his son's wife, (a virtuous and intelligent German princess, whose life seems to have been worn out by the neglect, cruelty, and debauchery of her husband,) remonstrates with him upon his evil courses, commands him to reform, and threatens else to disinherit him. "Amend your life, or else turn monk," says the Czar. "I intend to embrace the monastic life," replies the son ; "I pledge myself to do so, and only ask your gracious permission." The Czar, just before his departure for Germany and France, visits Alexis, who was, or pretended to be, confined to his bed by sickness. The young man again renews his renunciation of the succession, and repeats his pledge to become a monk. Peter bids him take six months to consider the matter, takes an affectionate farewell of him, and sets out upon his travels. As soon as his back is turned, Alexis realizes the old distich : —

> "The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be ;
> The devil got well, the devil a monk was he."

He recovers his health instantaneously, and celebrates his father's departure by getting very drunk with a select party of friends. Seven months afterwards, the Czar writes to

him to join him at Copenhagen, if he had determined to reform his life and make himself fit for the succession ; if not, to execute his monastic plans without delay. Alexis accordingly announces his intention of going to Copenhagen, draws a heavy bill on Menzikoff for his travelling expenses, leaves Moscow, and, instead of Copenhagen, sneaks off to Vienna. The emperor of Germany, however, turns him off, and he goes to Naples. Two envoys of the Czar, Tolstoy and Romanzoff, proceed to Naples, and induce him, by ample promises of forgiveness on the part of his father, to return. The following is a part of his father's letter.

"I write to you for the last time, to tell you that you are to execute my will, which Tolstoy and Romanzoff will announce to you on my part. *If you obey me, I assure you and I promise, in the name of God, that I will not punish you, and that, if you return, I will love you more than ever ;* but if you do not, I give you as your father, in virtue of the power which I have received from God, my eternal curse ; and as your sovereign, I assure you that I shall find the means of punishing you ; in which I hope that God will assist me, and that he will take my just cause in his hand."

Upon the faith of this sacred promise, Alexis accompanies the two emissaries to Moscow, where they arrive on the 13th of February, 1718. The day after his arrival, the Czar, by way of keeping his promise of pardoning and loving him more than ever, calls a grand council of the senate and all the dignitaries of the empire, and there, in the most solemn, formal, and authentic manner, disinherits Alexis, deprives him of all claim to the succession, and obliges him, and all those present, to take the oath of future allegiance to his and Catharine's son Peter, then an infant, who, however, shortly afterwards died. This was the beginning of the fulfilment of his promise ; but it was only the beginning of the end. Alexis was worthless, ignorant, stupid, and depraved ; but he had committed no crime, and deserved no punishment, certainly not the punishment of death. A comfortable state of things there would be in the world, if every man who happened to have a profligate dunce of a son were to be justified in cutting his head off ; and for an autocrat and high-priest to do so seems to us a thousand times more atrocious.

However, the Czar seems to have been determined, after his first evasion, to get rid of him, and accordingly produces the charge of a conspiracy. Alexis is formally accused of conspiring against his father's life and throne, and a pack of perfectly contemptible stuff is collected together to make what was called evidence ; it consisted of confessions of his mistress, his pot-companions, and his confessor, — all upon the rack, — that he had been known to express wishes for his father's death, and to throw out hints about receiving assistance, in a certain event, from the emperor of Germany. But in the whole mess of it there is not the faintest shadow of a shade of evidence that he had ever conspired, that he had ever entertained any design, against his father ; and the necessary result, upon any candid mind, of a perusal of the evidence is a conviction of his perfect innocence of the crime charged upon him. There is not a country in the world, where there is any pretence of administering justice, in which such an accusation, supported by such evidence, would not have been hooted out of court. Still, the accusation was made, and something which they called a trial was instituted. The prince is sworn upon the Holy Evangelists to tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth ; and he immediately begins to utter lies by the wholesale. His weak intellect seems to have been possessed and disordered by one idea, — that, if he should confess a great deal more than was expected, and make himself out much more guilty than he was supposed to be, he should perhaps obtain his pardon. Having, however, done nothing criminal, and having said nothing that could be fairly considered suspicious, he dives into the bottom of his breast, and brings up and displays his most secret thoughts by way of self-accusation. The truth seems to have been, that he was bullied to the last degree. We know the Czar to have been a man who eminently inspired awe, and Alexis was of an uncommonly sneaking disposition. As the event proved, Peter absolutely frightened his son to death. Certainly, never were the forms of judicial investigation so outraged as in this trial. The details are sickening, and we have already transgressed the indulgence of our readers. Let one or two questions, made by the prosecution, and answered by the criminal in writing, suffice as specimens of the Czar's criminal jurisprudence.

" When you saw, in the letter of Beyer [a gossiping en-

voy from the German emperor's court, who wrote to his sovereign all the news, true or false, as fast as he picked it up], that there was a revolt in the army of Mecklenburg, you were rejoiced ; I believe that you had some view, and that you would have declared for the rebels, even in my lifetime." The answer of Alexis is, " *If the rebels had called me in your lifetime, I should probably have joined them, supposing that they had been strong enough.*" In answer to another question, he avows that " he had accused himself before God, in confession to the priest Jacques, of having wished the death of his father ; and that the confessor Jacques had replied, 'God will pardon you for it ; we all wish it as much.' "

After this farce of a trial had been enacted, the Czar, waiving his prerogative of life and death, determined to submit the case to the judgment of the clergy, judges, and high officers of state. This always seemed to us very paltry. It was an attempt to shift the responsibility of the murder off his own shoulders, where only it belonged. The council of clergy, after recognizing the Czar's power, — *jus vitæ et necis*, — which nobody ever doubted, and citing several cases from the Old Testament, recommended mercy, relying principally upon Absalom's case. It was plain they washed their hands of it. Meantime, further investigations, it was pretended, had made the matter worse ; and, on the 5th of July, the ministers, senators, and generals unanimously condemn the prince to death, leaving the sentence, of course, open to the Czar's revision, and prescribing no particular mode of execution. The sentence of death is published, Alexis is informed of it, and seems literally to have been frightened to death by it ; for, while the Czar was deliberating what course to take (and the opinion of the most indulgent — we confess not ours — seems to be that he did not intend the execution of the sentence), the unfortunate young man was carried off by a kind of apoplectic seizure, and, on the 7th of July, died contrite, receiving the sacrament and extreme unction, and imploring his father's pardon.

This account seems to be now accepted as the true one. But the Marquis de Custine, in his greediness to devour every thing that blackens the character of Russia in general, and of Peter the Great in particular, could not, of course, fail to reproduce the stories that have been told and retold, ex-

ploded and reëxploded, — and which will continue, we suppose, to be told and exploded, believed in and ridiculed, to the end of time. It was not believed by many people in Europe at the time, and it is not believed by the Comte de Ségur and the Marquis de Custine now, that the prince died a natural death, — if the cataleptic convulsive fit, consequent upon extreme and protracted mental agony, which finally ended his life, can be called a natural, and not a violent, death. All sorts of stories were told at the time, each more incredible than the other, and each disproving the other. The Czar was said to have knouted him to death with his own hands, — to have poisoned him with a potion which he sent Marshal Weyde to an apothecary's shop in broad daylight to procure, — to have cut off his head, and then to have had it privately sewed on again by Madame Cramer; — in short, to have made way with him by a variety of means, all of which could not well have been true, and all of which are, under the circumstances, extremely unlikely. To us it seems ridiculous to add a new horror to this terrible tragedy. We are not sure, either, that the supposed assassination makes the matter any worse. "Murder most foul as at the best it is," we are unable to see that the private murder is a whit more atrocious than the public, solemn, and judicial murder, of which the Czar stands accused and condemned to all eternity.

It certainly does not seem to have been in Peter's nature to have taken his son off by poison, or in any private way. The autocrat was a man who gloried in his own actions, in displaying the tremendous, irresistible power of his own will. He had collected all the dignity of his empire to assist at the spectacle; he had invoked the attention of all Europe to the tragedy he proposed to enact; he had determined to execute his son, and he did intend, we have no doubt, to murder him in the most ceremonious manner, and for the good of his country. We have not a doubt of his motives; he thought himself actuated by the purest philanthropy; but these expansive bosoms, which embrace the whole earth, or a third of it, in their colossal affection, are apt to be deficient in the humbler virtues of love and charity, when it comes to detail. The truth was, Peter loved his country so well that he determined to sacrifice his son to its welfare; in other words, his heart was as hard as the nether millstone, and he

would have sacrificed twenty thousand sons rather than have been thwarted in the cherished projects of his ambitious intellect. But we confess we can conceive of no motive for the alleged assassination. It was not in the character of the emperor, and it was a piece of stupidity as well as barbarity. "If the assassination had trammelled up the consequence" of all that preceded, "then it were well"; and the deed might have been possible. But the broken faith to his son, the atrocious trial, the deliberate condemnation, could in no manner have been obliterated from the minds of men by the "deep damnation" of a secret "taking off." He had announced to the world his intention of executing his son for alleged disobedience and conspiracy; he had sent to every court in Europe copies of the judicial proceedings, ending in the condemnation of the victim; he had been publicly brandishing the sword of justice over his son's neck, and calling upon the world to witness the spectacle; and why he should have made all this parade for the mere purpose of poisoning him, knouting him, or cutting his head off, in secret, seems inexplicable.

Besides, as Voltaire very strongly urges, the different kinds of assassination alleged disprove each other, and the fact that Alexis was never alone from the moment of the condemnation to the hour of his death makes any secret execution impossible. The knouting story has not found many advocates; the poisoning and the beheading are supported about equally, and are both about equally probable. It certainly was not probable that the Czar would have sent a high officer of court to fetch the poison, and a few minutes afterwards have despatched another messenger to bid the first make great haste. This is not exactly the way in which poisoning is usually managed. And the other story, that the young man's head was cut off and then sewed on again, is so ludicrous, that it would deserve no attention but for the number of writers who have reported it upon the authority of contemporaneous gossip. At what moment the Czar found a secret opportunity to cut the head off, — how Madam Cramer found a secret opportunity to sew it on again, — how this ingenious lady, who, we suppose, had not practised this kind of needle-work as a profession, was able to fit it on so adroitly as to deceive not only the whole court, but even the patient himself, for, as far as we can understand the

story, Alexis seems to have received extreme unction and the sacrament, in presence of about a hundred witnesses, after Mrs. Cramer's job was finished, — are all matters very difficult to explain. Moreover, as we have already observed, we do not see much greater atrocity in the one case than the other. Peter's will being the only law of the land, he could do what he chose, execute his son as he chose, and by his own hand if he chose. The only law which could have any binding force over the autocrat was the law of nature, and that, to his soul of granite, was weaker than the spider's web. He was determined to sacrifice his son to the welfare of his country, and to insure the continuance of his reformation in church and state. Sacrifices of this sort have always found advocates and admirers, and are sure to be repeated on great occasions, and at rare intervals, to the end of time.

Dismissing this painful subject, we hasten to conclude this imperfect sketch of the principal events in the Czar's history. We will not dwell upon the extraordinary, but abortive, intrigues of the two arch plotters of Europe, Cardinal Alberoni and Baron Goertz, by which the Czar and the Swedish monarch were to be reconciled, and combined in a plot against George the First of England, and in favor of the Pretender. A chance bullet, from "a petty fortress and a dubious hand," at Friedrichsthal in Norway, terminates at once the life of Charles and the intrigues of Goertz. The baron, instead of taking the crown from George's head, loses his own head at Stockholm; Alberoni is turned out of Spain; and the Czar remains *in statu quo*, having been careful, throughout the whole intrigue, which was perfectly well known in England, to make the most barefaced promises of eternal friendship to the House of Hanover; and "to reiterate," as the diplomatists say, "the assurances of his distinguished consideration" for the English king, all the time that he was plotting against his throne.

The death of Charles alters the complexion of Europe. Peace, which was hardly possible during his lifetime, becomes the immediate object of all parties. The prince of Hesse, husband of Queen Ulrica, and, by cession of his wife, king of Sweden, is desirous of peace upon almost any terms which will allow of an honorable repose to his exhausted and impoverished country. Peter, having obtained possession of all the provinces he required, is ready to sheathe

the sword, on receiving proper recognition of his title to the property thus acquired ; and accordingly, after a good deal of bravado upon the Baltic between the English and Russian fleets, and the burning of some fifty or sixty Swedish villages, innumerable *châteaux*, and fifteen or twenty thousand houses, in a descent made by the Russians upon the coasts of Sweden, the war, which continues with ferocity during all the negotiations for peace, is at last brought to a conclusion by the signing of the treaty of Neustadt, on the 10th of September, 1721. By this treaty of peace, the Czar is guarantied in the possession of Livonia, Esthonia, Ingria, Carelia, Wiborg, and the many adjacent islands, and thus reaps the reward of twenty years' hard labor ; receiving, moreover, from the senate and synod, by solemn decree, — what seems insipid homage for an autocrat, — the titles of Great, Emperor, and *Pater Patriæ*.

After an interval of two years, passed in establishing woollen, paper, and glass manufactories, embellishing his capital, and regulating the internal and foreign commerce of Russia, we suddenly find him, accompanied by the faithful Catharine, descending the Volga at the head of a large army. A revolution which had broken out in Persia, in the course of which the reigning sovereign, the imbecile Hussein, finds himself hard pressed by the Affghan prince, Meer Mahmoud, offers an opportunity to Peter to possess himself of a few maritime provinces on the Caspian, to console him for the loss of Azoff consequent upon the disaster of the Pruth. A few hundred Russians, engaged in commerce at the town of Shamakia, having been cut to pieces during some of the hostile movements, he finds therein a pretext for invading Persia, and requiring satisfaction from both sovereign and rebel. Failing in this, of course, he sails from Astracan to Derbent, which town he takes possession of, and, soon afterwards, being applied to by the unhappy Sophi for protection against the Affghans, he consents to afford it, in consideration of receiving the towns of Bachu and Derbent, together with the provinces of Guilan, Mazanderan, and Asterabad. "It is not land I want, but water," exclaims the Czar, as he snatches these sunny provinces, the whole southern coast of the Caspian, the original kingdom of Cyrus, from the languid hand of the Persian, without the expenditure of the blood, time, and treasure which it had cost him to wrest the frozen swamps of Finland from the iron grasp of Charles.

Peter's conquests are now concluded. The Russian colossus now stands astride, from the "thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice" on the Baltic, to the "fragrant bowers of Asterabad" on the Caspian, with a foot upon either sea. The man who had begun to gratify his passion for maritime affairs by paddling a little skiff on the Yausa, and who became, on his accession, only the barbaric sovereign of an inland and unknown country, now finds himself the lord of two seas, with a considerable navy, built almost by his own hand. It was upon his return to Petersburg from his Persian expedition, that he ordered the very skiff in which he commenced navigation to be brought from Moscow, and took occasion to give to his court an entertainment, which was called the "consecration of the Little Grandsire," that being the name he had given to the skiff. At the time of this ceremony of the consecration, the progeny of the Little Grandsire numbered already, according to the returns of the admiralty, "forty-one ships of the line, in a condition for service at sea, carrying two thousand one hundred and six guns, manned with fourteen thousand nine hundred seamen, besides a proportionate number of frigates, galleys, and other smaller craft." The little cabin, which was Peter's house while building Petersburg, still stands upon what is now called the Citadel; it is consecrated as a chapel, filled with votive offerings, and inclosed with a brick wall, and the Little Grandsire is religiously preserved within the building.

We are certainly not taken in by the colossal puerility of the Russian marine, any more than the Marquis de Custine is; and, although the descendants of the Little Grandsire are now at least double the number they were at the time of the consecration, we have not heard of any very brilliant exploits on any ocean to justify the very imposing and very Roman *rostra* which decorate the exchange at Petersburg. To use a vulgar but expressive phrase, the Russian navy has not yet set the Baltic on fire, and we doubt if it ever will. If it could thaw it a little, it would be all the better; for Cronstadt being blockaded by ice six months in the year, the navy is only paraded during the pleasant weather for the amusement of the autocrat. As long as England stands where it does, and the Russian winter remains as it is, we shall hardly fear much from the descendants of the Little Grandsire, at least till the capital is shifted to the Bosphorus.

At the same time, we are far from agreeing with the Marquis de Custine in his sweeping condemnation of Peter's policy in building Petersburg and establishing a marine. It was a thousand times better to have the Black Sea and the Baltic than nothing; and if his successors had taken half as much pains as himself in fostering the maritime trade of the country, and if Russia, instead of all this parade of ships of the line, frigates, and steamers, could create a mercantile marine for itself, and could manage its own considerable foreign trade, now monopolized by foreign vessels, principally the English, she might still obtain the germ of a maritime population, while waiting for Constantinople. But till she learns that the strength of a navy consists in sailors and not ships, she is not likely to be a very formidable power upon the ocean, let her build as many line-of-battle ships as she chooses.

The only other interesting incident in Peter's life, which now draws rapidly to its close, was the coronation of Catharine as empress consort. This event was celebrated with extraordinary pomp, and particular stress is laid in the emperor's proclamation upon her conduct in the affair of the Pruth, and the salvation of himself and his army is attributed to her heroism and presence of mind. There seems to be little doubt, that Peter intended this solemn coronation of the empress during his lifetime — a ceremony which was not usual in Russia — to be an indication of his intention that she should succeed to the throne upon his death.

Very soon after this, having exposed himself when in a feeble state of health, by standing in the water a long time and over-exerting himself in saving the lives of some sailors and soldiers, who were near being wrecked in a storm upon the gulf of Finland, he was attacked by a painful disorder, to which he had been subject during the latter years of his life, and expired, with calmness and resignation, on the 28th of January, 1725. His sufferings during his last illness had been so intense, that he was unable to make any intelligible disposition as to the succession; and strange to say, the possessor of this mighty empire, of which the only fundamental law was the expressed will of the sovereign, died intestate. It is in the highest degree probable, that he had intended to appoint his wife as his successor; at any rate, assisted by the promptness of Menzikoff and her own

resolution, Catharine ascended the throne without opposition.

The disorder which thus cut off the Czar in the fifty-fourth year of his age, was an acute inflammation of the intestines and bladder ; but, as a matter of course, his death was attributed to poison. We do not observe that the Marquis de Custine has revived this story, which is matter of surprise to us, particularly as we believe that his friend, the Comte de Ségur, has adopted it in his history. The temptation to damage the character of the empress, and to represent her to posterity as an adulteress and a poisoner, was too strong to be resisted by the contemporary chroniclers. Lamberti gives us a detailed account of an intrigue of Catharine with one of her chamberlains, a melodramatic discovery made by Peter in an arbor, and a consequent determination upon his part to shut her up for life in a convent. She escaped her fate, according to the same faithful historian, in a singular manner. Peter, it appears, kept a memorandum-book, and was in the habit of making daily minutes of every thing he proposed to do ; while one of Catharine's pages was in the habit of secretly bringing his Majesty's tablets from his dressing-room for the daily inspection of the empress. The intended imprisonment of Catharine, jotted down among other memoranda, was thus revealed to her ; whereupon she incontinently poisoned him. This story has been sufficiently disproved. It is hardly worth disproving ; for it is not probable, that a man who had suddenly made this discovery of the guilt of the woman who had just been crowned as empress, and whom he had now determined to imprison for life, instead of designating her as his successor, would require to make any memorandum of the matter. And yet, we are expected to believe, that an entry was found upon Peter's tablets almost literally to this effect : — "*Mem.* To repudiate my wife, shave her head, and lock her up in a convent" ; — as if otherwise the matter would have slipped his memory. How is it possible that our friend De Custine has allowed this story to escape him ?

In the vast square of the Admiralty at St. Petersburg stands the celebrated colossal statue of Peter the Great. Around him are palaces, academies, arsenals, gorgeous temples with their light and starry cupolas floating up like paint-

ed balloons, and tall spires sheathed in gold, and flashing like pillars of fire. This place, which is large enough for half the Russian army to encamp in, is bounded upon one side by the Admiralty building, the Winter Palace, and the Hermitage, the *façades* of the three extending more than a mile ; in front of the Winter Palace rises the red, polished granite column of Alexander, the largest monolith in the world ; from the side opposite the palace radiate three great streets, lined with stately and imposing buildings, thronged with population, and intersected by canals, which are all bridged with iron ; across the square, on the side opposite the statue, stands the Isaac's Church, built of marble, bronze, granite, and gold, and standing upon a subterranean forest, more than a million large trees having been driven into the earth to form its foundation. The emperor faces the Neva, which pours its limpid waters through quays of solid granite, which for twenty-five miles line its length and that of its branches ; and beyond the river rise in full view the Bourse, the Academy of Arts and Sciences, and other imposing public edifices.

This equestrian statue has been much admired ; we think justly so. The action of the horse is uncommonly spirited and striking, and the position of the emperor dignified and natural. He waves his hand, as if, like a Scythian wizard as he was, he had just caused this mighty, swarming city, with all its palaces and temples, to rise like a vapor from the frozen morasses of the Neva with one stroke of his wand. In winter, by moonlight, when the whole scene is lighted by the still, cold radiance of a polar midnight, we defy any one to pause and gaze upon that statue without a vague sensation of awe. The Czar seems to be still presiding in sculptured silence over the colossal work of his hands ; to be still protecting his capital from the inundations of the ocean, and his empire from the flood of barbarism, which he always feared would sweep over it upon his death.

"How shall we rank him upon glory's page?"

It is impossible not to admire his genius, his indomitable energy, his unconquerable will. He proposed to himself, while yet a youth, the mighty task of civilizing his country, and of converting a mongrel Asiatic empire into a powerful European state. It is difficult to place one's self in the right

position to judge him correctly. We are very far from agreeing with the Marquis de Custine, that his mistake was in importing his civilization. Russia had waited in vain quite long enough for the spontaneous and indigenous germination of the arts and sciences. Besides, in these days when steam is so rapidly approximating and assimilating the different parts of the earth to each other, when railroads are opened to the Red Sea, and steamers paddle by the Garden of Eden, it is difficult to say what nation will long retain a peculiar and appropriate civilization of its own. That the Czar opened the door to Europe and the ocean, that he erected a granite portal, a triumphal arch, upon his western frontier, is to us his greatest merit. If Russia is to be civilized, it must be through the influence of the West; if Russia is to be free, the hymn of liberty will never be wafted to her ears from the silent deserts of Asia, or the sepulchral stillness of China. The emperor did right to descend from his Sclavonic throne, and to go abroad to light the torch of civilization in more favored lands.

But while we admire the concentration of purpose which sustained him throughout his labors, we cannot help deploring the great and fundamental mistake which made them all comparatively worthless. A despot by birth, education, and temperament, he had never the most glimmering notion of the existence of a people. In Russia, then and at this day, there is not even the fiction of a people. Peter had a correct idea of the proper sources of civilization; he knew where and how to collect the seeds; but he forgot that there was nobody to civilize. A people may be humanized, cultivated, brought to any degree of perfection in arts, and arms, and sciences; but he undertook to civilize a state in which there was but one man, and that man himself. The root must grow, before the branches and the foliage. Of this the autocrat had no idea. He had already annihilated the only class which was not composed of slaves. With one stroke of his sceptre he had demolished the feudal nobility, or what corresponded in a degree to the feudal nobility of Europe, and had made all social rank throughout his empire to depend upon service to himself. What was accomplished at a later day in Western Europe, in the midst of long convulsions and struggles, by the upheaving of the democracy, was effected by the autocrat at a blow. This

was a fatal error. There were slaves enough before. It was unnecessary to degrade the nobles. But the more closely we analyze Peter's character, the more cogently we are compelled to conclude, that his actuating motive was rather his own fame than the good of his country. A great peculiarity of his ambition was, that, though possessed of eminent military talents and highly successful in his campaigns, he seems to have cared but little for the *certaminis gaudia;* to have taken but small delight in battles and victories for themselves; to have cared little for conquest, beyond what he required for his settled purpose. Conquering, he never aspires to be a conqueror; victorious over the greatest general of the age, he is ready to sheathe his sword as soon as the object of the contest is attained. His ambition was to be a founder, and he never, in victory or defeat, was once turned aside from his purpose. He was determined to advance his empire to the ocean, to create a new capital, and to implant there and throughout his empire the elements of European civilization. If his ambition had flown a little higher, had he determined to regenerate his people, the real civilization of his empire would have followed sooner than it is now likely to do. Of this he probably never dreamed. He was a despot throughout. He might have found other matters in England worthy of his attention, other institutions as intimately connected with civilization as the English naval architecture; but he appears to have been completely indifferent to the great spectacle presented to an autocrat by a constitutional kingdom. "Are these all lawyers?" said he, one day, when visiting the courts at Westminster. "What can be the use of so many lawyers? I have but two in my empire, and I mean to hang one of them as soon as I get back." He certainly might as well have hung them both; a country without law has very little need of lawyers.

It was because his country was inhabited by slaves, and not by a people, that it was necessary, in every branch of his great undertaking, to go into such infinitesimal details. Our admiration of the man's power is, to be sure, increased by a contemplation of the extraordinary versatility of his genius, its wide grasp, and its minute perception; but we regret to see so much elephantine labor thrown away. As he felt himself to be the only man in the empire, so in his power of

labor he rises to a demigod, a Hercules. He felt that he must do every thing himself, and he did every thing. He fills every military post, from drummer to general, from cabin-boy to admiral ; with his own hand he builds ships of the line, and navigates them himself in storm and battle ; he superintends every manufactory, every academy, every hospital, every prison ; with his own hand he pulls teeth and draws up commercial treaties, — wins all his battles with his own sword, at the head of his army, and sings in the choir as chief bishop and head of his church, — models all his forts, sounds all his harbours, draws maps of his own dominions, all with his own hand, — regulates the treasury of his empire and the account-books of his shop-keepers, teaches his subjects how to behave themselves in assemblies, prescribes the length of their coat-skirts, and dictates their religious creed. If, instead of contenting himself with slaves who only aped civilization, he had striven to create a people, capable and worthy of culture, he might have spared himself all these minute details ; he would have produced less striking, instantaneous effects, but his work would have been more durable, and his fame more elevated. His was one of the monarch minds, who coin their age, and stamp it with their image and superscription ; but his glory would have been greater, if he had thought less of himself, and more of the real interests of his country. If he had attempted to convert his subjects from cattle into men, he need not have been so eternally haunted by the phantom of returning barbarism, destroying after his death all the labor of his lifetime, and which he could exorcise only by shedding the blood of his son. Viewed from this position, his colossal grandeur dwindles. It seems to us that he might have been so much more, that his possible seem to dwarf his actual achievements. He might have been the creator and the lawgiver of a people. He was, after all, only a tyrant and a city-builder. Even now, his successors avert their eyes from the West. The city of his love is already in danger from more potent elements than water. New and dangerous ideas fly through that magnificent western gateway. When the portal is closed, the keys thrown into the Baltic, and the discarded Moscow again embraced, how much fruit will be left from the foreign seeds transplanted ? When the Byzantine empire is restored, perhaps we shall

see their ripened development; the Russians of the lower empire will be a match for the Greeks who preceded them.

Still, we repeat, it is difficult to judge him justly. He seems to have felt a certain mission confided to him by a superior power. His object he accomplished without wavering, without precipitation, without delay. We look up to him as to a giant, as we see him striding over every adversary, over every obstacle in his path. He seems in advance of his country, of his age, of himself. In his exterior he is the great prince, conqueror, reformer; in his interior, the Muscovite, the barbarian. He was conscious of it himself. "I wish to reform my empire," he exclaimed, upon one occasion, "and I cannot reform myself." In early life, his pleasures were of the grossest character; he was a hard drinker, and was quarrelsome in his cups. He kicked and cuffed his ministers, on one occasion was near cutting the throat of Lefort in a paroxysm of drunken anger, and was habitually caning Prince Menzikoff. But after all, he did reform himself, and, in the latter years of his life, his habits were abstemious and simple, and his days and nights were passed in labors for his country and his fame.

It is difficult to judge him justly. Perhaps it would have been impossible to have planted even the germ of civil, or even social, liberty in such a wilderness as Russia was at his accession. It was something to lift her ever so little above the waves of barbarism, where he found her "many fathoms deep." He accomplished a great deal. He made Russia a maritime country, gave her a navy and a commercial capital, and quadrupled her revenue; he destroyed the Strelitzes, he crushed the Patriarch, he abolished the monastic institutions of his empire. If he had done nothing else, he would, for these great achievements, deserve the eternal gratitude of his country.

J. L. Motley

Art. II. — *Message from the President of the United States to the Two Houses of Congress, at the Commencement of the Second Session of the Twenty-eighth Congress*, December 3, 1844. Washington: Printed by Gales & Seaton. 1844. pp. 702.

We would again, at the risk of being read by only a few of those who look over this Journal, solicit the attention of the public to some of the military concerns of the nation. The many-paged document, the title of which is placed at the head of this article, is not likely to be read by any; parts of it will be glanced at by a few. And yet its contents are highly important. They contain much information which should be generally known. And those who submit to the task of rendering that information sufficiently attractive to be noticed may be said to perform a beneficial service to the public. In most cases, samples may be hung out, which will give a tolerable idea of the bales within; and many will cast an eye upon the former who would not think of examining the latter. We will not attempt to answer the often propounded question, whether these public documents could not be made more brief, convenient, and popular, — in other words, more useful. As they now come forth, they are almost wholly useless. They are not generally even laid aside, uncut, for the contingent benefit of future reference; but fall into the receptacles of waste paper, like the newspaper of yesterday. It is half amusing and half deplorable to witness the residuary documents which are found lumbering, for a short time, the rooms of an ex-member of congress. A retired stationer, who has not yet sold off the remnants of his stock, is not in a more littered and encumbered condition.

The document before us has more than seven hundred pages, besides unpaged matter, such as returns, printed out in all their length and breadth. There is much of this with which we have nothing to do. The reports which accompany the report of the secretary of war form, however, more than five hundred and fifty of these pages. But we may deduct from these more than two hundred pages which belong to the Indian department; with these we have no concern; and we may hazard the remark, that the public, in

general, has as little. It may well be asked, why such a mass of unimportant details should be printed each year at the public expense. The "one hundred" reports relating to the Indian department, filling nearly two hundred pages, might as well have remained in the pigeon-holes of the Indian commissioner. They show the manner in which a great variety of small agencies, in every nook and corner of the frontier, have discharged a benevolent trust, and that the Indians — those *quasi* wards of the government — are under a careful guardianship. But if each bureau were to swell its communications to its proper chief after a similar fashion, — were to dilate, or dilute, its matter after this manner, — congressional printers would have as much presswork as they could do, and the public mails more documents than they could carry. If there be no process of distillation at the bureaux, to extract the spirit, leaving the crude matter behind, we might expect a more sharpsighted discrimination in congress, which professes to sift all matters submitted to it. But it is probable that whatever leaves the bureaux passes, like a sealed package, through all its stages of transmission, unread and unseen, until it reaches the printer's hands, where there is no motive to curtail, nor power to do so, even if the motive arose.

We turn over all the pages of this document until we come to the report of the secretary of war. Our war secretaries have latterly had but little time to learn the duties of their station. During the last four or five years, they have shifted as often as the almanac. Occasionally, they have not even outlived the annuals. Under such variable circumstances, experience has not been looked for, being a plant of somewhat slow growth. Fortunately, the welfare of the army does not depend for its stability upon this high functionary. He may go out and come in with each season; he may be as deciduous as the leaves; and yet the military establishment, and the national defence, so far as it relies on that establishment, remain the same. There is a permanency in the command of the army, and in all the subordinate departments connected with its administration, that makes it nearly independent of these fluctuations. We would suggest a change in the present subordination of the military bureaux at Washington. Having been established, we believe, at a time when there was no commander-in-chief

there, nor, indeed, anywhere, they were all placed, of course, in immediate communication with the war department, — that is, in direct communication with the executive. There is a want of symmetry and congruity in this plan. All these departments (excepting, perhaps, the engineer and ordnance departments) should be concentrated under one head. The commander-in-chief is now that head. He is the proper channel from the army to the cabinet, and from the cabinet to the army. Any other arrangement divides and diminishes responsibility, produces awkwardness and embarrassment, and is a departure from military and efficient organization. We do not apprehend that any bureau entertains objections to such a change. There is a routine that seldom deviates; there are regulations which prevail under all circumstances. It is satisfactory to contemplate the well ordered and fixed character of one of our institutions, where the benefits intended to result to the public depend so much, not to say entirely, upon such a character.

The report of the secretary of war, which appears in this document, compares advantageously with many that have preceded it. When a secretary comes into office, and is called upon for a report such as this, before he has had time to become familiar with its details, he may well be at a loss for materials to give it the customary length. In such a case, if he were to make a brief report, and refer to subordinate reports, which are made under all the advantages of long experience, he would probably lose no credit with the public; and he would certainly set an example of brevity, which is much needed in these days, when prolixity is so fashionable. But unfortunately, the importance of these reports is measured like a road or canal; it is the length, and not the area, that is calculated. The immediate predecessor of Mr. Wilkins, in a like strait as to familiarity with his charge, adopted a new, if not clever, expedient to eke out his report, and give it due elongation. The returns of the adjutant-general of the army, which were presented to him in figures, he rendered into plain prose. Many, who were desirous of knowing the position and composition of our various garrisons, were pleased to find all these details put into a shape that gave them entrance into any newspaper. The adjutant-general's returns come in such a shape as excludes them from these ordinary avenues to the public eye.

They have too much length and breadth, too much superficies, to find accommodation anywhere but in such a "Document" as is now before us, which can hardly be said to meet the public eye.

It may be difficult for a secretary, with all the helps of the largest experience, to determine what limits he should impose on himself. He is the lens to collect into one focus the lights thrown in by ten distinct offices or bureaux. If he transmit them without such concentration, he becomes almost a useless medium. A piece of tape, sufficient to stitch the various reports together, would perform the office nearly as well. How much to admit, how much to reject, may be hard to determine. The report before us is most respectable in its character. It is well written, and marked by liberality of opinion throughout. It is not a mere echo. While the secretary indorses all the suggestions of the subordinate bureaux which have his approbation, he hazards several somewhat new suggestions, which were not acted upon by the last Congress, and which it may be well to examine in anticipation of another session. The secretary says,

"Efficiency and military spirit are much improved by keeping troops in mass. Central depots, on healthy sites, whether forts or not, so that they are readily accessible from all points where the service of a regiment might be required, are the best locations for the barracks for troops. In several of the seacoast fortifications, the plan of defence has excluded, as barracks and quarters for the garrison, separate and exposed buildings, but providing instead thereof, and in the body of the rampart, bomb-proof accommodations, designed to avail for the comfort, health, and safety of the troops, as well as for the proper defence of the works, under the circumstances of actual warfare and of sieges. Proper and well designed as the casemates no doubt are for these objects, I have nevertheless formed the opinion, from my limited personal observation, that it is advisable, in time of peace, to afford the assembled troops and the hospitals barrack establishments, on airy and spacious sites, separate from the forts. With this impression upon my mind (an impression which seems to prevail throughout the army), I would be remiss in my duty, did I not express the hope that Congress may authorize and appropriate funds for the erection of barracks at the necessary points on the seaboard, care being taken that by their location and construction they shall not interfere with the proper purpose and action of the fortifications."

The plan here suggested of collecting troops into large bodies has often been formed, and occasionally carried partially into effect. No military man has ever doubted the advantages of such concentrations. There are certain modes of discipline which can never otherwise be introduced. Still, admitting all this, paramount considerations may forbid them. Every captain of a company naturally desires that the men under his command may be brought together, that he may instruct them fully in all their appropriate duties. Every colonel has the same desire with respect to his regiment; and the brigadier-general and the major-general entertain similar ambitious and commendable anxieties about *their* respective commands. The opinions that govern them all are praiseworthy. A division of troops, with all its appurtenances, forms a perfect military body, and can be instructed to the full scope of discipline. Much larger concentrations are made in the older countries, where the character of the government, and the extent of the military establishments, render them unobjectionable and convenient. The question is, Can such concentrations, even in a subordinate degree, be unobjectionable and convenient here?

In the first place, our country is uncommonly large, and our army uncommonly small. We have a very great extent of frontier to guard. Fortifications have been erected, and posts have been established, at suitable distances, along this whole extent. It is intended that these fortifications and posts shall be occupied. The army is kept up for that purpose. In time of peace, it may be said, it is kept up for that purpose alone. If the troops be dispersed among these defences in a proper manner, there is no surplus for the concentrations recommended by the secretary. Then the determination must be, that such concentrations, beyond a very limited degree, cannot properly be made.

What is the consequence of this determination? It may be frankly admitted, that our troops have no chance, under ordinary circumstances, to become acquainted, practically, with the higher evolutions of the line. The brigadier-general and the major-general have no opportunity to exercise themselves in these evolutions. Their duties become, for the time being, supervisory and conservative. A regiment is occasionally embodied; battalions, often; and thus a measure of military proficiency is preserved, which answers

all ordinary demands upon the army, and upon which, in times of action and enlarged operations, the movements and habits of larger bodies can easily and promptly be ingrafted. Segregation is the condition of our small army; and we must make the best of it. The way to do that is, to watch our garrison discipline with a strict eye and a steady hand. Give these component parts all the proficiency of which they are susceptible, and they will be prepared to coalesce at any moment on an emergency. These emergencies are not often so pressing as to allow no time to acquire a conformity with the change. Indian difficulties are generally sudden. But our largest posts are in the Indian vicinity; and, besides, the mode of warfare with such a foe does not call for extraordinary skill in the broad tactics. We need not apprehend any state of things, which is likely to make us feel that our army — disciplined as it may be, and at this moment actually is, though scattered among our numerous posts — is wanting in adaptation to all the purposes of national defence, so far as its numerical force admits.

There were times some years since, when, under the influence of opinions similar to those set forth in the report we are now considering, posts were evacuated, in order that concentrations might be effected for improvement in discipline upon a larger scale. Colonels saw their regiments deteriorating as regiments, and their own importance dwindling away. All was quiet around them, and it seemed to be thought nothing was likely to disturb that quiet. Garrisons here and there were withdrawn, and others were strengthened. These instances occurred upon our interior frontier; and in most of them, an Indian disturbance, accompanied by some bloodshed, much expense, and great damage to the growth of the outer settlements, was the consequence. The evacuation of a post near the savages always leads to misapprehension on their part. They see the usual restraints upon their uneasy disposition diminished, and, without looking beyond their immediate sphere, to see if other restraints, not probably far removed from that sphere, are increased in strength, they feel that their proneness to aggression and plunder, always curbed with difficulty, may be indulged with impunity. It is in vain to reason about this character of the dangers against which we are to guard. We must take them as we find them, and, if sev-

eral small garrisons secure the public tranquillity better than one or two large ones, we must distribute the troops accordingly, even at the sacrifice of many degrees of military proficiency.

When the board of officers, which, a few years since, made a most able report on the national defence, was considering the proportion which certain works, required for the protection of certain straits, would bear to the number of troops necessary to defend the adjacent frontier, it suggested, that, where the immediate object of the works did not call for an extent capable of embracing a large garrison, subsidiary barracks should be built in the neighbourhood. Such an arrangement, under such circumstances, would be obviously proper. We do not apprehend, however, that the secretary alludes to such cases alone. His recommendation is very general; too general, probably, to obtain support. He remarks that the plan seems to have the approbation of the army. The general commanding does not allude to it. The chief engineer proposes, in accordance with what he supposes to be the wish of the government, subsidiary barracks in some instances, as at Governor's Island (New York harbour), and at the Barrancas (Pensacola), stating good reasons in support of the proposition.

Many of our largest works have been constructed with *casemates*, or bomb-proof arched halls within the ramparts. They are contrived a double debt to pay, accommodating guns (each casemate having an embrasure), and also the troops necessary to work them. In cases of bombardment, the garrison is safely lodged under this shelter, and manages the defence with no fear of the shells, that might, and probably would, otherwise drive it out of the works. There is an opinion prevailing among the troops, that these accommodations are not equally well suited to both the above-named purposes; that the guns have greatly the advantage, being impassive under the dampness and closeness of the massive arches that inclose them. At first view, those who occupy these deep and rather dark recesses seem to live a troglodite life. The dense and thick bulk of masonry and earth that is above and on each side of them makes them cool and damp, with little modification from the changes of the atmosphere without. Whether this makes them unhealthy is the question. The troops have generally decided

that it does. The chief engineer says they were constructed for warlike purposes; that they fulfil those purposes; and are also thought to be applicable to the secondary purpose of quartering troops in time of peace. "The experience of other countries," he says, "justifies this expectation"; and that he believes "we have experience of our own in corroboration"; adding, that, "before judgment is entered against the use of casemates in all cases, it might be well to weigh facts rather than opinions; and where the health of the occupants is, as it would be with the greatest propriety, taken as an index, to rely on medical reports and statistics, rather than on mere belief and theory."

The surgeon-general does not notice this subject in his report connected with these documents. In some of his previous reports, however, he expresses himself strongly against the use of casemates, particularly for hospitals. The opinion of this officer, in such a case, is entitled to much consideration. He is the peculiar guardian of the health of the troops. His objection to the use of rooms for the sick which are habitually damp, and which cannot have very free ventilation, should be received without further evidence of its force. The sick have need of something besides the physician. Climates and general positions are beyond control. Troops may necessarily be placed where both are unfavorable to health. But the hospital, in fixed garrisons, is, so far as relates to comparative advantages, the result of choice and design. The remedies there applied should not be counteracted by artificial causes. Sick men should not be placed where well men are likely to become sick. The spear that wounds at one end, though it heal with the other, is almost useless. But in condemning the use of casemates for ordinary quarters for officers and men, evidence of their unfitness should be produced. The records of the hospital bureau must have such evidence, if it exist. A comparative examination could be instituted, which would silence dispute. It is not enough to show that officers and men are occasionally, or are often, sick in casemates, unless it be also shown, that they are not sick in the same degree under other and different shelter within the same post. Troops should not be unnecessarily exposed to unhealthy influences. Humanity, and even sound economy, forbid it. To keep men in good health is a saving, not only of physical strength,

but of money to the treasury. Still, the extensive modifications proposed in some of our largest posts should not be resorted to without a conviction of their necessity. Such conviction cannot be said yet to have been produced. "Opinions only," and not "facts," as the chief engineer says, have thus far decided the question.

The next recommendation of the secretary exhibits rather an odd conjunction; that is, the "substitution of the single iron for the double wooden bedstead, and the erection of buildings for religious worship, and schools, at all the permanent fortifications." The branch of this recommendation which is placed first in order appears to have originated in the benevolent mind of that functionary, as no suggestion of the kind is found in the report either of the quartermaster-general or of the surgeon-general. Such a substitution would undoubtedly contribute to the cleanliness and comfort of the troops. Wooden bunks are unavoidably subjected to a pest that renders them almost intolerable, and any thing but beds of repose. But most readers of the report will ask whether a matter of police like this calls for such a grave recommendation, for the interposition of the President and Congress. If wooden bedsteads may be provided without such high sanctions (as they are so provided every day), it would seem that iron ones might also. The difference of the material can hardly call for such a wide difference in the sanction. We apprehend that either material can be adopted without new authority, without any enlargement of habitually exercised powers; particularly, as the difference in the cost would probably be inconsiderable. The objection may lie against the want of room, as it is assigned under the present regulations. But that allowance can be increased in conformity, if it be found necessary. We hope the improvement may be made. It is not often that a small matter has such a great recommendation.

We now proceed to the second branch of this recommendation, which loses none of its dignity or importance by coming in at the foot of the bedsteads. This subject is urged by the quartermaster-general in his report, which states, that, "since the employment of chaplains has been authorized by law, numerous applications have been made for means of erecting chapels or houses for religious exercises. But as Congress has never authorized any expendi-

ture on account of such buildings, the authority to put them up has in every case been refused. Recently, however, instances have occurred of commanding officers causing buildings to be put up, to be used both as schoolhouses and chapels ; for which purpose, both public materials and public money have been used. The whole proceeding being in direct violation of law, those who have caused this expenditure of money and property must necessarily lose the amount expended, unless Congress relieve them. It would seem reasonable, that, where chaplains are authorized, suitable places should be provided for them to officiate." The quartermaster-general adds, that he has included in his estimate "an item of fifty thousand dollars" to provide these "necessary buildings at the several posts." It does not appear whether this part of the appropriation passed or not. We hope it did pass, and that the posts where chaplains are stationed will hereafter have places for religious worship which will be consistent with the solemnity and importance of the objects in view. At remote posts, far from all hallowed associations and privileges, the beneficial influences of this worship can hardly be overestimated. The class of people, which, in time of peace, furnishes most of our common soldiers, has a downward tendency, and it requires all helps of this kind to preserve them, at such posts, from sinking into a heathenish state of feeling.

The next recommendation introduced in the report of the secretary relates to the few companies of "horse or light field artillery" now belonging to our military establishment. We have four companies which are thus organized, being a part of the four regiments of artillery. They are now stationed at Fort Adams, Newport harbour ; Fort Hamilton, New York harbour ; Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania ; and Fort McHenry, Baltimore harbour. At all these stations they are associated with one or more companies of ordinary artillery. Some two years since, there were two companies of the mounted artillery combined at one post. This arrangement prevented that distribution of them which is deemed best suited to their usefulness and the wants of the public service. Singly, however, the companies, since the last reduction of the army, are too small "for this [light artillery] exercise in full battery." The general commanding the army says, in his report, that the present association

of ordinary companies with the mounted companies is intended to bring, in succession, each company of the four regiments of artillery "through its school of practice with field batteries and horses." The secretary, while he commends the plan of diffusing this kind of instruction through the whole corps, under present circumstances, appears to consider that an enlargement of the mounted companies, so that they shall embrace within themselves sufficient strength for this full practice, is desirable; and he accordingly proposes that their complement shall be restored to the former footing. In case this be done, the practice with horses will doubtless be confined to the light companies. Whether this would meet the approbation of the general commanding, we are not told. It is likely that it would, and that this plan of passing each company through the ordeal of light artillery instruction was the result of necessity, and not of choice. If each soldier of the four regiments could become proficient in all the branches of artillery service, a most desirable degree of perfection would be attained. But this is more desirable than practicable. All profitable instruction must be somewhat exclusive. Too many seeds sown together obstruct each other's growth. That which is acquired by much drilling is preserved only by continued drilling. If each of these mounted companies can be made complete for all the purposes connected with their service, both officers and men remaining, as a general rule, unchanged, the best results will no doubt be attained.

The secretary does not rate too highly the importance of these light artillery companies, nor pay too high a compliment to the expertness which they exhibit. The facility and promptitude with which they manœuvre are wonderful. To an ordinary spectator, it is like legerdemain. We cannot measure the beneficial service they may render the country in an hour of need. They are the lightning as well as the thunder of our small army. But the secretary says they "are injudiciously stationed when in forts, for it is emphatically an arm for the open field service." The truth of the last part of this remark will be fully conceded; and yet it may not follow that the habitual station of these companies should not be *at* or *near* our forts. They are not for any one place, but to be in readiness to move hither and thither as emergencies arise. Their action, most probably,

in time of maritime difficulties, would be, to dash for any threatened point between our regular fortifications, and serve as a *point d'appui* for local and summary defence. They constitute links of a chain, which, although nowhere joined together, stretch out, with magical celerity, wherever menace shows itself. They have nearly all the advantages of continuity, without its magnitude or expense. Those who recollect the war of 1812, when our coast was pierced in many directions by predatory bands, can well suppose the incalculable service a few such companies, stationed as these light artillery companies now are, would have rendered. They would not have saved Stonington, — glorious Stonington! — but they would have made the event of Stonington so common, as to have been lost in the crowd of similar repulses. At Bladensburg, Commodore Barney's few unwieldy pieces made a most gallant stand; they made the enemy waver. That wavering might have been converted into a retreat, had a flying battery been in their place.

Following up his remark upon the injudiciousness of the present stations of these companies (probably meaning to except that of Carlisle, which is "interior"), the secretary says their station, "in time of peace, should be in the interior, or in the Western States, where forage and horses are cheap, and where they would probably, also, serve to more advantage as a model for forming spirited uniform volunteer companies," &c. This suggestion strikes us as being singularly mistaken and objectionable. Forage and horses are undoubtedly cheaper in the interior, or in the Western States, than on the seaboard; but this, of itself, we apprehend, furnishes no sufficient reason for fixing any part of our means of national defence, established for *exterior* protection, and almost for that purpose only, far within and away from the frontiers, merely for the saving of something in the price of forage and horses, and affording a model for militia companies. As for the latter object, it would be utterly futile, as no occasional trainings can make either men or horses expert in the duties of light artillery. Many militia companies, with only such drills as civil occupations admit, become expert at the musket, and ordinary foot movements. Light artillery is made only by constant and undivided application to its appropriate drill, — such application as enlisted soldiers alone can make.

But it is unnecessary to dwell longer on this unadvised suggestion. The proper place for our light artillery companies is in connection with our seaboard defence. They are placed near the forts, because they there find public grounds, and all the public facilities of supply, — most important considerations, and which cannot be overlooked with due regard to convenience and economy. If this be their proper position in time of war, it is their proper position in time of peace. They form a most valuable and essential part of our maritime defence, and are at all times ready to move towards any quarter along the coast, with a rapidity that railroads and steamboats can make like that of a race-horse, whenever the urgency demands such speed. The company at Newport can shoot through New-England like a meteor. This hardly seems exaggerated language, when we take into consideration the helps found on all the great routes. The same may be said of the companies at New York, Carlisle, and Baltimore. They are all like salient bastions, or batteries, connected with the works to which they are attached; not fixed, and commanding only a certain range, but bearing forward their *point blank* to meet the danger afar off. If there be any objection to their present relative position, it is to the comparative proximity of Carlisle and Baltimore. If it were not for the public grounds and barracks at Carlisle, that place might properly be abandoned for some more southern position, as the South is not sufficiently cared for in the present arrangement.

We have dwelt the longer on this part of the secretary's report, because we feared that a suggestion, so pregnant with objections, coming from such a high quarter, might find abettors among those who look more to the savings proposed, than to the preservation of a well ordered system of national defence in all its parts. Besides, it is unsound policy* to

* This allusion to *policy* suggests to us a hint for the army which we think will not be thrown away. It is easily discerned, that the virulence often evinced in the speeches of certain members of Congress against military and naval officers does not arise so much from hostility to means of national defence, whether *personal* or *material*, as to "epaulets," "lace," "bright buttons," &c. There is no objection even to these insignia in their proper place. The most showy uniforms excite no irritation, even in the most splenetic and sensitive, when exhibited within the chain of sentinels, or upon the quarter-deck. It is when they display themselves on the sidewalks, and at the hotels, that they disturb these morbid humors.

place any part of our army in situations not manifestly military and congruous. The parts, so placed, would soon be regarded as superfluous, because apparently unnecessary at improper places. Whenever the shield is thrown on the back, it seems to be an incumbrance, and probably will soon be thrown away. Where these companies are now, they have accommodations for man and horse. Wherever they are, when not in the field, these accommodations are necessary. Were the companies temporarily sent into the interior, or into the Western States, such accommodations would have to be provided, even at the risk of being soon abandoned in case of an emergency. One such miscalculation would overbalance the savings proposed in forage and horses many fold. We cannot hereafter flatter ourselves that war will send forth its heralds of warning, so that each one may have time to buckle on his armor, the careless to rouse themselves, the remote to come up to the danger. Steam-power has made an important revolution in the facility of attack. The cloud does not now show itself in the distant horizon no bigger than a man's hand, — thence slowly rising and expanding, and giving time to gird up one's loins and flee to shelter. The bolt may break forth from the clear heavens. It is, therefore, necessary that our maritime frontier should at all times be in readiness with such means of

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In England, it is said, these insignia are seldom seen except within the strict sphere of duty. John Bull has a jealousy of the sword, and this jealousy is respected. Brother Jonathan has the same jealousy, and it would be politic to respect it in the same manner.

We shall be pardoned for throwing out one more hint. The army is attacked from within as well as from without. It has eruptive disorders, — it may be the "black tongue." The fable of the members of the body quarrelling, and proposing to dispense with each other, is familiar to all. There are instances of such fatuity in the army. The foot would cut off the hand, even the head, and pare off the shoulders. The present organization has existed in substance, though not in form, ever since we were a nation; that is, every thing that is now done has been constantly done, or attempted to be done, only in a different way, or by different hands. Experience of evils has led to divisions in labor, such as mark improvement in all organizations. We now do that well and economically, which was formerly done perfunctorily and with prodigality. Formerly the army was fed by contractors, who made great fortunes by filching from the soldiers their small rations. They now have the full ration, of the best quality, and at a far cheaper rate. The change in the other departments has been equally beneficial both to the army and the public. The army lives, and moves, and has all things done, in order. If the Florida war cost, under the organization of 1840, "forty millions," it would have cost, under such an organization as we had between 1815 and 1821, four hundred millions.

defence as government has provided. The war secretary assumes a perilous responsibility, whenever he throws any of those means *hors de condition.* He cannot add one jot to them ; neither must he diminish them one tittle. Any misuse of them, or any thing short of the best use of them, is such a diminution. The forts are under his supervision, and the men are at his disposal. The former are nothing without garrisons ; and the latter are nothing, unless connected with the frontier defences.

We now propose to turn our attention to the reports of the chief engineer, and of the colonel of the topographical engineers. They are full of interest, and it is to be regretted that they stand so little chance of being read. They present a minute view of the operations and expenditures of the two corps during the last year. These operations and expenditures were very extensive and important ; the former spreading over our whole maritime and interior frontier, and the latter embracing many millions. It is not our intention to look beyond a few parts of the system. The appropriations which have been made annually for some years, for these objects, show that public opinion is sound with respect to the national defence. Some years since, there was ground for much anxiety. Heresies sprang up in high places, which were likely to affect injuriously both that which had been done and that which remained to be done. Apprehensions were entertained that innovations were to unsettle all that had been established, and that tried and long approved systems were to give way to mere experiments. But, happily, Congress did not coincide with this proneness to change. A sluggish spirit for a while prevailed over all these operations ; only delaying, however, their progress, not altering their course. There is reason to congratulate the country that no worse effects followed this temporary hallucination of those in authority. If the present system be permitted to prevail until our seaboard be guarded by adequate fortifications, we shall be as invulnerable as other nations are which are similarly guarded. All civilized nations, which have common prudence, guard themselves thus ; and, unless we are without that quality, we shall not relax our efforts until we are in the same condition. It is now some years since the chief engineer proposed, that a company of " sappers and miners " should be raised ; but it was

not until the last session of Congress, that a bill to that effect passed either house. It then passed the House of Representatives, and would undoubtedly have passed the Senate also, had there been time. We allude to this company only to express our hope that it will be authorized at another session. There has been scarcely a military proposition before Congress, since the suggestion was first made, which has been more strongly recommended by economy and the wants of the service. If any one will take the trouble to look over the reports of the chief engineer on this subject, he will be convinced that our extensive fortifications, costing so many millions, can be properly preserved only by such a company. Ordinary skill can be supplied by the mechanics of the country. But such laborers and mechanics as are formed by degrees in these companies can be found nowhere else in any country but *in* such companies. There is no ordinary calling that teaches such handicraft. It is peculiar, and can be acquired only by engineer teaching.

We would now more particularly ask attention to the lake frontier. Vast interests are growing up there, such as demand the most generous encouragement and careful protection. The public eye has been turned in that direction by much that has been written and said respecting the population and wealth bordering upon those waters. It is now not quite thirty years since there was not a commodious harbour upon either Lake Erie or Michigan. Presqu'ile (Erie), where Perry's fleet was built, was no harbour at all. That fleet had to float into the offing without its armament, taking it in there. Any one of the vessels which were afterwards so gloriously captured from Commodore Barklay would have been sufficient then to have scattered this fleet, in that predicament, to the four winds of the lake. Put-in Bay, where this fleet reposed on its laurels after the victory, is on an island, and of no more use to the main shore as a harbour, than a harbour on Guernsey is to France. Perry's fleet, after its short career of glory, was sunk for preservation, and only now and then a sail spread itself between Buffalo and Detroit. Had this state of destitution continued, — had art refused to assist nature, — those sails would still have remained few and far between. But we did not stop where nature left us. We have now on those

lakes over twenty harbours, built by appropriations made by Congress.

These harbours are all artificial. Thirty years ago, scarcely one of them was habitually open. Sandusky came the nearest to an exception. All of them had sand-bars at their mouths, which rendered them generally accessible only to row-boats. At certain parts of the season, these bars gave way. When the thaw of spring, or when heavy rains, swelled the streams which had their outlets there, the strengthened current made a breach in the bar, which would admit even large vessels, until the next storm restored the impediment. Thus, a vessel might get in to-day, which could not get out to-morrow. And this contested power was not equally divided between the river and the lake. The former had its day only occasionally, as it was only occasionally that freshets gave it the predominance ; while the latter held undisturbed control the major part of the season of navigation. Such a state of things held out little encouragement for commerce. It was not even "fast and loose." The game presented no temptation to enterprise which looked to the water for scope. There was much speculation at the time as to the practicability of opening these river-mouths in a permanent manner. Soon, the population, collecting upon them, and in their neighbourhood, became such as to demand the aid of government. Fortunately, the president of the United States had just visited those waters, and the government was administered at that time upon principles that allowed these improvements to be regarded as of a national character. Mr. Calhoun, then at the head of the war department, had the forecast to perceive the beneficial influences of such improvements afar off. He saw into the future beyond the common ken ; he believed, that, if he could remove these sandy barriers, which put asunder what nature had intended should be joined together, fruitful results would ensue which no man could estimate. He sent up United States engineers, who devised expedients, which gradually curbed the alluvion drifting along the southern shores of Lake Erie, until nearly every river there flowed through an unobstructed channel into the lake, drawing in and sending out a great amount of tonnage, in its thousand shapes, which has all been launched within the last twenty or thirty years, and which may be said to have been brought into

existence by the fostering influence of these harbour improvements. The national wealth which they have thus, as it were, created, renders the cost of these improvements as dust in the balance. Northern Ohio has grown up under them. That part of this great State would otherwise have been merely a remote interior to the river Ohio. These improvements at once gave her a new and better frontier. She was before like a plant which had the sun only on one side. All her growth was towards that side. The other was, as it were, against a dark and ungenial wall. These improvements broke down that wall, and let in an invigorating light on that side also.

Doubts have often been expressed whether this beneficial work should be continued by the general government; even, whether that which has already been done should be preserved. Mr. Calhoun, who, under Mr. Monroe's benignant administration, ushered in this lake prosperity, has hazarded the remark, that the United States should withdraw its sustaining hand, and leave the States bordering on the lakes to keep it up. Such a policy could be justified only on the ground that the improvements are not of a national character. If they were once national, they are still so. It would be difficult to prove, to the satisfaction of any reasonable man, that they have not been national from the first; that they do not continue to be so; that they are not only almost, but altogether, national, with hardly any exception. Cleveland has but a tithe of interest in the accessibility of her harbour. The whole sweep of States, from Louisiana to New York and Massachusetts, has a deep interest in that of Buffalo harbour. The occlusion, either from neglect or any other cause, of that artificial harbour, would be felt like another "Boston Port Bill"; it would agitate the country from the Atlantic to the Gulf of Mexico. The inconvenience and injury would be felt far and wide. New York could only have her share in them. The preservation of it is emphatically a national concern. And the same may be said with respect to most of the other artificial harbours on the lakes. They are not all national in the same degree; but none of them are so little so, as to become local or State concerns. The natural harbours of the seacoast are not objects of more general concern, than the artificial harbours of the lake frontier. It is not their size or

importance that makes them so; it is their exterior position.

In most intimate connection with this subject, we would point out an improvement to be made on these lake waters by the government, which has been too long postponed. We allude to a channel through the "St. Clair Flats." There was an item in the "lost harbour bill" of some forty thousand dollars for this purpose. The late president could not have "pocketed" a greater injury to the Northwest. We do not see that this subject was introduced this year by the colonel of the topographical engineers in his report; the item, therefore, must have obtained its place in the bill through the exertions of the Michigan delegation. They would have been exceedingly unmindful of their duty, had they omitted these exertions. Lake St. Clair is known to connect the strait of Detroit with the river St. Clair, forming together the links that connect lakes Erie and Huron. This improvement has attracted less attention than its importance demands, arising from the fact, that, since the commerce of the lakes has become extensive, the level of the waters on those flats has been generally high enough to accommodate the craft floating over them. But there are many persons now on those waters, who can recall two periods, of a year or two each in duration, within the last thirty years, when not a tenth part of that craft could have floated over them. The theory relative to this rise and fall of the lakes was, for many years, that the change was periodical, the water rising for some seven years, and then falling during an equal period. And until 1828, this theory was in accordance with well established facts. Since then, the high level has been maintained, and the theory, as well as the facts on which it was based, has probably been forgotten.

Whether the waters will hereafter maintain their present high level, or subside as they have before subsided, is an unsettled question. There is about as much ground for apprehension as confidence; and unless that apprehension be removed, a strong necessity exists for a channel through the flats. The very great interests involved require such an improvement. We have seen many statements of the amount of tonnage which passes through these straits. They are probably somewhat conjectural. But not a doubt exists, that millions of property are constantly afloat there;

and these millions are yearly on the increase. Should the level of these waters subside, as it has often subsided heretofore, and as it may often subside again, nearly all these millions would come to a dead stand at this point; a stand as dead as if a dam had been suddenly stretched across the lake. By unloading in part, or altogether, as was formerly done under similar circumstances, the boats and vessels might, in due time, be got over, and the trip, after much delay, be resumed. It would be difficult to reckon the cost of such hindrances; but there would be no extravagance in the supposition, that the hindrances of one month (and they might outlast a series of months, or even run through a series of years) would defray the expense of the improvement many times over.

This being the case, it behooves all the States concerned (and they are many and strong) to unite in carrying through this appropriation without delay. There is no reason that can be urged against it; and the reasons for it are a legion. The hazards of delay are imminent. We know not what a season may bring forth. Scarcely a season opens, which, when the channel is buoyed out over these flats (and this task has to be performed at each opening of the navigation), does not threaten to cut off this great communication between the upper and the lower lakes, and cause a fearful looking forward to the embarrassments of the future. It is then that a painful regret is felt that something energetic has not been done to remove this annual cause of deep inquietude.

Some three years since, the topographical department set some of its officers on a hydrographic survey of these straits. A perfect system of surveys and soundings, from lake Erie to lake St. Clair, and of the flats at the head of the latter lake, was completed at the end of the second season. We shall have occasion to allude to these soundings in reference to the mouth of the Detroit river. The flats alluded to stretch, like an outspread fan, from the Canada side of the lake to the Michigan shore. A chart has been made of them, which exhibits all their features, together with the channels that come down to them from the river St. Clair. These channels are three in number; the "north channel," the "middle channel," and the "south channel." The boundary line of the country runs through

the last channel; and a line drawn through this channel from Detroit to the foot of Lake Huron is but slightly deflected at any one point. The same wind would carry a sail vessel the whole length of it. It is not necessary to be a navigator to see the advantages of such a direct course. The middle channel is of a subordinate character. The north channel is called the ship channel, because all the large vessels and steamboats are obliged to take it. In following this, the route to the waters above forms a very deep curve, almost representing an ox-bow, the south channel uniting the two ends of the curve. While, as we have remarked, the same wind would take a vessel through the south channel from Detroit to Lake Huron, many changes are required to get through the north channel. Before steam came into use, the impediments crowded within the few miles of this deep curve were regarded as more formidable than those of all the residue of the voyage. Vessels, which had overcome them under favoring changes, often performed their voyages, and, on their return, found others, which had been close in their wake at the entrance of this channel, but which had been less favored by the caprices of the winds, still at anchor there. This north channel, besides these embarrassments, has more than twice the length of the south channel.

Such are the relative positions and courses of these channels. The chart which is before us represents, with great accuracy and particularity, the soundings of each, as they were found in the autumn of 1842, when the waters were at their usually high stage. According to this chart, no craft, drawing over three feet, can pass over the flats at the mouth of the middle channel. No craft, drawing over six feet, can pass, in like manner, into the south channel. After the flats are passed, there is ample depth for any craft in both cases. The minimum depth over the flats of the north channel is about nine feet. This makes close rubbing for all the large craft afloat. But there is at present no alternative; though there is not a large steamboat that now goes through this channel which does not leave a muddy wake for several miles behind.

The width of these flats at these three points is the next question, and the most important one in its bearing upon an improvement in the navigation there. This width at the mouth of the north channel is about five miles. Through

this distance there has been found, during the last ten years, a somewhat devious channel, whose minimum depth is about nine feet, and whose breadth varies from a few yards to a quarter of a mile. To render the traverse of the flats at this point safe and effectual, a commodious channel must be excavated and protected. The excavations would not be required to be continuous; there appear to be many places within the five miles where that labor could be dispensed with; but the protection of the channel, such a protection as would keep it open, would be indispensable the whole distance. No estimate, we believe, has been made of the probable cost of the requisite improvement at this point. It needs, however, little reflection upon the premises to lead one to the conclusion, that it would be comparatively very great. The width of the flats at the mouth of the middle channel is about a mile; that is, from ten feet depth of water below to the same depth above. An excavation of this length would connect waters of sufficient depth for any craft going into the upper lakes. If it were not for a channel still more eligible as to the length of excavation, as well as in all other respects, an improvement here would recommend itself very strongly in comparison with the north channel. It is true, that it joins that channel two or three miles before it enters the straight course of the St. Clair river. This renders it objectionable for sail vessels, though not in the same degree as the north channel.

We now come to the south channel, that channel which we have before described as having unrivalled advantages as to directness of course, in connection with the waters above and below. It was from the first considered by all who had any familiarity with these waters, that *this* channel ought to be that which should be improved, provided the expense were not inordinate in comparison with others. According to the chart which is now before us, the width of the flat at the mouth of this channel is rather more than half a mile; that is, from eleven feet depth of water in lake St. Clair, to the same depth in the channel above. This simple statement is sufficient to determine its superior eligibility. Here, then, should the improvement be made. This chart presents to view the whole of the flats, as well as the channels, and it requires little more than a glance to lead every one to this

conclusion. The length of the excavation will be the shortest, and the quantity of earth to be removed the least.

The cost of this improvement is supposed, by the words of the appropriation which passed both houses the last session of Congress, to be forty thousand dollars. If it were likely to cost twice or thrice that sum, it ought to be made. But the probability is, that it will not cost even that amount. No plan for the improvement has yet been distinctly proposed. There are but two which will probably be set forth for adoption. One is, to lay down a line of cribs on each side of the channel designed to be excavated, and then to excavate the channel itself. For the sum introduced into the appropriation bill, this, no doubt, was the plan in view. It is a plan that would be effectual, and exclude all doubts as to the fulfilment of the purpose intended. No objections can be urged against it, even on the score of expense. There is, however, another plan that has been suggested by a competent judge ; which is, to omit the cribs altogether, and merely excavate a very broad channel through the distance required. The ground where the digging is to be made consists of sand and clay, which have considerable tenacity. This ground has been proved, as the chart states, to the required depth. It is probable that a channel of liberal width and depth would maintain its dimensions, even without any exterior guards. The only cause that would act against this permanency of character would be the westerly winds, sending back upon the flats the alluvion afloat in lake St. Clair. Even supposing this cause to have some considerable force and activity, we may rely on the increased strength of current, which the excavation would naturally produce, to render it neutral. There is much reason for believing that an improvement of the comparatively simple character here brought forward would be sufficient, and that the cost of it would not much exceed one half of the amount named in the appropriation which has been referred to.

We may have appeared to give undue importance to this improvement. It has been the subject of little discussion ; no importunity has urged it into public notice ; and even those most concerned have hardly introduced the proposition in or out of Congress. While the canal around the rapids of St. Mary called forth much zeal and exertion, a channel through the St. Clair flats has excited little of either. That

canal is undoubtedly worthy of all the efforts that have been made in its behalf. It will throw down the middle wall which now separates two inland seas, and make them one. It will be undoing, with our most simple implements, the stupendous work of Michabou, who, according to the Indian tradition, when Groscap and Point Iroquois of lake Superior were rent asunder, and he saw his watery dominions about to be drained off, cast, with Titan hands, huge rocks into the straits, and stayed the outpouring of the waste by heaping up the present barrier there. But the immediate necessity for this canal, compared with the channel through the St. Clair flats, is small. The one is to open a new region, whose riches will be all the more speedily developed by such facile means of reaching the mines where they are hid. On the other depends the welfare of an extensive commerce, already full of life and fruitfulness, but liable at any moment, through the influence of causes that have often been in operation, and which may often again be in operation, to be brought to a ruinous stand in the midst of a prosperous career. The apathy that has marked the conduct of those who know the extent of this commerce, and also the dangers which threaten it, is as surprising as unaccountable ; or it can be accounted for only by the supposition, that all fear of a revival of those causes has subsided. Such a supposition is without just grounds, and, if it lead to continued neglect of this most necessary improvement of the lake navigation, it may end in a punishment as signal as disastrous.

While on this subject, it is proper to allude to another improvement in those waters, which one of the respectable senators from Michigan, at too late an hour of the session, strove unavailingly to introduce into the appropriation bill. It is well known, that, when the boundary line was run through the Detroit river, its course at the mouth threw the customary channel entirely within the British jurisdiction. This was an unavoidable arrangement. It has since been constantly hoped, that another channel, sufficiently practicable for an emergency, would be discovered within our own jurisdiction. No surveys, however, were made with a view to determine this desirable fact, until within a few years. General Macomb, nearly thirty years ago, had an imperfect examination made, which led to the hope here alluded to. When the surveys of the Detroit river, in 1840, were di-

rected to be made, all the channels which form the outlet of the river were sounded, and an exact chart was made of the same, showing the width, course, and depth of each. By this chart it appears, that there is a channel, immediately under our own shore, which has sufficient depth ; but it is too narrow and tortuous at one or two points for convenient use. It was urged, that an appropriation should be made to render this channel available for all ordinary purposes. The bare statement, that the other channel passes between two shores which are only a few hundred yards apart, both of which are owned by the British, ought to have been sufficient to demonstrate the necessity of the improvement. While the two nations are at amity, vessels will suit their convenience as to the channels, and pass under the British guns without fear or molestation. But this should not be the only safe course open to them. There should be an alternative. We should have a channel of our own, if it be practicable to obtain one. These soundings show that it *is* practicable ; and we should not wait until the moment of necessity arrives, which might be too late, before we clear it out. Should the British portal at any time be suddenly closed upon our boats and vessels, and they be crowded into the other channel until a new way could be prepared, we should be laughed at for our stupidity and want of forecast. The primary cause of Hull's disaster was the necessity of sending the vessel, which was carrying his baggage, sick, and letters, from the Maumee to Detroit, through this British channel, instead of the one under our own shore. It went into the jaws of the enemy, and, of course, was devoured. A few thousand dollars would effect this improvement, and avert similar disasters. The amount called for appears to make it a small concern, but it is a national concern, and the national character and dignity require that it should not be neglected. Take but the crumbs that fall from the snag appropriation of the Ohio, and the raft appropriation of the Red River, — appropriations so important to the national prosperity, but so unimportant in their immediate influences upon the national honor and national defence, — and this new channel will be laid open. No Elsineur will then, in courteous forbearance, watch over the sound of our inland Baltic, until the horn of provocation or temptation sounds, satisfied with being potentially the master of nearly all our outgoings and incomings there.

The defence of these upper lakes has, of late, elicited considerable discussion. Canada, by the liberal aid of the parent government, has been greatly facilitating the means of water communication between her several parts. The St. Lawrence, though presenting to the eye on the map a broad stream, and really having a vast volume of water flowing between its banks, was, until within a few years, almost useless for general purposes of navigation. The many rapids and *chutes* which interrupt its course render it difficult and even dangerous to the smallest craft. General Amherst's disaster was upon a large scale only what has happened upon a small one every year, or month, since the wreck of his flotilla. Lake Ontario was little more connected with the navigation below Montreal than it was with lake Erie above the Falls of Niagara. Such was the case in the war of 1812. But Britain profits by experience. The lessons of the past are not thrown away upon her. Soon after that war, she began a system of canalling, stretching from the tide-water to the lakes, which is intended to bring the ocean and those lakes virtually upon a level. This system has now made great progress towards a completion, and the result will be nearly the same as if the ocean were really elevated, or the lakes depressed, so as to effect this accommodation of level. Under this system it is apprehended that Great Britain, in the event of another war, instead of being obliged to construct a fleet upon Lake Ontario, as was the case during the last war, to be left there at its termination to rot in useless idleness, will be able to detach from her great maritime force on the ocean such vessels as may be required, to mount up into that lake, there to do her bidding, and then to descend again to their larger and more appropriate sphere when that bidding shall have been done. Nor is the scope of these facilities to end with that lake. The Welland canal, which now accommodates all ordinary craft, is, it is said, to be fitted for the passage of war-steamers, so that while we, like the eels, which make constant attempts to climb the great wall of the Niagara Falls, find our upward progress constantly arrested by that formidable obstacle, our neighbours will soon easily send their craft, both of war and peace, step by step, up the dividing grounds, and place themselves, in much of their strength, on a level with all the rich ports which extend from Buffalo to Chicago.

To counteract the effects of these lofty strides over all impediments, apparently reaching our inmost shores with the same facility as our maritime frontier, it has been proposed to make the Illinois canal, which is to connect the Mississippi with the lakes, a national work, and fitted to allow a free passage for such public steamers as may be collected at the Memphis navy-yard. Such a facility, it is urged, would place us, at one end of these interior seas, on the same footing as the British are, or will soon be, at the other. There is much in this proposition that is worthy of attention. Such an improvement would be strictly a national one, though made through the heart of a State. Hurlgate is embraced by New York; and so are many thoroughfares embraced by other States, on which millions of the national money have been expended. It is not because the Ohio and the Mississippi pass *between* States, that they have been considered proper objects of such expenditures. They are the great avenues of the nation, and must be kept open, not to benefit the States lying on their banks, but to benefit all the States. These contiguous States would not, and could not, keep them open. The nation alone can do it. The case of the Illinois canal is not so strong. The State of Illinois will open it herself, as soon as she is able. When that ability will be gained is the question. If it be likely to arrive too late for the national safety, then the general government ought to take the work in hand. This avenue is already, with all its present lets and hindrances, a great national thoroughfare; all those who pass through are not inhabitants of Illinois. They are a multitude of human beings, nearly all parts of the country contributing to swell their number.

Considered in respect to our national defence, this improvement presents itself in a strong light. With an avenue at that end of the chain of waters, which would admit upon the lakes war-steamers from the Mississippi below, no emergency would seem likely to take us unprepared in that quarter. We should appear to be upon an equal footing with the British in respect to facilities of reinforcing the force on the lakes from that on the tide-waters. And that very equality might remove the temptation on the part of the British, in any hostile emergency, to attempt to throw up from the ocean any part of her maritime force. In the war

of 1812, it was a contest between the ship-carpenters of Sacket's Harbour and of Kingston, and the war of construction was carried on nearly *pari passu*. If the contest hereafter were to be, who should introduce the greatest number of war-steamers upon the lakes, it might end in the same manner, or the race might be to the swift. But, even in that case, if the British have the advantage as to the number of these war-steamers, the United States has thousands of steamboats at hand, which, though now mere Quakers, would come out knight-clad at a moment's warning. We could in that way match them two to one, or ten to one, if it were necessary.

This speculation proceeds upon the supposition that government will deem it expedient to interlock, by a navigable canal, Lake Michigan with the Mississippi. But we do not believe it will do this; though it might not prove half so expensive a job as the clearing out the Red River raft, which, like a thrifty tree, seems to have grown only the more for the trimming it annually receives. But even if the lakes are left as they are, and the British do all they propose to do, we do not despair. There are now hundreds of steamboats on the upper lakes, as above remarked, which could easily be made to play a formidable part in the work of attack or defence. It has been said that we have no artillery on those waters. This is not true. There is a public arsenal near Detroit, which has its stores of this kind, and each military post has spare ordnance. This, we admit, is not enough; but we could soon have enough, and to spare. It is not at this time as it was in 1812 and 1813, when every gun that reached the lakes became worth its weight in much more precious metal than that of which it was made. Supplies then almost burrowed their way to the frontiers; now, they take wings unto themselves, and fly to their destination. We should in these days hardly call upon Aladdin, even if we knew he would come. The horse, which now draws with ease his many tons along the canal, could then scarcely carry his own provender; and wheels now revolve as great a distance in one hour over iron rails, as they could then in one day over *corduroy* roads, or even over turnpikes. New York was then a broad State; she is now contracted to a span. Both Watervliet and Pittsburg are now, as it were, in the neighbourhood of Lake Erie. Their munition and their ammunition, if called for to-day, could be there on the

morrow. In a week's time, they could arm every steamboat on that lake to the teeth.

But, though there may be a doubt whether Congress will open the way for succour from the Mississippi to the lakes, there ought to be none as to its providing proper land defences upon the Detroit, the St. Clair, and the St. Mary's frontier. A fort is at length going up on the first, occupying the most commanding position on the Detroit strait. But Fort Gratiot, at the outlet of Lake Huron, one of the cardinal points of defence on that frontier, is still nothing but a stockade work; such a work as suited well the times when it was erected, when the Indian rifle and tomahawk alone were to be resisted. In these times, it is little better than mere frost-work. A proper fort — such a fort as has been sometime recommended by the engineers — should be commenced there without delay. Another stockade work — now almost in ruins — is on the straits of St. Mary, another cardinal point of defence. Such stockade works are not even scare-crows in these days, and only give an air of ridicule to those parts of our defensive arrangements. We are there like a swordsman on his guard with only a broken foil in his hand.

We should not be misled by the long peace which the civilized world has now enjoyed, and deem even ordinary precautions unnecessary. We are not reposing under our vine and fig-tree, with nobody to hurt or make us afraid. There is much to hurt us, though little, perhaps, to make us afraid. Nations appear to have become impatient of repose. A new generation has arisen, which bears none of the scars of past wounds, and sees in the dragon's teeth which are springing up on every side only a coming harvest of glory. This feeling has more of the Marcellus than the Fabius in it; is better fitted to give spirit to actual war, than to preserve the blessings of peace. But whether we have war or peace, preparation for defence is a bounden duty, as well as a dictate of common prudence. It is true, that reason and justice have great influence over international affairs now-a-days. A nation would blush, at the present enlightened era, to go to war without seeming to have both in favor of its cause; and as long as honorable negotiation can continue, the evil day is put off. Still, if it be inevitable, its coming is hastened or retarded by the condition, whether unpre-

pared or prepared for defence, in which a nation is found. The chances of success in negotiation are diminished or increased in proportion as that condition sways one way or the other. The best reasons of the lamb had no weight with the wolf. We hope that a nation is trebly armed whose quarrel 's just ; but it would be madness to rely on the armor of justice alone. The king of Israel, who was assured by Heaven that victory would be on his side in the coming battle, still sent forward his picked men to the front of the fight.

ART. III. — *A System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive ; being a connected View of the Principles of Evidence, and the Methods of Scientific Investigation.* By JOHN STUART MILL. London : J. W. Parker. 1843. 2 vols. pp. 1204.

WE quietly take to ourselves some merit for calling attention to these volumes, since we suppose not one in a hundred of our readers has, or can be induced to have, the slightest interest in the subject of which they treat. So much the worse for them, since they are thus led to forego a means of improvement, which, if they knew enough of the subject to be aware of their own ignorance respecting it, they would most earnestly covet. And so much the worse for us is this want of interest in the subject, since it is rather a poor sort of inspiration with which to enter on this self-inflicted duty, to know that it will be equally operose and unavailing. We are well aware that the very term Logic has become a "hissing and a by-word," even among tolerably well informed men ; and if we had nothing more to present on the subject, than a repetition of the skeleton formulæ which have hitherto figured as principles in this science, we too should deem our proposed labor worse than worthless. It would require something more than the miraculous touch of a prophet, to vivify such dry bones as these. But the work before us has nothing in common with these dead and buried things, but the name. And we wish it had not even this, since it may drive away from a valua-

ble source of self-improvement that not small class of persons, to whom *names* are *things*. Those who choose to grapple with this work will find that it presents a new view of the subject; that it is a sort of *Novum Organum*, adapted to the state of intellectual and physical science at the present day; and that it is treated with a breadth and comprehensiveness of thought, in a style of thorough analysis, and with a surpassingly clear and forcible diction, which entitle it to the faithful study of all who aspire to the merit of philosophical research, or even of general scholarship. But while the labor before us is thus thankless and uninspiring, in regard to the great mass of readers, we still hope to address ourselves intelligibly to an "audience, fit though few," who will understand the deep meaning of Lord Bacon, who denominates Logic the "*ars artium*," the science of science itself, and considered it as an aid to the mind not less important than that which machinery lends to the hand,* — and to all who think it worth while to ascertain the limits of human knowledge, its first principles, and the best methods of employing and enlarging it. For such we write; and such well know, that the field on which we propose to enter is not merely a fitting arena for manly and healthful exercise of the mind, but also one where, notwithstanding its apparent barrenness, rich and nutritive fruits are always to be gathered.

The obscurity, in which it is supposed the subject of Logic is involved, arises, as we think, not from inherent difficulties in the subject itself, but from two extraneous causes. One is the great number, and the irreconcilably conflicting character, of the definitions which have been given of it. Thus, when Logic was first made to assume a distinct form under the auspices of Zeno and his followers, it not only took cognizance of the elementary principles of human knowledge, but professedly included Rhetoric, or a diffusive mode of declamation, and also Dialectics, or the more recondite art of disputation. The Megaric school, under Euclid, carried the folly of the Porch to a still more ridiculous ex-

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* "*Instrumentis et auxiliis res perficitur; quibus opus est non minus ad intellectum, quam ad manum.*" — Nov. Org., Aph. III. Again he considers it as the key of the sciences: — "*Rationales scientiæ reliquarum omnino claves sunt.*" — De Aug. Sci., Lib. V., Cap. I.

treme. Aristotle, though not the first author on the subject, was the first who attempted to give a strictly scientific statement of the essential forms and processes of thought. But this was only a small part of his "Organon," as it has been called. It treated, also, at much length and with great acuteness, if not with remarkable perspicuity, of various methods of investigating truth and communicating it to others, and particularly of the various strategy of disputation. The Logic, so called, of the mediæval period, was nothing more than a grossly amplified and perverted form of the dogmas of the Peripatetic and Stoic schools of antiquity. It was a miserable strife of words about words; and the impatient exclamation of Seneca, himself a Stoic, in reference to the dialectics of his day, "*O pueriles ineptias*," would apply with greater force to the elaborate trifling of this period. It has been a not infrequent mistake of subsequent times, to confound Logic with different branches of the philosophy of the mind. Thus, it has been called the "art or science which treats of the laws of thought, and of those rules which the mind must observe in all consequent thinking." But "consequent thinking," we suppose, is required in poetry, in oratory, in all the arts of imitation and design, nay, in politics, and in the common conduct of affairs. Are these, then, to be included in a treatise on Logic? Even no less a thinker on these subjects than Lord Bacon falls, if we may say so, into the same misjudgment of the true nature and province of Logic. He divides it into four parts, namely, the methods of invention, judging, retaining, and delivery, or making known to others.* The clear mind of Locke was entirely mystified on this subject, as appears from his denouncing it as being useless in the *discovery* of truth. The good Dr. Watts, too, whose Logic, to our utter confusion and dismay, we were required to learn at the University, defines the subject thus: "Logic is the art of using reason well in our own inquiries after truth, and in the *communication of it to others.*" And lest we should be in any doubt in regard to the extent of the subject, he states in a note, "The word *reason*, in this place, is not confined to

* "*Necesse igitur est, ut totidem sunt artes rationales*" (which he comprehends under the term Logic); "*ars inquisitionis seu inventionis; ars examinis seu judicii; ars custodiæ seu memoriæ; et ars elocutionis seu traditionis.*" De Aug. Sci., Lib. V., Cap. I.

the mere faculty of reasoning or inferring one thing from another, but includes *all the intellectual powers of man.*" Now, if we substitute these italicized words in the place of "reason" in the definition, we shall see that Logic is a very comprehensive art indeed. Cicero, with a sufficient laxness of thought, places among the essential prerequisites of his orator, that he should be a "good" man. It is very certain that the logician, according to the excellent Dr. Watts, should be a very learned and a very *wise* one; indeed, that he should have not a little of what has been ascribed to a noted public man and writer in England, the "foible of omniscience."

It is easy to perceive, that much obscurity must rest upon a subject, of which such various and contrariant definitions have been given, most of which arise from confused and utterly erroneous apprehensions of its true nature. But there is another mistake, scarcely less prevalent, that leads to the same result. We mean the faithlessness of writers to their own erroneous and confused definitions. It is plain enough, if an author professedly addresses himself to one specific train of thought, but in the prosecution of it rambles off into a very different one, — or, if attempting to unfold the principles of one system, he is led, unconsciously to himself, to lay out his strength on another, though it may be some affiliated one, he must become, at best, but an inconsequent teacher. We know of no subject in which this vital mistake has been oftener perpetrated, than in the one before us. It might be invidious to cite examples, but those familiar with such researches will call to mind some striking instances of this *ignoratio elenchi* on a large scale. It is, indeed, one of the easiest and most fertile of the sophisms which writers unconsciously practise on themselves, and by which they confuse and mislead the minds of their readers.

It is not the least of the striking excellencies of the work of Mr. Mill, that both these causes of error are studiously and successfully avoided. In a very lucid introduction, he announces, in the most carefully chosen terms, what he means by the term Logic; and this is the more necessary, since neither this term, nor any other one in the language, gives any intimation of the subject which he is about to treat. As a preliminary step to this definition, he divides all human knowledge into two kinds. The first comprises the facts

or Beliefs of intuition or consciousness; and the second comprises those which are the result of inference or illation; or, to state the same distinction in different words, those which neither need nor are susceptible of proof; and those which require to be and may be proved. This distinction is of the highest import in inquiries like these. It is not indeed, by any means, peculiar to Mr. Mill; but it is very peculiar to him, among writers on kindred themes, to have kept it constantly in view through his whole work. Of the former kind are all the truths of the higher or Transcendental metaphysics, so called; or those which belong to the mind inherently, without any reference to the senses or to the external world; as, for example, our natural sensations and our mental states. They are what are called "subjective," in opposition to "objective" truths, — the "Noumena," in opposition to the "Phenomena," of the German metaphysics, — and comprise a belief in our existence as sentient beings, as distinct from the body; a confidence in the evidence of the senses in regard to the existence of external things; a conviction of our personal identity; that every event must have a cause; of the uniformity of Nature; — in a word, those first truths which lie at the basis of all knowledge. These are not susceptible of proof. They appear of themselves, if they appear at all. They shine by an unborrowed light. No research can make them clearer; no processes of art can add to their certainty. In a word, they are real to our consciousness, and thereby possess the highest possible proof of their reality. It is obvious, therefore, that these are matters of belief, not of proof; and whatever may be believed or disbelieved respecting them, whether the conclusions of Father Buffier, or Reid, or Kant, or Schelling, is entirely immaterial, so far as Logic, in the system of Mr. Mill, is concerned.

But these inherent and necessary beliefs comprise but a small part of human knowledge. They are implied, indeed, in all our inquiries; but in themselves they constitute but a small part of things known and knowable. Almost all our knowledge consists of inferences, and "to draw inferences is the great business of life." Every one is and must be thus employed, whether he is aware of it or not, under all circumstances, at every conscious moment of his existence. It is the only thing that the mind never ceases to do. Take

out of any man's mind all the knowledge that is strictly illative, and you leave it as blank as the fair sheet of paper to which, in its natural state, some metaphysicians have, unwisely enough, compared it. Now Logic, according to Mr. Mill, is conversant only with this sphere of thought. It is only with illations, or truths known through their ascertained connection with other known truths, that it is or can be employed. This is its sphere, we say. But we would not be understood to assert, that all who make inferences are therefore logicians, or that their inferences are logical. This brings the proper province of Logic distinctly into view. It is to supply a test for ascertaining, in any given case of inference, whether this inference be correct, and therefore trustworthy. All knowledge consists of *data*, and of inferences from these *data*. One person will make one inference, and another a different one. Which is correct? It is the high and distinctive office of Logic to answer this question. And this it does by pointing out the relations which necessarily exist between "proof and every thing it can legitimately prove," or by analyzing the process of inference. Logic, in short, is the science of proof, or of evidence. We are now prepared for the definition of it as understood by Mr. Mill, and it seems to us equally succinct, comprehensive, and just. "Logic is the science of the operations of the understanding which are subservient to the estimation of evidence; both the process itself of proceeding from known truths to [those] unknown, and all intellectual operations auxiliary to this."

Of these "auxiliary operations," one of the most important is an analysis of language, so far as the processes of reasoning are concerned; since language is both an instrument of thought, and a vehicle of communicating it to other minds. We ordinarily reason by means of words, and in long and complicated cases we must do so. Any error, then, in the use of words must vitiate the whole process. And yet further, language is the treasury of human thought. It contains, as will be more particularly shown hereafter, all the truths that all previous thinkers have ascertained or suppose themselves to have ascertained. And though these results are not to pass unquestioned, they still serve, and ought to serve, as clews to things, unless we mean to reject the collective intelligence of mankind, and, like our earliest

progenitor, construct a language for ourselves. But there is a reason more cogent than all these, why, at the very outset of the inquiries before us, the theory of language should be the first subject of the study of the logician. Without this, he cannot learn the import of propositions, and propositions are the primordial elements of all subsequent processes of logical inquiry. The object of Logic, as has been said, is to furnish a criterion by which we may distinguish between what is worthy of belief and what is not; in other words, may know what is valid proof. Now nothing, obviously, is susceptible of proof, but what is asserted or denied. Every such assertion is a proposition. Well, therefore, has it been said by Mr. Mill, that "all truth and all error lie in propositions. What, by a convenient misapplication of an abstract term, we call a truth, is simply a true proposition." Now every proposition consists essentially of two names connected by a word (some form of the verb *to be*), denoting that one is affirmed or denied of the other. Hence, in every act of belief there must be two "namable things," and hence the necessity of analyzing, first of all, the true *import* of names; since it is of this import, and not of the mere naked names, that an affirmation or negation is made.

Proceeding on this leading principle, that names are the clews to things, and are therefore to be studied before them, and that propositions are formed of names, Mr. Mill devotes his first book to a most profound and comprehensive analysis of names and propositions. We know of nothing to be compared with it, but that extremely valuable part of Locke's immortal Essay, his third book, "Of Words." Our author wisely avails himself, in this part of his work, of the logical language of the Schoolmen, whose speculations, in other respects sufficiently arid and innutritive, are marked with an unsurpassed, we might almost say, an unapproached, precision and accuracy in the use of general terms. Mr. Mill, for example, has borrowed from them the terms *connotative* and *non-connotative*.* The former denotes a subject, and implies an attribute or attributes. The latter signifies a subject only, or an attribute only. Thus, all concrete general names, such as *brute*, *man*, *angel*, are *connotative*,

* From "*notare*, to mark, and *connotare*, to mark along with a thing, or one in addition to another."

because they denote not only things or subjects, but those possessed of certain attributes. But the terms *John*, *Thomas*, *Boston*, and almost all proper names, are *non-connotative*, because they signify a subject only. Most abstract terms, such as *whiteness*, *evenness*, *softness*, are *non-connotative*, because they signify an attribute only. But the terms *white*, *even*, *soft*, and all epithets, as denoting the things to which they are applicable, *connote* the corresponding abstract attributes. We refer, for some apparent exceptions to this general statement, to the work of Mr. Mill. It will be at once perceived how deeply this distinction of terms enters into the structure of all language. One of the great sources of the lax, indeterminate, and misty use of it is the employment of words largely connotative, without any recognized or even intelligible connotation; that is, without any precise meaning. Nothing characterizes so perfectly a style of writing quite prevalent and popular with a certain class of minds, especially at the present day, as this. And this, too, serves to solve a problem, which constantly recurs in ordinary life, and which called forth a labored explication from Principal Campbell, — "How it is that a man of sense should sometimes write nonsense and not know it, and that a man of sense should sometimes read nonsense and imagine he understands it." Even Hobbes, one of the most profound and consecutive of thinkers, sought, like the Nominalists generally, the meaning of words in what they *de*note, instead of seeking it in what they *con*note, and thus was led into a definition of propositions, which, though just as far as it goes, Mr. Mill clearly demonstrates is only applicable to that very unimportant class of propositions in which both subject and predicate are proper names, and which, therefore, in strictness, have no *meaning* at all.

Having thus reviewed the various kinds of names as preparatory to a knowledge of things, Mr. Mill proceeds to an enumeration of all the kinds of things which are susceptible of being made predicates, or of having any thing predicated of them. This brings under a searching analysis the famous categories, or predicaments, the *summa genera*, or most general classes into which all things are to be distributed, and which, therefore, are so many highest predicates, and were supposed to include all that could be truly affirmed of every namable thing. These categories, first suggested by

Archytas, and greatly matured by Aristotle, in connection with the predicables of Porphyry, have been recognized, as is well known, with high deference in all ages, even down to the present time. They have been translated into almost all languages ; they have been explained, commented upon, epitomized, adopted by the Church of Rome, identified with its doctrines, and brought to an authoritative interpretation of the sacred writings. They furnished, especially, never-failing themes for those dialectics of the Schoolmen which Abelard, one of the clearest heads of them all, characterized as disputes "*de lanâ caprinâ*," and which prevailed with little abatement of authority down to the period of Bacon and Descartes. But these imposing and time-honored categories of the Stagyrite and his followers find small reverence at the hands of Mr. Mill. He regards them as being a "mere catalogue of the distinctions rudely marked out by the language of familiar life," an "abortive classification of existences," as being "at the same time defective and redundant,"* and in no "case penetrating into the *rationale* of the subject." By a strict analysis of the presumed sources of human knowledge, using for this purpose the most general names that have been employed to designate the most comprehensive classes of things, he reduces the enumeration and classification of all namable things to the following.

1. Feelings or states of consciousness.
2. The minds which experience those feelings.
3. The bodies or external objects which excite certain of those feelings, together with the powers or properties whereby they excite them.
4. The successions and coexistences, the likenesses and unlikenesses, between feelings or states of consciousness.

If this classification of namable things be correct, they must comprise in themselves the signification of all names, and the substance of all facts.

To this masterly examination of the *primordia* of human knowledge succeed philosophical statements of the nature

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* Thus they omit the most essential things, as, for example, feelings, or states of consciousness ; and repeat others under different heads, as, for example, *ποῦ, ubi*, position in place, and *κεῖσθαι, situs*, the same thing except in terms.

of propositions, their import, the nature and office of the copula, of classification, and of definition. The import of propositions, lying as it does at the basis of the whole science of Logic, is treated at great length, and with singular acumen and thoroughness. He adverts, in the first place, to an error which is fatal to all clearness of thought on the subject, but into which almost all writers on Logic, including such thinkers as Descartes, Leibnitz, and Locke, to say nothing of others, both in England and on the Continent, of lesser name, down to the present day, have fallen. The error is that of confounding judging with judgment, — the act of the mind with the result of that act, — what the mind does in forming the proposition with the proposition itself. In attempting, therefore, to learn what a proposition *means*, they began by endeavouring to learn how it is *formed*. The thing itself, and not the mere verbal expression of it, is with them the important matter of inquiry. But Logic, in the view of Mr. Mill, has nothing to do with the analysis of the *act* of judging. This is one of the *intellectual* phenomena, and belongs, therefore, to another science, that of Mental Philosophy, or Psychology. Connected with this mistake was another, very widely spread, that of the Conceptualists, as they are commonly called, who maintain that a proposition consists of an affirmation or denial of one *idea* (or *conception*, or whatever other term may be used to express mental representations) of another. Now, while it is true that there must be two ideas or conceptions in the mind in every act of judgment, and it is also true that these ideas or conceptions must be brought together in some way, yet something more than this is necessary, since this can be done without any act of assent or dissent. What this is which takes place in the mind, besides putting two ideas together, is, as Mr. Mill observes, "one of the most difficult of metaphysical problems." But whatever may be the solution, it can have no concern with the import of propositions, since all these (with the exception of those relating to the mind itself) are not assertions concerning ideas, but concerning the things themselves. This *presumed* relation between two ideas, instead of the *real* relation between the *things* themselves, considered as being of essential importance in a logical proposition, seems to Mr. Mill "to be one of the most fatal errors ever introduced into the philosophy

of Logic ; and the principal cause why the theory of the science has made such inconsiderable progress during the two last centuries."

After disposing of the theory of the Nominalists, of whom Hobbes is the best representative, — namely, that the import of propositions consists in an expression of agreement or disagreement between the meanings of two *names*, which is only so far just as it is confined to proper, or abstract, or, in a word, to *non-connotative*, names, — he applies the same keen examination to a theory essentially the same as that of Hobbes, and which is now almost universally received as the true one. This is, that predication, or assertion, essentially consists in referring something to a class. Here is the basis of the far-famed "*Dictum de omni et nullo.*" But, celebrated and almost universally received as it is, it is wholly repudiated by Mr. Mill. He deals with it, as we think, justly, and, as farther on we shall take some pains to show, as belonging to that class of paralogisms, or vicious Logic, which explains one thing by another which presupposes it, or the cause by the effect, instead of the effect by the cause. It may be asked, If all these prevailing systems of predication, or the import of propositions, be erroneous or false, what is the true theory, or rather the real fact, of their import ? The reply furnished by our author seems to us to be equally just, profound, and comprehensive. It is presented in a beautiful example of the argument which is technically called by the rhetoricians "progressive approach," — a mode of argument, which, if not the most strictly logical in form, is admirably adapted to a discussion like this. We can give no detail, and shall merely present the result in the simplest and fewest words possible, adopting the language of Mr. Mill. In all real propositions, that is, in all assertions about things (in contradistinction to those which are merely verbal), whatever be the form of the proposition, or whatever is nominal subject or predicate, the *real* subject is one or more of the facts or phenomena of consciousness, or some one or more of the hidden causes or powers to which we ascribe those facts ; and what is predicated or asserted, either in the affirmative or negative, of those phenomena or powers is always existence, order in place, order in time, causation, or resemblance.

This, then, is the theory of the import of propositions, re-

duced to its ultimate elements. But there is another and less abstruse expression for it, which, though it does not reach to the ultimate limits of the inquiry, may be often found useful. It has the advantage, moreover, of recognizing the commonly received distinction between subject and attribute. It is this: — "Every proposition asserts that some given subject does or does not possess some attribute; or that some attribute is or is not (either in all or some portion of the subjects in which it is met with) conjoined with some other attribute."

But we must hasten away from these preliminary matters. We have yet a thousand pages of solid disquisition to go through, and have not thus far even entered on "the system of Logic," as treated in these volumes. We hope that the porch is not too large for the structure we are attempting to build up. At any rate, it is necessary to see our way clearly through it, before we can enter the main building. The nature of proof is the proper subject of Logic, and we have thus far only been considering the nature of assertion. But all who are conversant with the subject are aware, that it is necessary to ascertain the nature and import of propositions, before we can begin the inquiry into the methods by which their truth or falsehood is to be established. Besides this, it is a good reason for dwelling so long on the threshold of this work, that here lie nearly all those principles which are peculiar to our author, and upon which all his subsequent speculations are founded.

The second book is devoted to the proper subject of Logic, and this is the nature of proof or inference. When is a proposition or an assertion proved? When it *follows*, as we say; that is, when we admit the truth of it as a necessary consequence of something previously assented to. Thus, to *infer* what is not known from what is thus admitted to be known is to *reason*, in the widest sense of the term. This process is popularly said to be of two kinds; reasoning from particulars to generals, and reasoning from generals to particulars. The former is called induction, the latter, ratiocination or syllogism.

The nature and functions of ratiocination or syllogism are first examined, and, notwithstanding all that has been written on this vexed subject from Zeno to Whately, we know of nothing so thorough and perspicuous as the analysis now

before us. As what we believe to be an entire error on this subject is taught (principally on the authority of Whately) in most of the colleges and schools in this country, as well as abroad, and as this error, together with some original and just views of the true nature and value of the syllogism, is here brought into distinct view by Mr. Mill, we propose to offer a very succinct account of his reasonings and results on the whole subject.

He begins by striking at once at the basis of the commonly received doctrine of the syllogism, which is the far-famed axiom already adverted to, termed by logicians the *Dictum de omni et nullo*, — that is, that whatever can be affirmed (or denied) of a class, may be affirmed (or denied) of every thing included in the class. Now, any important meaning this *dictum* ever possessed was derived from a system of metaphysics which was long since nominally repudiated, but which has nevertheless found a place, more or less distinctly recognized, in the Abstract Ideas of Locke, in the Nominalism of Hobbes and Condillac, and in the Ontology of the Kantians. We refer to the doctrine of universals considered as being real entities, and as having an objective existence independently of the separate objects which are classed under them, or as being, in fact, the only permanent things, and therefore the only proper subject of scientific inquiry. If this doctrine were true, then, indeed, the dictum would have some meaning, since it would express an intercommunity of nature and essence between these general substances and the particular substances subordinated to them. But since this theory is professedly abandoned, and it is now all but universally admitted that universals, so called, — that is, species and genera, — have no distinct existence, are not entities *per se*, and are, in fact, nothing but the individual substances placed in a class, and denoted by a common name, which indicates some attributes common to them all, then, certainly, nothing is to be learned from the statement, that whatever may be affirmed of all the individuals of a class, may be affirmed of each of those individuals of which the class is formed. It is merely an identical proposition. It is only saying, that what is true of all is true of each. If all ratiocination, then, were nothing (as it is said to be) but the application of the *dictum par éminence*, the syllogism would be, indeed, the solemn trifle

it has been called. Those, then, who wish to ascertain the true import and use of the syllogism, so far as it has any, must give up the popular notion, that the import of a proposition consists simply in referring something to, or in excluding something from, a *class*, and adopt that of Mr. Mill, which has been already stated; namely, that it consists of an assertion of a matter of *fact*, which exists independently of all classification whatsoever.

But even with this explanation of the component parts of a syllogism, that is, of its propositions, what is the logical value of the syllogistic process? Is it really any process at all of reasoning or inference; that is, is it a method of proceeding from the known to the unknown? How far does it aid us in attaining a knowledge which we did not possess before? It seems that this question is very easy to be answered; since it is universally admitted, that, if the conclusion contain any thing more than is *assumed* in the premises, it is, *propter hoc et pro tanto*, vicious. What new truth, then, can be *inferred* by means of the syllogism, when all that can be legitimately inferred is taken as known or granted at the outset of the process? Certainly, there can be no *new truth* evolved in the conclusion, and, therefore, no *inference*. The syllogism obviously proceeds upon a *petitio principii*. Take, for example, the simplest form of it: —

All men are mortal;
Socrates is a man;
Therefore, Socrates is mortal.

Is it not plain, when we said *all* men are mortal, that we included Socrates in the number? And if so, then what is declared in the conclusion is no *new* truth, but simply a repetition of what has been already asserted in the major premise. We are not authorized, obviously, to reason from generals to particulars, as such; since these very generals *assume as foreknown* all the particulars which are contained under them. There can be no doubt that this is an inherent defect of the syllogism, which renders it utterly useless as a method of reasoning or inference. Indeed, properly speaking, it is no process of reasoning at all.

We are aware how opposed this conclusion is to that which popularly prevails, and which has recently received the high sanction of Archbishop Whately. He asserts,*

* Elements of Logic, Book I.

that the syllogistic process, or reasoning from generals to particulars, is not *a* peculiar mode of reasoning, according to the prevailing idea of it, but that it is the philosophical analysis of *the* mode which all men *do* and *must* adopt when they reason at all. Mr. Mill, it seems to us, demonstrates this to be entirely erroneous. Not only *may* we reason from particulars to particulars, without the aid of a general proposition, but we are, in point of fact, *doing so* continually. Children, who have no capacity for abstraction or generalizing, reason habitually without the intervention of general propositions. What has pleased them in a *single* instance they infer will please them again, without stopping to compare this particular instance with some similar ones, reduced to a general proposition, or endeavouring to authenticate the conclusion by a regular syllogism or even an enthymeme. A child who has been once "burnt," and therefore "shuns the fire," reasons, very satisfactorily to himself, that fire will burn again; but it is from *one* experiment alone, and he does not need or use the "general proposition," "fire burns," to help him to the conclusion that this or that, or any particular *form* of fire to which he is exposed, will burn. Brutes, and birds, and reptiles, and insects reason, that is, infer; but we take it, they do not employ "general propositions" for the purpose. In our personal experience, we are continually passing from result to result without so much as thinking of a general proposition. "It is not only the village matron who, when called to a consultation upon the case of a neighbour's child, pronounces on the evil and its remedy simply on the recollection and authority of what she accounts the similar case of her Lucy." In a word, practical skill in common life, in almost all its forms, is nothing but an inference from particulars to particulars, without the slightest reference, conscious or unconscious, to general or universal propositions. We are well enough aware of what is said about suppressed premises, or arguments in the form of enthymemes, as they are technically called. But in a thousand instances of daily occurrence, where inferences are constantly made, and reasoning, in consequence, is employed, we conclude *directly* from fact to fact, from circumstance to circumstance, without the implication of any suppressed premise whatsoever.

We perceive, then, that eminent thinkers have arrived at

opposite results in their estimation of the syllogistic process; one class regarding it as an elaborate and operose method of begging the question in an argument; the other asserting that it is the form into which all just reasoning is to be resolved, and by which it *must* be prosecuted. It is the high distinction of Mr. Mill to have reconciled, as far as they are reconcilable, these opposing results, and to have shown, in opposition to both, the true nature and use of the syllogism, and in what its cogency lies. We can go into no detail here, but recommend the whole discussion as a just, beautiful, and exhaustive analysis of the subject. In opposition to those who regard the syllogistic theory as frivolous and useless, he considers it valuable, not indeed as a process of inference, which it is not, but as a process of *interpreting* the import of general propositions, where its true office lies. This process is important, and liable to be imperfectly and erroneously performed, and requires to be guided by rules and principles clearly ascertained and accurately observed; and to effect this is the appropriate function of the syllogism. Its peculiar and only proper use is the verification of arguments, and in this point of view it is of indispensable use. It is not, indeed, the type, but it is the test, of reasoning. In opposition to those, on the other hand, who hold that the syllogistic process is *the only* mode of just reasoning, Mr. Mill clearly shows, that, strictly speaking, it is, as has been shown, no mode of reasoning, that is, of inferring what is unknown from what is known. All the reasoning connected with the process consists in the forming of the general proposition or the major premise, which, of course, is *antecedent* to the use of it in the syllogism. Now, this general proposition is entirely an artificial thing; it is the mind's own creation. It is only a convenient sign or mark, like a general name, to aid the mind in verifying the truth of certain positions. And this general proposition, moreover, is not formed by arguing from generals to particulars, which is the syllogistic process, but by arguing from particulars to particulars, which is the inductive process, and is the entire reverse of the former. General propositions are merely convenient registers of the results thus obtained, and short and comprehensive formulæ for obtaining more. These, then, being always the major premises of a syllogism, the conclusion is not an inference drawn *from* the

formula, but an inference drawn *according to* the formula; the real logical antecedents, or premises, being the *particular facts* from which the general proposition (aptly called by Mr. Mill the "record") was collected by *induction*, and the proper office of the syllogism is to *interpret* the record.

If, in all ratiocinations, the minor premise were obviously true, there would be no necessity for any trains of reasoning, nor for any deductive or ratiocinative sciences. But as this is not the case, except in the simplest instances, this minor premise must itself be proved. And if, in proving this, the minor premise in the second syllogism is not in like manner obvious, it also must be proved, and thus trains of reasoning, or deductive sciences, are formed. A clear illustration of this, together with a profound examination of the characteristic property of demonstrative science, concludes the book.

The third book is devoted to the subject of induction. As all inference, according to Mr. Mill, and therefore all proof, consists of inductions more or less directly employed, together with the interpretation of inductions gathered into general principles, all our knowledge, which is not intuitive, comes from this source. The great object of the science of Logic, then, — that, indeed, which virtually comprehends all others, — should be to ascertain *what induction is, and when and how it is legitimately employed.* A philosophical analysis of this is one of exceeding intricacy. It leads down to the lowest springs of human thought, and comprehends the whole range of human inquiry. Strangely enough, however, logical writers have generally treated this subject in a slight and superficial manner; and the stereotyped results with which, for the most part, they have contented themselves have been altogether too indefinite to be of much practical use. We still need as specific and accurate rules for induction as are already established for the syllogism, which is, as has been said, itself only a mode of interpreting inductions. These rules, indeed, have all been implied in the great advances which have been made in the physical sciences in all ages, and especially in those which strikingly mark the present era; but no attempt, until quite recently, has been made to enucleate them, to make them distinct subjects of consciousness, and to generalize them into defined rules for future use. Attention has been, as indeed was necessary in

the first place, exclusively given to the establishment of certain *results* of inquiry, to the neglect of the *mode* by which these results have been obtained. A philosophy of this mode — in other words, a philosophy of induction or of inference, in the widest sense of the term — is the thing next to be created in the progress of human thought. This should take up the subject where its great founder left it, and should include those principles of physical science which have been involved, though often unconsciously to the inquirers themselves, in the astonishing physical discoveries made since his time. Here lies the path in which philosophical research should now proceed, and it has of late, with the instinct of true genius, been entered upon by such thinkers as Sir John F. W. Herschel, Mr. Whewell, M. Compte, and Mr. Mill.

We feel here, as everywhere in our self-imposed task, the restrictions of the narrow limits to which we are confined. The subject of induction, as treated by Mr. Mill, occupies the whole of the latter half of his first volume, and a large part of the second, and is spread through no less than twenty-five chapters. It brings into the most careful and profound discussion many of the abstruse and some of the most important questions that can be presented to the human intellect. Of this description is the true theory of induction, as distinguished from certain theories concerning it which are false; the laws of nature; the law of causation, with those eliminating processes which are essential to ascertain what is really causation; the composition of causes; the different provinces and the peculiar advantages of observation and experiment; the various methods of observation, with apt illustrations from Liebig's theory of poisons and Wells's theory of dew; the deductive method of inquiry; of empirical laws; of chance, with a searching *critique* of La Place's doctrine of chances; of analogy; of the evidence of causation; of probable evidence; and of the grounds of disbelief, including a new refutation, conducted according to the peculiar principles of the author, of the "thrice-slain" sophism of Hume respecting the Christian miracles.

It will at once be seen, from this brief summary of the leading topics discussed under the general head of Induction, that we can enter into no detail in regard to them. Each in itself might well furnish a theme for an essay or a volume.

Some of the leading thoughts and results are these. Induction is the sole process by which all inferences are made, that is, all processes by which the mind proceeds from what is known to what is unknown, from facts intuitive to facts not intuitive. All inference is from one or more particulars to some other particulars. The universal type of the reasoning process is this : "Certain individuals have a given attribute ; an individual or individuals resemble the former in certain other attributes ; therefore they resemble them also in the given attribute." To determine the validity of this inference is the province of Logic. Deduction is essentially inductive ; it differs only in employing general propositions, which themselves are previously obtained by induction, instead of employing the particulars which they represent ; as Mr. Mill expresses it, they are "marks of marks." After showing that several operations of the mind which have been considered inductions are not inductions, he states the principles upon which our belief rests, that what we have seen in one case is also the fact in innumerable other cases. One of these is, that nature is uniform, which Mr. Mill thinks is in itself an induction founded on experience. But why is it, in some cases, that a single observation is sufficient to establish a complete induction, and in others, countless myriads of similar and concurrent observations will not suffice to produce the same result ? "Whoever," says the author, "can answer this question knows more of the philosophy of Logic than the wisest of the ancients, and has solved the great problem of induction." We have no space for his own answer, and can only say, that it goes far more deeply into the subject than that of any ancient or even modern writer with whom we are conversant.

The eliminating processes of induction, or the removing of extraneous circumstances from real sequences, and the laws and modes in which it is to be performed, which constitute the very essence of the inductive process, occupy a large space in this part of the volume, and are treated with singular power and accuracy of thought. The methods of experimental induction are reduced to five canons, which our space does not permit us even to copy, but which seem to exhaust the subject, and are worth being inwrought as *habits* in all experimental inquiry. But as the processes of observation and experiment are inadequate, except in a

limited number of cases, to the discovery of truth, the deductive method, the only remaining means of inquiry, is treated at length, under the different divisions which it includes, — those of induction, ratiocination, and verification.

This is a very incomplete and sketchy account of inductive philosophy, as taught by Mr. Mill. We take leave of this part of his labors by saying, that it is, in our opinion, altogether the most original, the most comprehensive, and the most methodical account of the great subject, that is extant in any language. We only add, that the scope of induction, as it is presented in the theory before us, is not confined to the abstract inquiries of philosophy. As it consists of generalizations from the individual facts of experience, so its leading principles may be used, and ought always to be used, in the ordinary conduct of affairs. The rules of induction or inference are the same, whether we infer those general propositions which form what we call philosophy, or those less comprehensive conclusions which are necessary for our guidance in ordinary affairs ; and the Logic of the sciences, therefore, is identical with the Logic of every-day life.

Logic, or the mental process of investigating truth by means of evidence, being thus ultimately resolved in all cases, according to the system of Mr. Mill, into a process of induction, and the different rules to which it must be conformed being ascertained, the next book, the fifth, is devoted to those subsidiary operations of the mind which are presupposed in the inductive process. As this process is but the extension to a class of cases of what has been ascertained to be true in the individual instances of the class, the first of these subsidiary processes is observation. By observation is here meant, not the very important art of seeing, or of knowing how and what to see or observe, but those conditions in observation which render it a proper and trustworthy element in evidence. The indispensable rule is, that what is supposed to be observation should be really observation, and not inference, as most of what we call observation really is. This has been illustrated by Reid, Bailey, and others, but nowhere so clearly and thoroughly as here. Thus, to quote an instance, it is shown that in every observation, so called, there is at least one inference, namely, that from the impression on the vis-

ual organs to that which occasioned this impression, — and that this inference, like all other inferences, is amenable to the rules of Logic. Again, in the simplest description of an observation, there must be more asserted than there was contained in the perception itself, — namely, a resemblance or resemblances. To describe a fact, we must imply more than the fact.

But passing over this topic, and also over an admirable discussion of abstraction, in which he vindicates the common, and, as it seems to us, the obviously true doctrine, that our abstract notions are gathered from concrete objects, and not from any innate conceptions, as held by Mr. Whewell, we come to the very important subject of *naming*, as connected with the induction, which occupies, as of right it ought, nearly the whole book. We must omit all reference to details, and only observe, that, after all the rich contributions to this subject by Locke, Campbell, Stewart, Coleridge, Whewell, and others, the disquisition of our author may well be studied as an important supplement to them all. We must, however, allude briefly to one circumstance stated in full by Mr. Mill, which is of general interest, and is connected with very important results. We refer to the fact, first, we believe, brought distinctly into notice by Mr. Coleridge, that language is to be regarded "as a sacred deposite, the property of all ages, and which no one age has a right to alter"; or, as the same thought is expressed in the chapter before us, language is the "conservator of ancient experience, the keeper-alive of those thoughts and observations of by-gone ages, which may be alien to the tendencies of the passing time." We shall try to make this plain in as few words as possible of our own.

General terms, then, and especially those general terms which are wrought into propositions, comprise, as has just been said, all the thought and knowledge and the peculiar tastes and associations of the age in which they are rife. This is their connotation, as Mr. Mill would say. But even at the period when they are most in use, it is ordinarily but a very small part of the cluster of ideas which they represent, that is present to the mind when they are employed. Indeed, it is very easy and very common to use such terms, and correctly, too, from the mere force of habit, without any distinct idea whatever. It is a vulgar error to suppose, that

definite, or, in fact, *any* thought, is necessary to the forming of correct sentences. It is possible, and it is not an uncommon thing, for persons to *talk* hour after hour, without *saying* any thing distinctly, and without having any definite ideas of the terms employed. Raymond Lulle (or Lully, Doctor Illuminatus, as he was called) is said to have invented a mill by means of which, certain propositions being put into the hopper, regular syllogisms were ground out by the turning of a crank; and this seems to us not the most difficult of inventions. This vagueness and lameness of meaning in the use of general terms suggests the reason why those even of the richest import, in conversation, in staid and elaborate discourses, and especially in those of a religious nature, habitually fall lifelessly on the ear. They have lost their connotation; they have parted with their meaning; they have become an obscure sign of some obscurer signification; and now suggest no more of thought than the notes of a musical instrument. Any one of the solemn words most frequently heard in our religious services, for example, such as Life, Death, Judgment, Immortality, Retribution, and above all, the name of the Ineffable One, comprises, in its whole signification, thoughts which, if clearly apprehended, would stir the spirit of the hearer to its lowest depths. This, too, suggests one reason why young converts are proverbially zealous. The meaning of the words which are expressive of their peculiar views and opinions has not yet passed, by habit, into abeyance. They yet mean something. So, too, proverbs and apothegms, which are admitted to be the very concentration of wisdom and practical morality, have small influence on the conduct of life, until their meaning has been rendered real to the mind by the home-driven lessons of personal experience.

But further; general terms are not only thus liable to part with a portion of their meaning at all times, as they are commonly used, — but as they really embody the peculiar thoughts and illumination of the passing age, and as these thoughts and this illumination are continually changing, while the same terms are handed down from age to age, the result is, that they will be made to represent new and continually varying ideas. It is as true of the signification of words as of the words themselves, that

> " Nedum sermonum stet honos, et gratia vivax.
> Multa renascentur, quæ jam cecidêre ; cadentque
> Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus " ;

and it is the necessary effect of this constant change in the signification of words, that general terms will not only be deprived of a part of their original meaning, while the residuum of their signification will die out of it, but that new meanings will be supplied in its place. Hence appears one reason why there are few, we may even say there are no, synonymes in language at any given period. Hence, too, it is, that the " dictionary meaning " of a word is nearly no meaning at all. It is the exponent, indeed, of the signification of a term, in a " broad, blunt way," and possibly, too, of some of the more striking transformations through which it has passed ; but obviously can only faintly indicate *the* meaning which the custom of the passing time,

> " Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus, et norma loquendi,"

has established. Hence, above all, appears the sacred character of language as a deposit of human thought. It virtually contains the history of opinions on any given subject ; it reflects the varying culture of the mind from age to age ; and treasures up all that is valuable in the speculations and beliefs of the past. The half-wisdom, then, of those is apparent, who, guided by a fond idea of the importance of what they are pleased to call " clear conceptions," " precise thought," and " definite language," and perceiving in old formulas of truth terms which, to such as they, seem to have no meaning, dismiss the formula altogether, and define the terms to suit their own purpose, without any reference to the treasures of past wisdom, knowledge, and experience, which they really contain. In doing this, they limit the meaning or connotation of the terms to that which prevails in common use at the time when this reasoning, though it may be " clear," " precise," and " definite," is certainly the least significant ; and then use them, uniformly, and consistently enough, in this restricted and narrow sense. Old formulas of wisdom are thus stultified by this capricious and presumptuous alteration of the meaning of words, and are liable, in consequence, to be dismissed as prejudices. But if they were suffered to remain, surrounded with that respect which is due to any propositions that have vitality enough to endure from age to age, they might suggest to sober and enlightened

thinkers their original meaning, and the subsequent transformations through which it has passed. A distinct meaning of a proposition is doubtless very important; but in rendering it distinct, we are not authorized, except for most imperative and clearly avowed reasons, to discard any of the significance, which, however indistinctly, it carried with it. "The meaning of a term actually in use is not an arbitrary quantity to be *fixed*, but an unknown quantity to be *sought*." A distinct meaning of a term is not nearly so important as its true *historical* meaning. It is this which really points out the knowledge, experience, and associations of all former ages in respect to it. Is it wise to deprive ourselves of this? Have we any right to deprive our posterity of it? And yet we do this by restricting the meaning of terms long in use to some narrow and wholly unauthorized definition of our own imposing. "We continually," says Mr. Mill, "have cause to give up the opinions of our forefathers; but to tamper with their language, even to the extent of a word, is an operation of much greater responsibility, and implies, as an indispensable requisite, an accurate acquaintance with the history of the particular word, and of the opinions, which, in different stages of its progress, it served to express." Those familiar with the writings of Mr. Coleridge and his school need not be reminded of the light they have thrown on the *things* of a former age, by tracing the successive changes which *words*, their representatives, have passed through.

The fifth book is devoted to the subject of fallacies, or, to use the happy expression of Mr. Mill, to the "philosophy of error." The need of this is great, since a complete philosophy of reasoning should include not only what is true, but also what is false, seeming to be true, in inference. The maxim of the Schoolmen, "*Contrariorum eadem est scientia*," shows an unusual insight of theirs into this subject. The view which the author takes of the subject is vastly more comprehensive than is to be found elsewhere. He does not confine himself to mere facts of fallacy, as some close-thinking minds have done, and which was the favorite employment of the Schoolmen and the logomachists of antiquity; nor yet to the fallacies of ratiocination or syllogism merely, as is done by Archbishop Whately, in conformity with his very restricted view of Logic; but he treats of the

sources of merely apparent though not real evidence generally, and from which unauthorized inference, in the widest acceptation of the term, is liable to be made. After showing that lapses or mistakes, biases and indifference, do not fall within the scope of his plan, as being rather the causes of fallacies than fallacies themselves, which any prescribed rules can reach, he divides all real fallacies into five classes. These are entitled fallacies of simple inspection, or *a priori* fallacies; fallacies of observation; fallacies of generalization; fallacies of ratiocination (which are those that principally occupied the keen but profitless acumen of the dialecticians of the mediæval period, and are, from them, adopted into the common manuals of Logic); and fallacies of confusion. Under the first of these classes, the *a priori* fallacies, he takes cognizance of a "tribe of errors" which have been accepted, not as propositions proved, but as those which need no proof. There must be, of course, such primal or necessary truths, on which to suspend a chain of inference; since, multiply the links of the chain as much as you may, you cannot suspend it upon nothing. You only stand in greater need of something distinct from itself as a means of support. Mr. Mill, as he is not called upon by his plan to decide, so he wisely waives, the vexed questions which have divided the two great schools of Transcendental philosophy on this subject, from the earliest times. We cannot so much as indicate the range of thought he pursues in the details of this part of his general subject. It stretches over the whole field of philosophical inquiry, and the mistakes of such thinkers as Bacon, Leibnitz, Spinoza, Descartes, Coleridge, and Victor Cousin, afford him the illustrations of his system. We can only give, as a specimen of his method of treating the subject, a brief sketch of his account of the first class, or *a priori* fallacies. To this he refers a vast number of prevalent prejudices and consequent errors. One of the principal of these is that of mistaking subjective for objective facts, or, in other words, the laws of the percipient mind for laws of the perceived object; properties of conceptions for properties of the things perceived. He considers a large proportion of error in thinking is to be referred to this source alone. Of this kind is the prejudice, that, "if we think of two things together, they must always exist together"; "whatever can be thought of

apart exists apart" (which is the source of the personification of abstractions, and of the belief that a name necessarily connotes or implies the existence of a separate entity corresponding with the name); the fallacy of the "sufficient reason"; that "differences in nature correspond to the distinctions in language"; that a "phenomenon cannot have more than one cause" (which, according to Mr. Mill, was the grand mistake of Bacon, and which has rendered his system of inductive Logic comparatively useless); and that ancient, and yet now almost universally prevailing, error, that the "conditions of a phenomenon must resemble the phenomenon itself." All these fallacies, as well as those belonging to the remaining four classes, to which we can only refer, are illustrated with an affluence of learning, a clearness of insight, and a manly and effective power of statement, which, prevailing as they do throughout these volumes, concur to stamp this part of them with high and distinctive value.

The exposition of the principles of Logic, or the theory of proof, properly terminates with the fifth book. The sixth and last is a supplemental one, in which the results which the author supposes himself to have established are brought to bear on the most important of all inquiries, the moral sciences. If "the proper study of mankind is man," considered both as an individual and as a member of society, it is also incomparably the most difficult study in which man can be engaged. It has occupied the attention of the best thinkers in all time, yet remains, beyond question, the most empirical of all subjects of human research. It is the noble aim of Mr. Mill to do something towards removing "this blot from the face of science," by applying, or rather by indicating the true method of applying, those principles of Logic, in his broad use of the term, which it has been his object to ascertain, to this highest and most important of all themes. No person has better claims to be respectfully heard on this subject than our author, since he has for years held a very prominent place among the best thinkers on moral and political science in Europe; and the essay, in itself considered, fully sustains him in this lofty position. We shall present a sketch of it within the briefest possible outline.

Is there, or can there be, a science of human nature, in

the same sense that there are sciences relating to most of the phenomena of the external world? In other words, is there any such uniformity of sequences in the actions of men as is sufficient to lay the foundation for a science? Mr. Mill, in opposition to the common notions on this subject, and, as we think, with entire correctness, answers this question in the affirmative.

But if so, how can man be a free agent? The dictum of Dr. Johnson, with which he was accustomed to cut short the ever-renewed prosings on this question, which have prevailed, at least, ever since the time of Pelagius, "I *know* I am free, and that 's enough," still remains in full force, and is a sufficient proof of the mere fact of human freedom. There is no getting behind or before, above or beneath, our consciousness in these matters. Mr. Mill attempts to show, and we think successfully, that there is no contrariety between this "free will, and such a constant sequence in human actions as may render them reducible to general laws; in other words, to scientific arrangement." But this, he admits, holds true only to a certain extent.* It only extends to general tendencies and proximate results, and must fall far beneath the exactness of mathematics, or even that of astronomy, the most perfect of the sciences. But it extends far enough for practical purposes. This constant sequence is traceable quite as far in human actions as in many of the less perfect sciences; as, for example, in meteorology, in the theory of the tides (or, as Mr. Whewell calls it, tidology), and, indeed, in most of the practical sciences. Certain leading phenomena in the actions of moral agents obey a constant rule of succession, and are disturbed only by circumstances of a casual (as we in our ignorance are accustomed heathenishly to say), and an unessential and transitory character, which do not interfere at all with the establishment of general practical rules. These anomalies, yet further, vanish more and more, as our inquiries extend from individuals to masses of men. Empirical laws, or those which, though not abstract, universal, or casual, yet hold true in all cases subject to our observation, may be ascertain-

* We cannot think, as has recently been asserted, that "the operations of life and intellect have all the precision of mathematics"; at least, that they have such precision, so far as they are cognizable by human minds, whatever may be the case with higher intelligences.

ed in regard to the human mind, and in the consequent acts of human agents, as well as in almost all the experimental sciences ; from such approximations, in fact, these sciences are formed. These empirical laws constitute the " common wisdom of common life " ; they are *leges non scriptæ*, continually recognized and acted upon in the common conduct of affairs. They are the " *axiomata media* " of Lord Bacon, or what Locke calls " intermediate principles " ; that is, signs or marks for practical guidance between ultimate facts and individual cases, to which, like the theorems in a mathematical demonstration (which, having been once proved, are henceforth taken for granted), the mind may refer, without going back to the result of the highest generalization.

How, then, are these to be ascertained ? As these approximate rules have their ultimate source in the *laws* of the mind, or in psychology considered as distinct from all speculations on the *nature* of the mind, they must be sought there. Accordingly, a full and luminous chapter is devoted to those laws of mind which the author considers established, and for which he is, confessedly, greatly indebted to the previous researches of his father. Then, by a process of deduction, since observation and experiment, the only other methods of inquiry, are out of the question (on account of the intricate nature and numberless and ever-changing character of the phenomena concerned), these proximate rules are formed. These intermediate rules or principles, thus deduced from the most general laws of the mind, taken in connection with as many particular facts as possible, constitute the science of " ethology," or the formation of character.

Again, can there be a social science, or a science of the phenomena of social life ? It is obvious, at first view, that, if ethology, in the sense just defined, that is, the science of man regarded as an individual, is difficult to be formed, the science of associated masses of individuals, or " sociology," as Mr. Mill, after M. Compte, chooses to call it, must be much more so ; since the phenomena which are to be classed, and referred to ultimate laws or generalizations, are greatly increased and diversified. The very conception of such a science, in the view here taken of it, has only here and there dawned on a few insulated minds, and has nowhere been carried to any definite result. Speculations, indeed, on the general subject are coeval and coextensive

with the history of recorded thought; but the inquiry has been, not whether social phenomena have any specific bearings and natural tendencies of their own, but whether, on the whole, it were possible or expedient, in any given cases, to adopt such an institution, or such a law, or such a form of government; and not a few have subscribed to the well known jingling nonsense,

> "For forms of government let fools contest;
> Whate'er is best administered is best."

The "practical" men, so called, have been the favorite politicians, and, in perfect keeping with their "practical" character, their experiments have been what Lord Bacon denominates the "*fructifera*," and not the "*lucifera experimenta*." Mr. Mill thinks differently. He considers all social phenomena as being nothing more than the acts of individuals, which receive their particular character from the peculiar environment of circumstances in which masses of human beings are called to act. And if, therefore, he has shown that the acts of individuals are referable to fixed and general laws, the same is true of the acts of individuals in associated masses. The difficulty of prosecuting the latter subject is, doubtless, as has been intimated, greatly increased, but enough of assurance may still be obtained for important "guidance," if not for "prediction."

In proceeding to ascertain the true method of constructing the social science, he begins by repudiating two distinct methods of procedure which have hitherto guided, or seriously influenced, inquirers on this theme in all ages. One he denominates the experimental or chemical method. This proceeds on the vital mistake, that man in social life is something different from man considered as an individual; that, in the mixtures and attritions of society, the individual loses his individuality. Hence, inquirers of this school will tolerate no reference to the general principles of human nature, but demand, in all cases, a "specific experiment." These, too, are the "practical" or "common-sense" men, as they would fain be called, who take it for granted, that human beings, when mixed together, become, like the residuum of certain chemical agents when brought into contact, a certain *tertium quid*, whose properties and agencies, being entirely distinct

from those of either of the component parts, can be ascertained only by "experiment."

The other method, denominated by Mr. Mill the geometrical or abstract one, is a vastly more respectable mistake than the former, since, in opposition to that, it proceeds upon the obvious fact, that the social phenomena are governed by the laws of the human mind, and that government and public policy should be referred to these laws as their ultimate basis. In a word, the advocates of this system assume that social science must be a deductive science. Their mistake lies in over-simplifying the laws which govern men in associated life. These laws, unlike those of geometry (which is obviously the type of their system), have reference, not to *coexistent* facts, but to those which are *successive*, and are, moreover, as those of geometry are not, exposed to *conflicting forces*, and to those, yet further, which are not, like those of number and quantity, few, simple, and uniform, but on the contrary, are innumerable, infinitely complex, and ever varying. Hence the mistake of this class of thinkers. They would direct the politics and the policy of a people by inflexible maxims, abstract principles, universal prescriptions, and by some single theory or sole rule. Thus, Hobbes held that all government is founded on the emotion of fear, and that the common bond which holds men together in society is a common dread of each other. Bentham and his followers consider that self-interest is the universal principle of union. The difficulty with this class of politicians is, that they have but one idea, while that of the former class is, that they have no determinate idea at all. We do not pause to inquire how many there may be in our national and state legislatures, who are not to be classed under one or the other of these broad categories.

In opposition to both, Mr. Mill considers the social science, or sociology, as being strictly a deductive, or, as he terms it, a "concrete deductive" one. In his own words,— "It infers the laws of each effect from the laws of causation upon which that effect depends; not, however, from the law of merely one cause, as in the geometrical method; but by considering all the causes which conjunctly influence the effect, and compounding their laws with one another." He considers any real difficulty in establishing and applying these principles, to consist in the countless number of the

data which must be taken into view, and not in the number or complexity of the laws which they involve ; and he holds that any mistakes arising from thus applying the concrete deductive method to sociology may be corrected by the processes of verification (already laid down), as they are in fact corrected in respect to physical inquiries. He remarks, yet further, that certain facts, in the infinite variety which are continually taking place in social life, are connected together by certain tendencies or affiliations, by which they may be reduced to classes, and then studied apart, since the results are the products of a *consensus* of causes, or of laws more or less general. Hence, specific sciences may be carried out of the general body of the social science, — such as political economy, for example, which takes up those phenomena which spring from the desire of wealth ; and such too is political ethology, or the study of those causes which go to form the type of national character in any country or age.

But we can now only allude to these topics thus briefly, and therefore, if for no other reason, imperfectly. We again refer those of our readers who would pursue these inquiries intelligibly and philosophically, to the chapters before us, as containing some of the most suggestive and profound remarks and original views that are extant on these profound and prolific themes, and as embodying incidentally and succinctly many of the most important results which have been obtained in social science, from the times of Aristotle and Plato down to those of Bentham and M. Compte. No people are in greater need of such studies than we are, not only because our institutions are what we choose to make them, and are in a formative or plastic state, but also because, as it seems to us, political knowledge has been in a state of decadency since the era of those giant founders of our political fabric, Hamilton, Madison, Jay, the elder Adams, and Marshall ; while sciolists, and pretenders, and political empirics, of all grades, in high places and low, have alarmingly multiplied, like vermin, in the political darkness which has been gathering around us.

The book is concluded by a chapter on the "Logic of Practice, or Art ; including Morality and Policy." Art is distinguished from science in this : science inquires, art prescribes ; the one explains, the other dictates ; the former asserts, the latter enjoins ; the indicative mood is used by the

one, the imperative by the other. Art is a practical result of science ; it is a principle embodied in an act ; it is a theory made vital and carried to a definite result. "The reasons of a maxim of policy, or of any other rule of art, can be no other than the theorems of the corresponding science" ; and in conformity with this rule, practical "ethics or morality is properly a portion of the art corresponding to the sciences of human nature and society." What, then, is the Logic of art as distinguished from that of science ? The answer is, that the rules of art should be constantly referred to the laws of the science of which it is the practical result, and not to principles, or prescriptions, or usages of its own. The complete art of any matter includes a selection of such a portion from the (corresponding) science as is necessary to show on what conditions the effects, which the art aims at producing, depend. This is a rule of signal significance amidst professional conventionalities, connoisseurship, the cant of criticism, and slavery to merely practical maxims. Hence arises again the necessity of an intermediate set of principles (*axiomata media*, spoken of above), which, being derived from the more general truths of the affiliated science, may serve as the *working formulæ*, so to speak, in the various arts. The art of navigation, in its present state, may well illustrate these views of art.*

In applying this Logic of art to that part of practice which is called morality, it is to be kept in mind that there are two distinct classes of cases to be considered. One is that which includes all those cases in which an implicit obedience to a prescribed rule is an imperative duty ; the other is that where we are left to ascertain our duties for ourselves, and on our own responsibility. In regard to the former, the rules should be simple, intelligible, easily called to mind, determinate, and fixed ; as, for example, the rule of veracity. In all such instances of practical ethics, the method should be entirely ratiocinative, or a regular process of interpreting the general rule ; and this, too, whencesoever it may be derived, whether from a philosophic estimate of tendencies, or from intuition, or from direct revelation.

* The proposed work of M. Compte, referred to by Mr. Mill in a note, "On the General Means which Man possesses of acting upon Nature" (including, of course, the framing of the "intermediate principles" above mentioned), must make an era in the science of art.

In the only other class of cases remaining, namely, those in which the agent is left at liberty to ascertain for himself what his duty is, the method of ethics is the same as in all other methods of practice. We are to select some general rule, and then deduce from it those minor and specific rules of conduct for ourselves, which the conditions of the question require.

We cannot dismiss this work without adverting to the style in which it is written. This is one of its distinctive and notable excellencies. It is free, simple, exact, manly, idiomatic, and forcible. The author seems, without an effort, to choose the "*ipsissima verba*" to express his meaning; so that he achieves the last grace of mere style, that of presenting his thought not only with crystal clearness, but with an illumination borrowed from the medium through which it is presented, without calling attention, in the slightest degree, to the medium itself. There is no tremulous confusion or darkness thrown upon his meaning from indistinctness of thought, or from the shade or glimmer of inappropriate terms. There is no affectation, no straining after effect, no artistical manufacture of sentences; and while he seems to hold all mere ornament in sovereign disregard, he does not allow a rapt and pleased attention to flag for a moment. His diction is not so bold and literal as that of Locke and Reid; it has none of the labored elegance and classic finish of Dugald Stewart; it possesses not the crisp sententiousness, pointed epithets, and balanced antitheses of Whately; it is as far removed as possible from the exuberant efflorescence of Brown; and yet it is to be preferred before them all, even in point of attractiveness, on account of its fitness, transparency, point, and ever-onward movement of thought. If this high praise is to be at all chastened, it must be for an occasional prolixity, which, however, obviously arises from a desire to be perspicuous above all things.

We have now completed the task first proposed, that of giving such an account as our limits would allow of the work before us. We have thought it due equally to the eminent author, to the intrinsic value of his labors, and to the edification of our readers, to present the results of his inquiries, rather than to offer any speculations of our own. Our estimate of the volumes, if it be thought of any importance, is sufficiently intimated by the running commentary which al-

most unconsciously has accompanied our analysis. We could not, indeed, even if it were thought worth while, here enter into a careful and minute detail on this subject. There are some important positions which we are not at all prepared to admit; such, for example, as that our idea of the uniformity of nature is an induction from experience, that a body can act where it is not, and others of less importance. But as a whole, we take leave of the work with the confident prediction, that all who are competent to judge of the subject will allow it to be a most original, comprehensive, and thoroughly considered exposition of the subject of which it treats, and one which will bear a favorable comparison with any similar product of the English mind, in any age. None who wish to see a chart of the whole range of human knowledge, with its lines drawn by a skilled and firm hand, and with its depths and shallows accurately defined, together with an accurate determination of the true processes of human thought in the pursuit of truth, can wisely forego the thorough study of these volumes. Possessing such high claims to notice, we have been surprised at the small impression which the work seems to have made abroad. Neither of the leading Quarterly Reviews, we believe, has noticed it; while works on kindred subjects, which are not to be named in connection with it, have received elaborate attention. We sincerely hope that it will meet with a better recognition in our own land. Certain it is, that no people need such solid and profound researches more than we do; since superficialness, in all departments of study, is the crying sin of our country and age. The idolatry of wealth, and the engrossing and often unscrupulous pursuit of it; the importunate calls of active and professional life; the torrents of silliness, under the form of light reading, with which the American mind is deluged; the heat and savagery of the poor and wicked game of politics; the exclusive devotion of self-complacently called "practical" men to "practical" pursuits, so called, — leave little time and less desire for earnest and persevering labor of the mind. We hope there are some signs that better thinkers are arising amongst us. We trust that the ingenuous youth of our country, who are pressing forward to take its destinies in hand, will feel themselves charged with the large and noble mission of extending the range of lettered acquisition, and of promoting better habits

of research. It is quite time we had outgrown the superficial modes of instruction and attainment, through which, in our national pupilage, we have been passing. It is quite time to "put away," among "childish things," those compends and abridgments, those short cuts and railway passages in the vast domains of literature and science, which are intended to supersede the necessity of mental labor, and to relieve inquirers from the "insupportable fatigue of thought." To all who are sick of such miserable pretences and labor-saving desires we confidently recommend the volumes before us, as a manly and inspiring model of a better intellectual culture, and a signally important means of carrying forward this culture to the best results.

ART. IV. — *Lives of Men of Letters and Science, who flourished in the Time of George the Third.* By HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1845. 12mo. pp. 295.

THERE can be no doubt that Lord Brougham, however he may be estimated in future times as a statesman, will figure as one of the most remarkable men of the age in which he lives. He is chiefly distinguished for his restless, impatient, feverish activity of mind, a trait not common among the sons of men, few of whom have any quick spring of action within to drive them to incessant exertion, but generally require external inducements of interest or passion to bring forth all their powers. As an orator, he has appeared preëminent among the great, — exerting a mighty influence in favor of some essential reforms in the government of his country, which, mainly because they were so necessary, were fiercely and bitterly resisted. As a lawyer, he has been popular and successful, though generally allowed to be unsuited to the high judicial station for which he was thought the very man till he had reached it. As a lover of his race, he is ever ready to exert himself in the cause of humanity, and not more savage, perhaps, than is common with the philanthropists of the day. As a man, giving no single impression of his own character, but hurrying on through perpetual changes, where neither

praise nor censure can steadily follow, he has been a willing slave to impulses of any kind, and particularly sensitive to slights and irritations; jealous of his own standing, and needlessly overbearing in defence of it; so insolent and vindictive in his usual tone, that self seems always to enter into his assertion of the right or condemnation of the wrong. It is only by an average of merits and failings that one can arrive at any consistent and satisfactory idea of this great and active, but not amiable man, who will hereafter be remembered with wonder certainly, but, if his latter days shall be cast in resemblance of the former, never with admiration or love.

It is well that he has thus put ashore from the troubled sea of politics, to walk on the quiet sands, and gather a few pearls from the beach. For it is clear that he does not require the stimulus of external excitement to bring his mental energies into efficient action. By a necessity of his nature, he must work in one way or another; and indolence and stagnation being thus out of the question, he might have done as much for the cause of reform and humanity by passionless literary labors, as by those fierce declamations in parliament in which he seems full as intent on scalping his enemies as on defending the great rights of man. No one has a broader discernment of the merits of moral and intellectual questions; no one is more fearless in battling prejudice or correcting established errors. In these biographical sketches, he states his opinions in a tone more respectful and conciliatory than ever before; and the reader feels, what indeed is everywhere true, that kindness of manner is an essential grace to open the path to conviction. But how far he might be able to lay permanently aside his former tastes and habits of thought and feeling, — how successfully, after riding the whirlwind and being himself the storm, he might subside into the repose of an autumn day, — how the fierce leader of the opposition would reconcile himself to the patient investigation, unexciting interest, and calm expression which beseem the literary life, it is not easy to foretell. Little was indicated by his Lives of Statesmen, which were nothing more than the history of his battles, with reminiscences of his comrades and foes. Neither are the present sketches sufficiently labored and extended to be the test of success. Proceeding from such a hand, they must of course bear marks of great ability; but they do not show that any great expense

of time or thought has been given to the subject, nor do they enable us to determine what sort of literary man the Chancellor would have made.

One is not a little surprised, on first entering his gallery of portraits, to encounter the sharp and sarcastic visage of Voltaire, with Rousseau at his side. It is not easy to see the association which connects him with George the Third, either in the way of literature or religion, save that the king was the patron of the Quaker gun with which Dr. Beattie cannonaded the skeptics, venerating it as a miraculous piece of ordnance, though it was difficult to discover what execution it had ever done. To say the truth, this collection savors of the taste exhibited in Dryburgh Abbey, where the Earl of Buchan embellished the ruin with busts of Socrates, Sir Isaac Newton, and Paul Jones. At the same time, it is certain that Voltaire did live in the time of George the Third, and, though not among the ornaments of his court or his reign, comes as near as Macedon to Monmouth; and no man can gainsay the right of the noble lord to paint what portraits he pleases. On the whole, it is as well that he did not begin with Johnson, the more natural and prominent figure of the two, and considerably more English than the other; for it is quite clear, from his occasional allusions to the moralist, that he has not that sympathy with "brave old Samuel," which would give him power to understand him. He expresses great contempt for the sage's want of manners; — a deficiency, however, not confined to that diseased and sorrowful man, since, if report speak true, it is not quite supplied in some high places in England even to the present day.

Lord Brougham is above the affectation of paradox in dealing with Voltaire. He does not, according to the taste which so great a genius as Carlyle has the merit of introducing, call upon us to do reverence to him as a Christian, saint, and martyr. But he takes an ingenious view of the subject, contending that whoever does not believe in a God cannot be guilty of blasphemy against him, however he may shock the religious sentiments of men. But Voltaire was no atheist; and in his defence, the Chancellor maintains, that, not believing in the divine mission, perhaps not in the existence, of the Saviour, he cannot be chargeable with impiety on account of his ridicule of Christ and his religion, while, at the same time, he may be guilty of insult and irreverence

towards men, by his profane abuse of those subjects which they hold most sacred and nearest to their hearts. Perhaps there is some confusion of thought generally prevailing in relation to this matter ; but the feeling is sufficiently well defined, and it is in substance this ; that, whether a man believes in the Christian religion or not, there are principles and affections which have claim to the deepest respect from every good heart. Of these the Author of Christianity was, as none deny, the best presentment and illustration. Whoever can find it in himself to treat this person with contempt can have no sympathy with these principles and affections ; and it is on this account, not because he was not convinced by the arguments in favor of the divine origin of the religion, that Voltaire has been regarded with so much aversion in the Christian world.

At the same time, we must remember the circumstances under which his impressions of Christianity were formed. It was probably identified in his mind with a worldly and licentious priesthood, who, though notorious infidels themselves, were believed to have the power of pardoning the transgressions of others, while their own lives were passed in the lowest depths of sin. Surrounded, as religion was in his view, with doctrines the most offensive to reason, and connected with practices the most revolting, it must have been a clear mind and heart which could look through the thousand folds of corruption that bound it, and discern the basis of substantial truth and excellence which was then, and is now, the foundation of its strength and the hiding-place of its power. Sharp-sighted as Voltaire was, he was not the man, in his calmest estate, to take the broadest and most philosophical view of moral subjects. His eye was more quick to discern faults and vices, than to discover and do justice to merits and virtues ; so that, supposing his life had passed in quiet, he would not have been likely to see the form and expression of Christianity through the disguise which it wore. But when we remember that his life, or rather his earlier life, was passed in storm and tempest ; that he was painfully sensitive to every thing like insult and irritation ; that he had the winning ways which are sure to bring a perfect shower of these blessings on his head ; and that, so far from pretending to be insensible, he invited new pelting by making it manifest that every missile told, it is not very sur-

prising, that he did not distinguish carefully between Christianity and Christians ; nor that he should have ascribed to the influence of their religion that venomous spirit of his enemies, who professed to be resenting the wrongs of their faith, while they were in fact avenging their own.

We do not greatly admire the manner which Christians have adopted in their treatment of unbelievers, nor can we wonder that the converts made by it are so few. It very much resembles the tone of the Venerable in Tucker's Vision : — " 'I am suspicious that my boy does not fully comprehend you.' 'No ?' said he ; 'he must be a blockhead, a numbskull, not to say a beetle, a blunderbuss, if he does not.' 'O, yes,' said I, 'the Doctor has made the matter clear as the sun.'" This manner of clearing up difficulties has been the one generally resorted to ; but efficient and decided as it seems, it is far more satisfactory to those who employ it than to the sinners whom it is meant to enlighten ; and we cannot perceive that the tendency to infidelity is materially diminished, vigorously as it has been applied in the Christian world. Strange though it seem, we may rage and fret against infidels, without giving them any vivid idea of the beauty of holiness ; and the more we rate them for their stupid insensibility, the less value do they seem to set on Christian gentleness and love. Moreover, the world has become so accustomed to this manner of dealing with them, that, whenever the Christian advocate opens his lips, they take it for granted that such is his tone. Sympathy, which has thus been sent over to the wrong side, feels for them before they suffer wrong ; if the believer simply says that his opinions differ from theirs, it is taken for grievous persecution ; so that, perhaps from experience of the uselessness, not to say the injurious effect, of their former course, the defenders of the faith may perhaps at last remember the advice of Gamaliel, to which they have paid every compliment except that of minding it : — " Refrain from these men, and let them alone."

Lord Brougham takes ground upon the subject of punishing blasphemy and infidel assaults upon religion, contending, and he is confirmed by all experience in his position, that all such revenge, for it is little better, always does more harm than good ; a fact sufficiently attested by the state of things in his own land, where such writings have been kept in demand by their being thus outlawed ; while in this country, where they

are neglected by the law, they die of themselves with marvellous expedition. Every attempt to sustain religion in the same way on this side the sea has invariably resulted in giving notoriety and a degree of sympathy to those who would have been long enough in obtaining it by any merits of their own. We are here informed, that Wilberforce was opposed to all prosecutions for offences of this kind, rightly judging, that the Rock of Ages could stand of itself, and it was but dishonored when it had the appearance of receiving support from the arm of power. It is rather strange, that, when the best and wisest friends of Christianity have so long been of this opinion, their influence should not have had more effect; for it is not a new impression. Jeremy Taylor says, that force thus applied can only make a hypocrite, and every time this is done, "instead of erecting a trophy to God and true religion, we build a monument to the devil,"—a piece of sepulchral architecture as unnecessary as it is undeserved; since, if it be true that having one's own way is favorable to long life, and these means of sustaining religion are certainly such as that potentate most enjoys, there is no prospect of his requiring these obituary honors for some time yet to come.

But all that can be said of the folly of persecuting those who reject Christianity will not excuse Voltaire. His character is not cleared by pointing out the sins of his opposers; and there is doubtless an impression made and sustained by his life and writings, that, while he had sagacity enough to see what Christianity really was through all the cloud of its corruptions, his heart was not in harmony with its spirit. There was nothing within him which answered to its voice; and it was not so much ignorance of its true character, as a want of sympathy with it, which made him so willing to undermine its foundations in the minds and hearts of men. In the "Pucelle d'Orléans," which is commonly regarded as the most spirited and able of his works, bringing out in full energy those peculiar talents in which no one ever exceeded him, there is a taste for indecency so evidently hearty and inbred, so ostentatiously paraded in every part, with such a perfect indifference to the detestable lessons he was teaching, that all the manly spirit and generous feeling which appeared in other passages of his life seem like irregular and transient impulses, and we are persuaded that

we have here the true presentment of his soul. And sensual, selfish, and detestable assuredly it is; full of savage sneers at every thing high and holy; revelling with disgusting satisfaction in those subjects on which few can bear to look; and exerting all the might of a powerful but depraved imagination to efface the lines of separation between vice and virtue, glory and shame. It is true, there are other works of his which would give a different impression; but he was several years in writing this, and it is evidently the free and natural outpouring of his heart. Is any injustice done to Byron by looking to Don Juan as a true portrait of the man? Is not Rousseau to be seen in his "Confessions," through the fancy dress which he endeavours to wear? These, like the "Pucelle," were the most hearty efforts of the writers; if they give wrong impressions of the several sources whence they originated, the authors have none but themselves to blame; and surely none would expect a pure religion to find a warm welcome in such spirits as theirs. It is true, there are certain authorities who would persuade us that a delight in filth is a thing of the outside merely, and should be no disparagement to a poet's claim to be accounted great and good. But they only succeed in giving an unsavory impression of themselves; for, luckily, there are such things as common sense and common decency, and while this is the case, the world will never believe them.

It seems ridiculous enough to pretend that Voltaire was a self-forgetful friend of humanity; for, though he made vigorous resistance to oppression, it so happened that all the while he was fighting his own battles, and avenging his own personal wrongs. In his time, the gilt and pasteboard figure-head of royalty was in the front of the vessel of state, and men were under the amazing delusion, that the image directed its motion, and gave it most of its power. Nothing could exceed the subserviency with which intellectual men bowed down before it. A great poet, after the representation of one of his own plays, ventured to ask, as the king was passing, "Is Trajan satisfied?" and when Trajan, whose opinion was worthless, even if he had activity of mind enough to form one, thought proper to hide his stolidity under the form of displeasure, and refused to notice the question, the poet thought it necessary to die of a broken heart.

Voltaire was a man of stronger spirit; and, truly, he had

enough to provoke a more patient man, in the poor and vexatious injuries which the court was constantly inflicting upon him. After the death of Louis the Fourteenth, he was imprisoned, without trial, for some libel on the memory of that prince, which he was falsely charged with writing. After having been beaten by a poor creature of a courtier, or rather by his servants, Voltaire ventured to send him a challenge; and for this breach of the privilege of men of rank to be base and cowardly, he was obliged to fly to England to escape the Bastile. As to his quarrels with individuals, which were numberless, he could not complain of the hot water in which he lived, since it was he himself who heated it; but in his intercourse with his superiors, as they are so absurdly called, he appears to have thought it a proper concession to their rank, that they should have most of the blame to themselves. This was particularly true in regard to Frederic of Prussia, one of those pests of mankind who are complimented with the name of Great; a man of great talents, certainly, but in private life a mixture of the monkey and savage, and, like one of Fielding's characters, carrying a bit of flint about with him by way of heart. His treatment of the poet was a compound of flattery and jealous dislike; he had sense enough to know Voltaire's immense superiority to himself in all intellectual pretension, and meanness enough to hate him for it. He appeared to think as if, by pulling down Voltaire, he could elevate himself; as if, by causing the hangman to throw the poet's writings into the fire, he could throw some fire into his own.

It is inconceivable, that, with the spirit which Voltaire manifested on other occasions, he could have submitted to all manner of abuse and impertinence from Frederic, as he did, not in silence, but with degrading humility, so long as he was within the reach of the wild beast's claws. On the whole, he received but wretched treatment from those who were above him in the social scale; had he resented it with a thousand times more spirit, he would have been not only forgiven, but worthy of praise. As it was, he did more than any one else, not so much by direct effort as by the brilliancy of his talents, to remove the bar of separation between rank and talent; a triumph of genius, certainly, though it may be doubted whether either party gains much by being brought nearer to the other.

There were occasions, when Voltaire, forgetting himself, and having no personal interest in the subject, went forward in the cause of justice and humanity with intrepidity and power. The case of Calas is an example, — an old Calvinist, whose son, shortly after becoming a Catholic, committed suicide by hanging himself. A fanatical magistrate threw the whole family into prison, accusing the father, a feeble old man, of the murder of his son, though he had treated with great liberality another son who had become a Catholic, and there was not a shadow of proof to show that he was in any way connected with the deed. The stupid populace took up the prejudice, and raged against the innocent family ; while the court, before which the accused was brought, condemned the old man to be broken alive on the wheel, and the parliament of Toulouse confirmed the proceedings. After this judicial murder, the family applied to Voltaire for aid and protection, which he readily gave them ; and for several years he labored to procure a reversal of the villanous sentence, setting himself against popular prejudice and civil and ecclesiastical power with a courage and ability which gave the Protestants a sense of security which they had not before. He succeeded so far as to save the rest of the family, and to bring them pecuniary compensation for their wrongs. The sentence was reversed, but the parliament unhappily was not forced to acknowledge the justice of the reversal ; whether they had acted like fools or knaves, they were permitted to sustain their reputation, though such deeds could not be repeated.

But we give him all praise for his efforts on this occasion, for it was obviously one in which self was not concerned. The infusion of that element was so overflowing and excessive, that, wherever it came, it seemed to destroy his moral feeling, rendering him incapable of any sustained elevation of character, and showing, that, however sincere his good feeling might be, there was no basis of principle under it, and therefore its duration was not to be trusted. The Abbé des Fontaines had been indebted to him for his escape from a disgraceful charge ; he was a person of scandalous character, and little deserved such friendly interposition. Afterwards, the miserable creature, probably for the sake of gain, wrote a libel on his benefactor, as indeed he did on all who were high enough to be so complimented ; upon which, Vol-

taire, though he fully believed the man's innocence, like all others who knew any thing about the matter, reproduced the false charge, not only in his letters, but in one of his poems, thus endeavouring to seek revenge by repeating an accusation which he himself had shown to be untrue. As to this virtue of truth, he was in the habit of treating it with very distant respect, and without the least approach to familiarity. When his "Letters on England" brought him into trouble, he publicly denied their authorship, and ascribed them to the Abbé Chaulière, who was no longer living to contradict him. Whenever he brought himself into a scrape by his epigrams and lampoons, he made no scruple of disowning them. Though he could not be blind to the injustice of the partition of Poland, still, in his correspondence with Frederic and Catharine at the time, so far from speaking what he thought, he rather complimented those unscrupulous picaroons. Indeed, he went so far as to call the empress's share in it "noble, useful, and just," terms as nearly as possible the exact reverse of the truth, and which no man with a vestige of a conscience, one would suppose, could ever have thought of employing. With facts like these before us, it must be a very resolute and determined enthusiasm which can admire the character of Voltaire, though no one can deny that his great and various powers have rendered good service, in many respects, to the cause of man.

It appears to us, that Lord Brougham, probably from a sense of the injustice which has been done to Voltaire, and a desire to break through the unpleasant associations which his name so generally awakens, has suffered himself to be carried to excess on the opposite side, when he says that there is no one since Luther to whom the human mind is more indebted for release from the bondage of spiritual power. Voltaire's sarcasm and wit were marvellous; his principles generally invisible to the naked eye; his argument sufficiently sparing. There are no instances given of bold defiance of authority, of dangers braved for the sake of conscience, or of earnest eloquence inspired by the truth alone. It was the unselfish intrepidity of the brave Reformer, his doing and daring for defence of the truth, and his lofty disregard of all personal dangers, which make mankind forget his faults, which were many, and exalt him to a place in history glorious, kingly, and commanding. If any things similar to

these can be found in Voltaire's career, they have escaped our observation. His talents, to the full extent of his claims, no one wishes to deny; but in the moral elements of greatness he was desperately poor; and his biographer should not suffer himself or others to forget, that character, even with inferior powers, is more likely than the highest ability, without principle, to insure a great and lasting place in the reverence of men.

The next personage drawn by the Chancellor is introduced as a bitter enemy of Voltaire. Among authors, this is a very easy and natural association; for, while the friendships of the irritable race recorded in literary history are few and small, their quarrels, numberless and eternal, are the burden of almost every page. In this conflict between the man of sarcasm and the man of sentiment, the former was most to blame; since Rousseau, who was a score of years younger, felt and expressed, at first, great respect for Voltaire, which the latter, who enjoyed such homage, was not slow in returning. But Rousseau took exception at some of his opinions; and Voltaire, though he declined all argument on the subject, was not pleased to have his judgment called in question, particularly by one who seemed likely to carry a heavier gun in controversy than himself. In sober reasoning neither party excelled; but Rousseau showed that earnestness and seeming conviction, before which wit can maintain only a light skirmish, and is sure to be driven from the ground. Meantime, Rousseau had taken arms against the theatre, and was supposed by Voltaire to have excited the Genevans against him, partly on that account, and also because of his infidelity, though Rousseau could hardly have preached from that text without bruising his own unbelieving head. The amount of the whole was, that they had become jealous of each other; Rousseau was wounded by Voltaire's grotesque saying, that, when he read the eulogies on the savage state, he felt an irresistible desire "to creep on all fours"; and Voltaire felt an apprehension lest the younger pretender might, by dint of earnest eloquence, work his way to a reputation greater than his own. In 1760, Rousseau addressed to him a crazy letter, in which he declared that the Ferney theatricals had made his life a burden to him; and charged to the Ferney influence his own misery, proscription, and banishment from home. Voltaire never

answered ; the charge betokened too much insanity to admit a reply ; but harmless as the letter was, he resented the want of veneration implied in writing it, and ever after satirized the writer with the greatest bitterness, knowing, without a direct conflict, how to take the deepest revenge.

It is very difficult to form a satisfactory idea of the character of Rousseau ; for though an intense and unmitigated selfishness was the chief element in it, he was at times capable of some display of generosity, where it would sound to his own advantage. For example, he subscribed to the statue of Voltaire, greatly to the discomposure of him to whom the compliment was paid ; and when the old poet, in his last visit to Paris, took with him a tragedy for the stage, which it was anticipated, naturally enough, would prove a failure, Rousseau declared that it would be inhuman and ungrateful in the public not to treat it with respect, whatever its merits might prove to be. The impression given by his life is that he was unsound of mind ; and yet the disease was probably nothing more than that voluntary monomania which any one may bring on by making self the chief consideration and moving principle of all his actions, looking at all things only in a selfish light, and suffering his own shadow to darken every thing on which it is cast. Every feeling, however base, was innocent and holy, if *he* thought proper to indulge it ; any action, however guilty it might have been in another, was excusable, and even meritorious, in *him*. That common self-delusion, by which a man regards himself as a peculiar person, out of the pale of the common law of feeling, amounted in him to an absolution more complete than false religion ever gave ; and his conscience, if he ever had one, the only proof of which was his share in our common humanity, was completely overawed by his towering and stupendous self-applause. This, by a not unusual retribution, became the source of his distress ; he was fully persuaded that the world had nothing to think of, and nothing to do, but to look after him and his motions. If there was anywhere a whisper, a smile, an obscure allusion, or a meaning word, he was sure that it was aimed at him. Thus he brooded over acts of kindness, as well as over things indifferent, till they seemed deadly injuries, and called up hatred and revenge. But strange as this disposition may seem, it will not do to call it insanity. Half the world

have these feelings at times ; they might easily make them permanent by determined indulgence ; and any low-spirited person who abandons his mind to them might become as jealous, as fantastic, as wayward, — in one word, as much of a madman, — as Rousseau.

It is inconceivable how any one can study his works with deep interest after reading his "Confessions," in which, by the way, he resembles certain persons mentioned by Chesterfield, "who, with a modest contrition, confess themselves guilty of most of the cardinal virtues." He says, that in early life he had a habit of lying on all occasions, and his later days, though he asserts the contrary, did not vary altogether in this respect from the former. He makes himself fourteen or fifteen years old when he lived as footman in the service of the Countess de Vercelles, from whom he stole a riband, and, being charged with it, to remove suspicion from himself, accused Marian, a fellow-servant, who had shown much friendship for him, and thus, through his own cowardly selfishness, destroyed the reputation of the poor girl, without the least regard to her tears and appeals to his conscience and manly feeling. He says, that he afterwards felt remorse, when he thought of Marian's ruin and distress ; but that his attachment for her was the cause of it, for he had stolen it to give to her, and this was what made him think of charging her with stealing it to give to him. Lord Brougham shows that he was probably eighteen, certainly not less than seventeen, years of age, when he was guilty of this heartless deed. His character was then formed, if ever ; and we imagine it would be difficult to find in any cabinet of human remains a harder specimen of moral petrifaction. Throughout his "Confessions," he is candid to excess in admitting the sins of other people, and in the same manner endeavours to throw a refined and false coloring over his own. The best friend he ever had was Madame de Warens, a generous, accomplished, and attractive woman, though not one of the vestal virgins, — who was so disinterested and faithful, that her strange philanthropy should never have been exposed by him. She endeavoured to procure him orders in the *Church*, but not succeeding, found him a place with Le Maître, the director of the cathedral music, who treated him for a year with the utmost kindness, till he lost his own office in consequence of some differences with the chapter. Rousseau then accom-

panied him to Lyons, where he fell down in an epileptic fit one day in the street, and his grateful pupil took the occasion to slip away, feeling no vocation to remain with one who could serve him no longer. Add to this, his sending five of his own children to the foundling hospital, in spite of the tears of their mother, who, though a coarse creature, was not dead to nature, — and we have an exhibition of selfishness as complete, and with as slight a sprinkling of humanity, as can be found or dreamed of among the sons of men.

There is a belief, in those who know but little of his life, that he was capable of generous actions ; it may have been so ; but whatever they were, his own hand, which made the best of every thing, has not found it convenient to record them. Of generous expressions, which cost nothing, he was more liberal, and he was perfectly prodigal of those fine sentiments which have no particular relation to place or person, and have not so much of pledge or promise in them that he who employs them is ever expected to make them good. He must be an eminent saint in the estimation of those moralists who maintain that one's instincts are always to be followed ; for self was his oracle and law, and there is no instance of a departure from that moral standard on any occasion, if we may except his self-denial in not seeing Madame de Warens in her poverty and sorrow. She had always treated him with the most affectionate kindness, supporting him like a mother for many years of his life, and sharing all her resources with him while she had any to bestow ; and when, through her lavish expenditure and imprudence, she was reduced to the extremity of want, he did not, though he was within a day's journey of where she was, either visit her or write to her, — "because," as he says, "he feared to sadden her heart with the story of his disasters." At this, the spirit of the Chancellor, who has maintained unwonted coolness, waxes wrathful within him ; "As if she had not real disasters of her own, — as if the straw on which she was perishing of want offered not wherewithal to touch her more nearly than the tale of his fancied wrongs and trumpery persecutions." Lord Brougham thinks, that, at one time, he was certainly insane ; if so, the madness was of his own making. There is, however, no more evidence of it at one period than another ; and, as we have said, any jealous man, absolving himself, as Rousseau did, from all moral restraint,

and all concern for the opinion of others, might soon become as wild and extravagant, if not as heartless, as he.

This testimony should be borne whenever his name is mentioned, because, though his "New Heloise," with all its occasional eloquence in the expression of feeling, is too coarse and low to find many who will plead guilty to enjoying it at the present day, the sentimentality which it created and fed still exists, and exerts a fatal influence on many persons, teaching them to take credit for tenderness when their hearts are hard as the nether millstone, and blinding them to the guilt and grossness of every imaginable sin. Many thus parade through life in a fancy dress, thinking themselves the great sublime they draw. They use this sentimentalism like a gauze handkerchief tied over their eyes, which hides from them only what they do not choose to see, and affords an excuse, such as has served Rousseau through two generations, for the unworthy paths in which they go. On the mountain or the deep, they feel a transient emotion of sublimity ; and this, without the shadow of sacrifice or self-denial, is their religion ; and very exalted do they seem to themselves over those who, with a vulgar sense of duty, labor on in the dusty paths on the plain. In matters of benevolence, they are ready to feel for that elegant and interesting distress, of which real life affords so little, though in works of fiction it so much abounds. Since there is no demand in the market of life for such humanity as theirs, they take it out in feeling, — not discovering the unsoundness of the emotion, because it is never brought to the test. Meantime they go on, flourishing white handkerchiefs and shedding sentimental tears, which, as is fully evident to all but themselves, are no more indications of tenderness, than the drops which at nightfall steal down the sides of the shaded rock.

The influence of Rousseau upon literary taste and tendencies has been exceedingly great. The success with which he passed, coarse and selfish as he was, for a man of deep and tender feeling, appears to have been the signal for a procession of writers to withdraw the public attention from their own transgressions by crying out against the oppression of social laws and lamenting the baseness of mankind. We have received letters from inmates of our penitentiaries, in which, after slightly admitting that they might have been imprudent, they spoke with indignation of the unequal hardship

of the law and the cold malignity of all other men. There is something in this tone so consoling and even elevating to him who employs it, that we are not to wonder at the taste spreading into literature,—a republic which, like Texas, owes some part of its population to those who have no reason to love the law. Lord Byron carried on this masquerade with distinguished success, sustaining the character of a much injured man so ably as almost to deceive himself, and entirely to bewilder the sentimental portion of the world. Others, far inferior to him, have also enacted the part of a lion of the day by means of this drapery, though the points of the inferior animal appeared conspicuously through. Under convoy of male and female scribblers of novels, we see murderers, thieves, and ladies of light life and conversation present themselves with easy confidence, assuring us that it is not they, but human laws and moral sentiments, which are answerable for the errors of their lives, — if errors they be, — maintaining that their garments are more beautiful for the stains, and looking on the virtuous as vagrant animals do on those in the pound, with pity approaching to disdain. It should be said, however, that Rousseau was a better man than his followers ; he never appears to have found himself out ; but in them it is evidently matter of shameless calculation to secure gain or notoriety by defying the laws of virtue, and they make this exhibition of themselves with a consciousness of exposure, and without thinking it necessary to put on the least fig-leaf of self-delusion.

It is true, with respect both to Voltaire and Rousseau, that they were dyspeptics, and they may fairly claim all the immunities and exemptions which diseased livers entitle them to demand. But if this plea be generally admitted, like that of insanity in the case of murder, it would be difficult to say who shall be "whipt of justice," or how it would be possible to enforce a sentence of condemnation for any sin. For we apprehend that there are few of our readers who have not said with a sigh, "*O dura messorum ilia!*" or who can think of those birds which digest nails and broken glass with unruffled serenity, without feelings akin to admiration and despair. No doubt, the martyrs of indigestion suffer, and their irritability and vengeance, like charity, begin at home ; having their origin there, they go forth to bless mankind. How far it is possible to suppress them, to what extent they are

excusable, and whether they shall be set down among vices or infirmities, it is not ours to say; but if morality is to resolve itself into a form of medical jurisprudence, and no man can be censured till the doctor has felt his pulse and examined the state of his system, others as well as literary sinners should have the benefit of it, and the same zeal which is now manifested to do away with capital punishment should extend itself to all penalties of every kind and degree.

The next person who appears in the Chancellor's gallery was distinguished, if any thing so common could be regarded as a distinction, by a quarrel with Rousseau. There may be a doubt, however, whether that could be called a quarrel, which was conducted by one party without the least assistance from the other. A quarrel seldom travels far upon one leg; and a feud with one so easy and kind-hearted as Hume must needs have proceeded in that inconvenient method, if it went on at all. How such a quarrel could arise appears from the history of the persecution suffered in Neufchâtel by the "self-torturing sophist," who declared that a quarry of stones was thrown into his house at night, endangering his life and filling his household with alarm; while it was stated by one of his friends, that the instrument of this revenge, found upon the floor the next day, was one solitary flint, and this discovery appears to have been marked by the singular, though not wholly unaccountable, circumstance, that the stone itself was larger than the hole in the glass which it came through. Hume suffered much from his generosity to this "interesting solitary," as he was called by his friends, who seem to have urged the historian to invite him to England, simply in order to keep him out of France. When he arrived, Hume found him a delightful place of retreat, and also procured him a pension. But a letter having been written by that mischief-making animal, Horace Walpole, purporting to be addressed by Frederic to Rousseau, pressing him to come to Berlin, and promising every blessing except those persecutions in which he so much delighted, the sophist, after mature deliberation, thought proper to ascribe this trick to a conspiracy on the part of Hume, and resented it with the utmost fury, even going so far as to throw up his pension, — an act of resignation, however, which he recalled with great expedition.

It is as an unbeliever in the Christian religion that Hume

is generally remembered by those who hear his name ; not only as a skeptic himself, but as the author of those doubts and suggestions, which, reproduced in various forms, still operate to prevent Christianity from finding admission into many minds. But the truth is, that religion, wherever it is found, has generally entered by the avenues of the heart ; and a man of easy good-nature, prosperous in his circumstances, exempt from humiliating and sorrowful changes, honored by the great and esteemed by all around him, free from those relations and responsibilities in life from which our greatest distresses as well as blessings come, was not so likely as others, of different constitution and differently situated, to feel those wants of the soul which that religion is intended to supply. Never fiercely assailed by temptations, he was not compelled to resort to it for strength to resist them ; having no tendency to passion or revenge, he felt no need of its restraining power ; enjoying every moment of the present life as he did, his thoughts were seldom carried forward to another existence ; and as men seldom resort to it till they feel their need of its supports and consolations, it is easy to see why it was that the subject was never brought home to his heart.

We can find in his temperament, then, the reason why he was so indifferent to Christianity, and so careless whether he undermined its foundations in men's minds. For he was not a scoffer ; though there was an occasional tone of bitterness, he never descended into buffoonery like that of Voltaire ; but he evidently did not feel how much men need Christianity, what a blessing it is, and what a disastrous change the loss of its influence would be. He treats it as a subject of metaphysical discussion merely, nor could he understand the mighty argument for its truth which is found in its universal adaptation to the wants and sorrows of mankind. His doctrines are thus carried out as if nothing important was involved, and as if it was simply a gratification of curiosity to see how far they might be made to go. Having shown that miracles are not likely to take place, and that the error or falsehood of witnesses is more common than a departure from the usual order of things, he proceeds to infer that there can be no such thing as a miracle ; which amounts to the assertion, that there is no such thing as Divine Providence, that the power which established is not competent to

alter, and in fact excludes the Deity from all direct concern with the universe which he has made ; — consequences of his argument, which, of themselves, would be enough to show that it could not possibly be true, since they represent the creature as mightier than its creator, and speak of a God whose hands are bound. Lord Brougham remarks, that, had Hume lived to see the late discoveries in fossil osteology, which make it clear that there was at some period an exertion of power to form man and other animals not previously existing, he must either have rejected the science, which would be absurd, or have admitted the interposition of creative power. But this is equally true of the whole universe ; it must either be self-existent, or the time must have been when some power was exerted to bring it into being. Whoever, therefore, is neither atheist nor pantheist, if he admits that the usual order of things has once been suspended, cannot maintain that there is no power to depart from it again.

But without entering into the discussion on the subject of miracles, which has already, at various times and in divers manners, been more than sufficiently extended, considering that the evidence in their favor has convinced clear-headed men without number, while the doubters have been comparatively few, we would simply remark, that most of those who take the skeptical side of this subject, while they think that they get rid of miracles, leave untouched the great miracle of all ; and that is, Christianity itself ; whence did it come ? In tracing the history of other opinions and reforms, we can follow them like rivers to the earthly fountains from which they spring ; we can see the imperfect attempts which went before them, the influences and tendencies which led to them ; their unformed elements may be distinguished long before their living action manifests itself to the world. But here was a religion suddenly breaking out from the midst of darkness, breathing peace in a wild and martial time, teaching the largest charity and freedom from prejudice among a most narrow and bigoted people, resisting the habits of thought and feeling which had always prevailed, and itself giving the first impulse towards that improvement in which it would lead the nations on from glory to glory. It is idle to speak of it as an effort of genius or a happy discovery ; for these are results of efforts and progress previously made,

and no such elements can be found in the ancient world. Now, as nothing can come of nothing, and to every thing must be assigned a cause adequate to produce it, we do not know where to look for any explanation of the existence of this religion but that which regards it as a direct gift of God. The skeptic, then, if he discredits the miracles, by showing to his own satisfaction that they could never have been wrought, cannot deny that Christianity exists and prevails, and thus leaves himself embarrassed with a difficulty greater than that which he explains away.

The character of Hume has often been impeached in general terms, in consequence of his opinions, — Christians having always taken the liberty, in defending their religion, to break all its laws of love. Archbishop Magee, for example, speaks of his writings as "standing memorials of a heart as wicked and a head as weak as ever pretended to the character of a philosopher and moralist"; a remark, which, lacking the essential grace of truth, is of the number of those which bless him who takes considerably more than him who gives, and which rather enlighten us as to the good sense and manners of him who uses them, than of those to whom they are applied. But Lord Brougham has inserted a letter into the appendix to this Life, which gives a more unpleasant impression of Hume than we have received from any other quarter. It contains the expression of a wish, that some clerical friend should remain in his profession, which he desired to abandon; for, says the author of the "Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals," —

"It is putting too great respect on the vulgar and on their superstitions to pique one's self on sincerity with regard to them. Did ever one make it a point of honor to speak truth to children or madmen? If the thing were worthy being treated gravely, I should tell him that the Pythian oracle, with the approbation of Xenophon, advised every one to worship the Gods 'according to the law of the city.' I wish it were still in my power to be a hypocrite in this particular; the common duties of society usually require it; and the ecclesiastical profession only adds a little more to an innocent dissimulation, or rather simulation, without which it is impossible to pass through the world."

Such loose talk as this, the recommendation to a friend to be a hypocrite, the wish to be one himself, and the suggestion that duty may sometimes require it, argues an extraordinary

indifference on these subjects, which are commonly regarded as important, whatever may be men's opinions in other respects. Lord Brougham does great injustice to Paley in connecting his doctrine of expediency with any such application of it as this. It is not easy to conceive of a man of any moral principle speaking in this manner while in possession of his reason ; and it is not doing injustice to one who does, to regard it as a sign of certain deficiencies of moral constitution, which would prevent his mind from apprehending the worth and beauty of Christianity, and, to the same extent, forbid its welcome in the heart.

There is another respect in which the great historian is little beholden to his noble biographer. The impression has been, that Hume wrote with great rapidity ; the harmonious and beautiful order of his narrative, and the free and manly grace of expression, indicate that it came from his pen with a swift and easy flow. This circumstance has been regarded as an explanation of many of his errors ; for, admirable as his work is, and delightful to readers as it will ever be, it is wholly discredited as an authority ; no one places the least reliance upon it ; we resort to it for gratification, while we go to inferior writers to know the truth. But Lord Brougham gives the impression, that the act of composition to Hume was laborious and painful ; his manuscripts still in existence are everywhere scored, interlined, and altered ; indeed, he says himself, that he was slow, and not easily satisfied with what he wrote ; a fact which deprives him of the apology, such as it is, which the extemporaneous manner of writing ascribed to him afforded for many of his errors. The Chancellor also declares, that, on some occasions, he sacrificed truth to effect, introducing striking circumstances without foundation, and altering statements from what he knew to be the correct version ; and though these variations from the truth of history, so far as noticed, are not of any great importance, they are still sufficient to show, that his conscience was not strictly delicate, and that, acco ding to the suggestion made to his clerical friend, he considered readers of history as among those inconsiderable persons to whom the truth needs not be told ; either because ne thought the article too rare and precious to be wasted, or that the invention of historical facts seemed a nobler and more inviting office than simply to record them.

This distinguished man is generally spoken of as a skeptic; but Lord Brougham shows that his views come as near to atheism as it is possible for a man not of unholy life to go. Hume contends, not that there are doubts on the subject of God's existence and the immortality of the soul, but that we have no evidence of either, and therefore no ground for believing in God and immortality. And thus with respect to miracles; his argument maintains that they cannot be proved; that a divine interposition is a thing impossible; and of this there is a certainty which no amount of testimony can outweigh. It therefore leads, not to doubt, but to a conviction of the falsehood of the religion which professes to come from on high. Perhaps the reason why he has thus been regarded, as one whose mind was balanced between the two opinions, is, that he never, like Voltaire, entered into a blind and furious warfare against Christianity. His reasonings against it are grave and decent, seldom defiled by unworthy language or feeling. So unlike is this to the bearing of most other infidels, that it gives the impression of undecidedness and neutrality; when, perhaps, there never was any one to whom the religion could have been presented with so little hope of success, since his regular life, his steady temper, and prosperous circumstances, had prevented his feeling the need of it as most men do; and when the intellect, which in him was infinitely stronger than the affections, reported against it, no voice in its favor was lifted up by his heart. Even if his views on the subject of our faith had been at first mere speculations, as soon as he published his arguments against it, he came into sympathy with its opposers. Indifference was no longer possible, and it was as an antagonist of Christianity, if not of all religion, that he lived and died.

A statement was thrown out in the "Quarterly Review" many years ago, and we well remember the sensation it created, which represented the papers left by Hume as containing evidence that distinguished ministers of the gospel in Edinburgh were in full sympathy with him, practising on his suggestion with respect to deceiving the public, and having no more real faith than he had in the religion which they professed to preach. This incredible assertion, which doubtless proceeded from some narrow-minded bigot, who regarded false witness against another sect as a virtue, and chari-

ty as a mortal sin, was not corrected at the time ; but Lord Brougham informs us, that he has caused the most exact search to be made, and, finding no confirmation of the story, he gives it an unqualified contradiction.*

One of the clergymen alluded to was Dr. Robertson, who comes next in succession in this biography, and whose life is written with a satisfaction increased, doubtless, by the circumstance that he was connected with the noble lord, whose grandmother was a sister of the historian ; not that more than justice is done to his moral character, but his talents and literary standing are rated somewhat too high. Dr. Robertson was a Christian in character, and therefore a gentleman in his manners ; he did not think himself bound to treat an unbeliever, who never insulted his faith, as a profane and graceless enemy of man. Though he was firm, or perhaps we should say *because* he was firm, in his own conviction, he could look upon one whose opinions were different without the least feeling of hatred and revenge ; in which respect he had the advantage of some over-zealous Christians, both in the peace and happiness of his own temper, and in the influence he exerted to bring unbelieving wanderers home. The calumny here alluded to was doubtless owing to this liberality on his part, misinterpreted by those who consider no one who is not ready to put an infidel to death as entitled to the name of Christian.

Lord Brougham, having a nearer interest in the subject of this biography than in most others, is naturally disposed to

* Nothwithstanding this denial, and in full view of the evidence on which it is made, the charge is repeated in the last number of the "Quarterly Review," apparently by the same writer who first brought it forward. He says, Lord Brougham "produces no evidence except as to the actual contents of the Hume papers. They came but lately into the hands of their present possessors; and we think it might have occurred to Lord Brougham as not altogether impossible (considering the late Mr. Baron Hume's refusal to let any use be made of them during his own lifetime), that the learned judge purified the collection before he bequeathed it to the Royal Society of Edinburgh." The reviewer also cites the passage, which we have already quoted, from Hume's letter to Colonel Edmonstone, advising a clerical friend not to abandon his profession because he had become a skeptic, as affording "an inference in tolerable harmony with the rumor so magisterially dismissed." Our readers will observe, however, that this grave charge, first made upon the authority of mere rumor, is here repeated as a matter of inference only ; and though the reviewer, it appears, has "had access to some of Hume's unpublished letters," it does not appear that he found in them any direct evidence of the truth of the accusation.

give him all his due. There is such an evenness of merit, such a graceful and sustained propriety, and so much freedom from striking faults in Robertson's historical writings, that his works, which travelled up at once to the highest popularity, have ever since kept their place in the general esteem. It is curious to contrast his enthusiastic reception with the cold reception given at first to the great work of Hume. Of the first volume of the "History of England," containing the reigns of James the First, and Charles the First, only five-and-forty copies were sold in London the year after it came from the press, though it treated of a period of history most exciting in its interest, and, the writer's careless inquiry into facts not having then been discovered, was fitted, one would suppose, by its animated grace of manner and living charm of language, to eclipse all other writings of the kind in the public eye. It gives a pleasing impression of Hume's disposition, that, conscious as he must have been of his own superiority, he could bear thus to be cast into the shade. He wrote a letter of humorous reproach to Robertson, complaining, that, when he was sitting in glory at the feet of Smollett (of whose history he had the meanest opinion), the author of the "History of Scotland" should have pressed himself above him and come nearer to their great master than he. But Robertson, if inferior to his friend in sagacity and comprehension, was entitled to success by his laborious accuracy. So far as his means of information went, he was conscientiously faithful; he was employed at least six years in his first work, while Hume despatched his history of the Stuarts in less than three; though the amount of materials to be consulted, the conflict of authorities, and the obstacles in the way of accuracy were, in this latter case, a thousand to one, compared with the other.

While Lord Brougham somewhat overestimates the excellence of Robertson's writings, he is not blind to his defects. It is refreshing to learn that he finds fault with him in one respect, and that is, for the deference which he pays to what the world, much to its own loss and injury, is pleased to call greatness, and the indemnity which he is willing to concede to heroes, tyrants, and similar nuisances of mankind. Historians appear, by common consent, to have taken might for right; and courage, frankness, wisdom, or decision of

character, has been sufficient, at their tribunal, to save the offender from the condemnation of every sin. It is disgusting in the extreme to hear the butcher of his wives, the most brutal of sovereigns, treated with hearty and sympathizing regard, as jolly old King Harry; and when the Chancellor comes on Robertson and Hume with his long and sweeping scourge for their courtier-like homage to the memory of Elizabeth, we feel that the infliction is richly deserved. Not that we consider him particularly discriminating on these occasions. He seems to take it for granted with respect to Mary Stuart, that her marriage with Bothwell was sufficient proof of all that was alleged against her; when those who examine the subject will see, as we have set forth in a former number,* that she could not possibly have been accessory to the murder of her husband; in a word, that she was never stained with blood, whatever her subsequent weakness may have been. Not so with Elizabeth; it is beyond question, that, thinking the slow poison of imprisonment was not enough, she attempted to prevail on Drury and Paulet to murder the unhappy queen; and not succeeding in this, she resorted to the meanest falsehood and imposture to accomplish that infernal deed. Well says the Chancellor: "History, fertile in royal crimes, offers to our execration few such characters as this great, successful, and popular princess. An assassin in her heart, — nay, in her counsels and orders; an oppressor of the most unrelenting cruelty in her whole conduct; a hypocritical dissembler, to whom falsehood was habitual, honest frankness strange; — such is the light in which she ought ever to be held up, as long as truth and humanity shall bear any value in the eyes of men." If there were any substance to the fiction, that the Chancellor has the conscience of the sovereign in his keeping, and if a human being *in* office could feel as he does when *out* of it, we could wish that his Lordship was still presiding in the Court of Chancery, not of England only, but of the literary world.

In speaking of the "History of America," which followed that of Scotland, Lord Brougham sails away in a flight of enthusiasm which was hardly to be expected from such a veteran; not that he prefers it as a whole to the

* *N. A. Review*, Vol. XXXIV., p. 144.

other histories; but he thinks that there are passages and descriptions in it which neither its author nor any other historian ever exceeded; and he evidently has no kind feeling towards Irving for attempting the portrait of Columbus, which Robertson had drawn before him. The Chancellor makes a contrast between the passages in which the two writers describe the first discovery of land by the great navigator, greatly to the disparagement of the American, whose account he considers ambitious and straining after effect, and therefore far less impressive than the noble simplicity of the other. Robertson's description of that memorable scene is certainly good; better even than Southey's slight attempt in "Madoc" to bring before the reader that moment which opened a new history to the world. But Lord Brougham, whose temperament does not always incline to laudation, has gone somewhat beyond himself in this eulogy, treating the absence of faults as a striking beauty, and imagining graces more than are really there. He says that he once called the attention of Lord Wellesley to this passage; and that nobleman afterwards assured him that he shed tears while he read it, and it had broken his rest at night. Perhaps it may be the hardness brought over our hearts by the constant practice of reviewing, but we must plead guilty to reading it with dry eyes; nor are we often moved to tears by simple and judicious writing; while, on the contrary, we almost weep aloud over the vicious affectation and vulgar elegance which Bulwer and his company have imposed upon the world as refined and intellectual writing. We enjoy a compensation for this obtuseness, however, in the fact, that we are not kept awake by the better parts of the books which our public capacity requires us to read; and when we sit down to the greater proportion of them, particularly the popular novels of the day, it brings over us a spirit of repose, a dreamless and heavy slumber, in which we forget the toil and warfare of our vocation, and subside into peace and charity with all mankind.

While we are not much inclined to disagree with Lord Brougham in his critical decisions, we greatly honor the spirit in which he speaks of the manner in which all history has been written. Historians who know better, and who ought to guide the moral sentiments of their readers, have fallen into the common train of feeling, regarding all peaceful

scenes and virtues with comparative indifference, and exalting ability and guilt into most unmerited glory. He sharply censures, too, as well he may, the irregular and inconsistent manner in which they dispense their condemnation and applause; exalting to the skies the bloody ambition of the Plantagenets and the crooked policy of the Tudors, while Richard the Third, a man of greater courage and capacity, and about as amiable, is the target for every broadside of indignation, which, for the sake of appearances, they think it necessary sometimes to throw in. There is, however, one objection to severe moral judgment, which did not occur to the Chancellor's legal mind. When an English admiral once remonstrated with the Dey of Algiers respecting the lawless conduct of his soldiers, that sovereign admitted that the complaint was well founded, and said that he had earnestly endeavoured to make a reform, having, with that view, hanged as many as fifty in a day; but he had found, though he evidently saw no other objection to the process, that he could not very well spare the men. Similar considerations may have induced historians to be merciful to the wholesale robbers and murderers of the human race; for so general has been the tendency to such practices, and so few are there among those distinguished in history who have not something of the kind to answer for, that strictness to mark and censure such iniquity would turn history into a sort of Old Bailey chronicle; writers, who now exult in their pride of place, would become literary hangmen under the moral law; and the men usually most admired and honored in the annals of their country must necessarily be their victims. He says, that he himself once undertook the reigns of Alfred, Henry the Fifth, and Elizabeth, with a view to the right application of moral principles to history, and was prevented from completing the task only by his growing public and professional labors. We regret that he did not persevere; in his hands, Alfred would have been duly honored for his intellectual energy and civil wisdom; France would have found a late atonement for her wrongs in the chastisement inflicted on the martial shade of Henry; while dire and unchivalrous would have been his lashes on the shoulders of Queen Bess, "a model of falsehood in all its more hateful and despicable forms, who had all the guilt of murder on her head, and was only saved from its actual perpetration

by having a Paulet for her agent instead of a Tyrrel." It is much to be desired, that some arm of power would bring about this revolution, vast and sweeping though it would be, dashing down the statues which now sit on thrones in human estimation and public annals, and calling from weakness into power, and from dishonor into glory, many who, in their own and succeeding times, have seldom been honored with the applause which they well deserve.

Dr. Robertson's life was marked in every part by a dignified moderation, which does not give a very animated interest to his biography, but implies more character, and requires more energy to sustain, than is generally supposed. It is easy to give way to feeling, to let the passions loose, and to throw one's self headlong into the rushing tide of party. And this is what passes for force of character with mankind, who are apt to mistake the noise and smoke of the engines for the great moving power. But while sudden effects and transient impressions are produced by men of impulse, who spend their strength in irregular and violent exertions, the best services in the cause of humanity, and by far the most enduring results, may be traced in the world's history to men of moderation, of whom Washington was an example. They are not rightly estimated by those about them, and succeeding times are slow to acknowledge them as great. Flaring candles on the earth outshine the brightest stars in heaven for a season ; but the former are soon burnt out, while the planets are shining on for ever. We should not assign Dr. Robertson a place among the highest of this class, by any means ; but he, like the rest, has been underestimated by those who confound moderation with mediocrity, — who believe, that, in the warfare of life, all depends, not on strength, but shouting, — and expect to overthrow the strongholds of vice and oppression like Jericho, not by siege and battery, but by sounding their ram's horns under the walls.

The next portrait in the Chancellor's gallery brings us out of the region of historians into that of philosophers. The first presented is Black, the great chemical discoverer, whose name has been surrounded with a sort of obscurity much in contrast with his distinguished claims, and rather strange, considering how deeply science is indebted to him for some of its greatest advances. It is explained

by the fact, that he was modest and unpretending, content to be great, and not solicitous that men should acknowledge his worth ; manifesting thereby that confidence which is so much more common in scientific than in literary men, that the world would do him justice at last, however his merits might for a time be misunderstood. When he was young, he printed a Latin thesis, containing the intimation of some of his discoveries. One of the copies was presented by his father, then in Bordeaux, to Montesquieu, who said to him, " I rejoice with you, my good friend ; your son will be the honor of your name and family " ; a prediction, which, whether inspired by French politeness or a true discernment, was afterwards well fulfilled. There is something very interesting in Lord Brougham's description of the man, of his graceful manner in lecturing, the easy confidence with which he made his experiments, the unlabored elegance of his extemporaneous speaking, and the philosophical views and suggestions with which he chained the attention of his hearers. His Lordship says, that " the commanding periods of Pitt's majestic oratory," " the vehemence of Fox's burning declamation," " the close compacted chain of Grant's pure reasoning," " the mingled fancy, epigram, and argumentation of Plunket," have given him less delight than he felt in attending those lectures, when " the first philosopher of the age " was giving forth his own discoveries, recounting the successive steps by which he had reached them, and pointing out the difficulties triumphantly overcome.

There are generally many who are walking together in the paths of science, nearly abreast of each other ; and as they have each mastered the successive steps which lead up to a great discovery, it is not easy always to say to whom the honor of making it rightfully belongs. There are also individuals who are fully capable of estimating what others have done, and not too scrupulously self-denying to appropriate to themselves a share of it. Nations, too, appear to consider claims of this kind to be maintained like points of public honor, with as little regard as may be to honesty and truth. Lord Brougham belabors the memory of Lavoisier, as one of those kind-hearted people, who, when he found that the parent of a discovery seemed to care but little for his offspring, had too tender a heart to see it wander as an orphan, and, as a duty of humanity, adopted it as his own.

Happily, Dr. Black was not defrauded in this way as much as many others have been ; the great French chemist being a schoolboy when he made his discovery of fixed air, to which the science owes its great subsequent progress. He was not sensitive on the subject of fame. He found his enjoyment in the literary society of Edinburgh, which was then of a high order ; and though his readiness to communicate his speculations to others, and his indifference to his own renown, exposed him to this kind of plunder, the traits of character which such conduct implies belong to those virtues which bring with them a satisfaction that more than compensates any loss or sacrifice which they require.

To Dr. Black chemistry is indebted for the discovery, that the air which forms the atmosphere is not the only permanently elastic body, but that others exist, which are capable of union with solids or fluids, from which they can be separated and restored to their former state. This led him to the knowledge of fixed air, which others had observed in effervescence and fermentation, but supposed it to be nothing more than common air, in some impure combinations. "Once the truth was made known, that there are other gases in nature, only careful observation was necessary to find them out." So it pleases his Lordship to express himself, with a brave independence of the common law of the English tongue. He says, that Dr. Black was well acquainted with the nature of hydrogen gas, and that, as early as 1766, he invented an air-balloon, and exhibited to his friends the ascent of a bladder filled with inflammable air. In 1763, he observed the fact, that, in the melting of ice, more heat seems to disappear than is indicated by the thermometer, and that, when steam is condensed, there is an unexpected proportion of heat. By investigating the reasons of these appearances, he was conducted to his second great discovery, of "latent heat." His third discovery was that of the capacity of bodies for heat, — "specific heat" as it has since been called. He thus gave an impulse to chemistry, exalting it to the dignity of a science, which it had never held before ; and the fame of his success encouraged others to choose it as a field, which might be explored with honor to themselves and benefit to the world.

There is a great deal of interest in little circumstances connected with the appearance and personal habits of such a

man. His features were singularly intelligent and graceful, his high forehead and temples covered with snowy hair, his expression calm, as suited his manner and speech, but, at the same time, kind and interesting. His eye was so correct, and his hand so steady, that in the most delicate experiments there was never any failure of success; and, what is uncommon on such occasions, the table at the close of his lecture was as neat as when he began. The same quiet calmness went with him to the close of life. Having neither wife nor family, he dreaded the prospect of illness and its accompaniments more than the last hour itself. These he was entirely spared. His strength gradually declined, without apparent sickness or pain; and he passed from life so quietly, at last, as not to spill a cup of milk and water, his customary dinner, which he was holding in his hand at the moment, and which rested undisturbed on his knee. His attendants left him in this posture, and it was not till they returned, and found him sitting exactly as before, that they became aware that he was dead.

Another great name in this department of science is that of Cavendish, who, though connected with the Duke of Devonshire, and enjoying a splendid estate, had an intellectual taste and energy which carried him above the temptations incident to birth and fortune, into that high sphere where only the truly noble are found. Perfectly indifferent to luxuries and common gratifications, and living in the society of his books and philosophical apparatus, he appeared, like Black, so much more desirous to be than to seem a benefactor to science, that he cared but little for his discoveries when they were once made, and had no ambition to publish his triumphs to the world. He was obliged to make even greater efforts to keep himself in private life, than others to push themselves before the public eye. His family, aware of his talents, were anxious that, as the grandson of a duke, he should make himself distinguished in public affairs. Their displeasure had no effect to change his purpose; and an uncle, disapproving the course which they pursued towards him, and respecting his moral steadiness, left him heir to his own property, amounting to a million and a half sterling. Very few are the heads which would not have been turned by such a windfall; he was, like Æsop's traveller, tried by the storm and sunshine, save that the sunbeams of pros-

perity could not induce him to throw off the garment which the tempest of persecution had shown itself unable to tear away. This clear discernment of his own gifts and powers, this determination to follow out his vocation, and this superiority to common enjoyments and honors, would be enough to stamp him with the seal of eminence, even if he had never succeeded in unfolding some of the deep mysteries of nature, and thus in commanding the respect and gratitude of men.

The great discovery of Cavendish was that of the composition of water, for which Lavoisier was inclined to take to himself the larger share of credit; but which, according to Lord Brougham, had been previously made by Watt, the celebrated improver of the steam-engine, a man of great philosophical genius, and active and efficient in many departments of science besides his own. We have here a life of Watt, also, written with an intimate knowledge of the nature and value of the improvements to which he owed his fame, and also with an interest in the subject inspired by an acquaintance with the man. He was originally connected with the University of Glasgow, as a maker of mathematical instruments, in which task he showed powers far above the sphere of mechanical employment, though in this also he excelled. There chanced to be, among the apparatus of the University, a steam-engine of old fashion, which never could be made to work well; and, being employed to find a remedy for its disorders, he was led to reflect upon its construction, and the manner in which it could be made efficient and turned to account, beyond what it ever had been, in the operations of industry and the general service of mankind.

Lord Brougham despatches in a summary manner the history of this great invention. The first step was that of Solomon de Caus, in 1615, who found means to raise water by converting part of it into steam, and using the expansive force to act upon the rest of the water. But his contrivance, however ingenious, did not approach much nearer than the tea-kettle, which was still more ancient, to the steam-engine of the present day. Another step was made by the Marquis of Worcester, and recorded in his "Century of the Names and Scantlings of Inventions," a work described by Hume — who, like some of our brethren, found it easier occasionally to review books than to read them — as a

"compound of lies," probably because the Marquis was a public character, and the political atmosphere is apt to be composed in great part of the element described in that short and unceremonious name. But while his political inventions as Earl of Glamorgan, whatever they may have been, perished with the using, like others of the kind, his scientific suggestions are likely, like the wings of the inventor in Rasselas, to keep him floating above the tide of time, under which so many statesmen of his day have gone down. The Marquis, and Caus before him, applied the steam directly to the water, or whatever else it might be, which it was intended to raise. It was Papin, so well known by his digester, who, in 1690, suggested the application of the steam to a piston, and the use of atmospheric pressure; and this conception, though he does not seem to have reduced it to practice, and has not been exalted as one of the chief originators of this great instrument, seems to us to be the point where the history of the steam-engine began. He also suggested the safety-valve, which Desaguliers afterwards constructed. It was Newcomen, an iron-master of Dartmouth, who, in 1711, first constructed an engine with a piston and a condensing process, though he depended on atmospheric pressure, and not on the force of steam, for his power. This was the engine which Watt was employed to examine at the University; and such as it was, with some small improvements, it had remained stationary for fifty years, sometimes employed to raise water from mines, but giving no intimation of the distinguished part which it was afterwards to play in the works and ways of men.

The first great invention of Watt was one which saved three fourths of the fuel which had been used. The injection of cold water in the process of condensing also cooled the cylinder so much as to require a great expense of heat to restore and maintain its temperature. Watt employed a separate vessel for condensing, by which means the cylinder was kept hot, while the condenser only was cooled; and thus he saved three fourths of the fuel, and increased the power one fourth, making every pound of coal do five times as much service as before. In attempting to remove the air which lessened the heat, he was led to introduce the steam from the boiler into the upper part of the cylinder, thus not only making the upper cavity air-tight, but also aiding the

descent of the piston, which formerly descended by the pressure of the air alone. This was the second improvement ; the third consisted in dispensing with the counterpoise at the pump-rod, and admitting steam into the cylinder to force the piston upwards ; thus making it, for the first time, a steam-engine in reality, by resorting to steam alone for the action and efficiency of every part.

But this is no place for going through with the history of his improvements ; it is enough to say, that he made the engine in substance what it is now. It is grievous to think that his experience was the same with that of most other great inventors ; *sic vos non vobis ;* some knavish plunderers always stand ready to appropriate to themselves the benefit of other men's genius and skill. It is melancholy to see the want, not merely of generosity, but of common honesty, in relation to this subject. The conscience keeps time with the law, and if any means can be found for evading the provisions of the law, any false keys to open its doors, there is nothing to prevent the worthless pirate from fleecing his upright and honored victim. Dr. Forsyth, the inventor of the percussion lock, passed the fourteen years of his patent right in courts of justice, prevailing in every suit. But nothing could be exacted from the base invaders of his right, who were as poor in substance as ragged in honor, and he never gained one shilling by an invention which is now universally used. Lord Brougham says, that, if Watt had taken out no patent, and trusted only to the preference which would have been given him, he would have secured far more profit, and have saved years of dreary and hopeless litigation, from which he was not freed by a decision of the court till long after all his interest in the patent had expired by the lapse of time. We often hear of the uncertainty of the law ; but the complaint does not apply to cases of this kind ; in which there is more than sufficient certainty of losing comfort, patience, and temper, not to speak of the rewards of labor and skill, and of gaining a verdict when it can do little more than a gravestone to help the repose of the dead.

As we have said, this eminent man had directed his attention to chemical experiments, and, as early as 1782, had discovered the composition of water. Cavendish, without the least knowledge of Watt's experiments, made the same discovery in 1784, but had not then, as Lord Brougham de-

clares, after a full examination, so clear a comprehension of the true doctrine as Watt had expressed before him. Cavendish was not likely to learn any thing which was not before the public on a printed page. In all his habits, he was painfully shy and reserved, hating to be spoken to, and, when he was directly addressed, often leaving the place with a sort of discordant cry, not particularly creditable to his good manners, though it simply indicated the owl's embarrassment when exposed to the light of day. He received no one at his house, and had so little communication by speech with his domestics, that he ordered his dinner by a note left on the hall table. He even contrived to die without the trouble of attendants about him. Finding his strength failing, he desired to be left alone. His servant, returning after a time, was again reminded that his room was more welcome than his company ; and before another intrusion troubled him, he was gone from the lonely world. With this unsocial existence the life of Watt was strongly contrasted. Exemplary and affectionate in the domestic and social relations, animated and powerful in conversation, with an easy playful humor, he was welcomed into the first circles of Edinburgh by such men as Horner, Playfair, and Scott ; and it was remarked of him by Lord Jeffrey, that in no other person could there be found so "fine an expression of reposing strength and uninterrupted self-possession as marked his whole manner." To the last, he retained his energy of mind and his interest in all about him, and died in his eighty-fourth year, full of gratitude to Heaven for the measure of blessings which he had been permitted to enjoy.

The name of Priestley, which follows, is great in the annals of science, but is better known to the world by his theological opinions ; and, though unblessed by many, and defended by comparatively few, it has fought its way to the universal acknowledgment, that he was a man of blameless life, of generous affections, and that, whatever may have been his success in finding the truth, he at least pursued it in singleness of heart. He was detested as a politician by the conservatives of his day, who saw in the French Revolution, which gave him so much joy, nothing but a curse to the world. He was suspected and feared by theologians, as one who was desirous to ruin the souls of others, having already done that service for his own ; and the utmost reach of their

charity could extend only to the wish, that he would confine himself to his laboratory instead of turning the world upside down by his speculations. They could not see, what is now so clear, that "we have no right to doubt his conscientious motives, the more especially as his heterodox dogmas, always manfully avowed, never brought him any thing but vexation and injury in his temporal concerns." But the general feeling is now softened throughout the Christian world. It may be doubted whether Priestley would at this day be rejected by any church, and thrown into deep distress, as he was in his youth, by reason of his inability to feel contrition for Adam's sin. All now required would be penitence for his personal offences, leaving Adam, like other people, to answer for his own.

There never was a man of disposition more cheerful, social, and undaunted; and endless as his controversies were, having, like other controversies, very little of the beauty of holiness about them, he might congratulate himself, like Hume, that "he had no enemy, except perhaps the Whigs, and the Tories, and all the Christian world." His amiable manners disarmed the hostility of all who came near him; and when he was fiercely contesting the eternity of future torments, his adversaries almost wished, for his sake, that the doctrine might not be true. Of his publications, which amounted to one hundred and forty-one in number, only seventeen are on scientific matters. Many relate to general subjects; for such was his activity of mind, that he took a quick and deep interest in every thing which came before him. By far the greater part are theological, which accounts, as Lord Brougham says, for his now having few readers; not many holding all his peculiar tenets, while, as to some doctrines, he himself composed the whole rank and file of his party.

It does not appear what directed his mind to the subject of chemistry; but he made it his study, and endeavoured early in life to obtain a professorship of it; for which situation, he says, he was then poorly fitted. But surely he could have qualified himself, as well as Watson did, after he had assumed the trust. When Priestley resided at Leeds, the building next his house was a brewery, which led him to make observations on "fixed air." In the course of these experiments, he became acquainted with nitrogen gas, or, as he calls it,

"phlogistic air," which was discovered by him and Dr. Rutherford at the same time, without communication with each other. But on the 1st of August, 1774, he made the discovery of "oxygen," which, beyond all contest or contradiction, was entirely his own. Lavoisier claimed it, as having occurred to himself and Priestley at the same time; but Lord Brougham despatches the claim in a few words; "he never discovered it till Priestley discovered it to him." Besides these, he discovered the gases of muriatic, sulphuric, and fluoric acids, ammoniacal gas, and nitrous oxide gas. He was obliged to construct his own instruments, often with his own hands, which he did with great skill. His peculiar character was shown by the manner in which he held to the doctrine of phlogiston, after the rest of the world had rejected it; and "that his belief was perfectly disinterested, no man can doubt; the discoverer of oxygen and of the true cause of respiration had, of all men, the strongest interest in assenting to a theory which was wholly founded on his own discovery, and which made him the immediate, as Black was the more remote, author of modern chemical science." But, whatever the temptation, he maintained the old doctrine bravely to the last.

The most brilliant and familiar name in the history of chemistry is that of Sir Humphrey Davy, whose life was as prosperous as that of Priestley was troubled, though it may be doubted whether the circumstances of wealth, quiet, and popular admiration, which he enjoyed, were really beneficial either to his happiness or his fame. Lord Brougham, though rather reserved in drawing his private character, intimates that he was not pleased to be reminded of the obscurity from which he sprang. A vain-glorious boast of one's self-elevation is offensive; but if a great man is really ashamed of his humble beginnings, the feeling must arise from a peculiar kind of vanity, implying something unsound in his heart. When he first came to London, he was uncouth and ungraceful in his bearing; but he soon acquired sufficient courtly self-possession to command the applause of his audiences. For a time, he seemed intoxicated with this success, as it was unfitly called; but it is not the breath of ladies' fans, that can fill one's sails for immortality; and though Davy afterwards lived much in society, he devoted himself to that earnest pursuit of science, which alone could

sustain his reputation, and which led to those discoveries that are now the glory of his name. It is on these discoveries alone that Davy's great reputation must ultimately depend; for his published works on scientific subjects, though, proceeding from such a source, they could not be without value, are not by any means equal to his fame. His later writings, "Salmonia" and "The Last Days of a Philosopher," came from his pen after he had suffered from an apoplectic seizure, which, however slight, is generally felt as the touch of death. He submitted to great labor, not to speak of serious dangers, in making his experiments; but the labor of writing is of a different kind, much less exciting, and requiring, not impulse, but still and patient determination, as we, in our critical capacity, have sufficient reason to know. He was fond of society, though English in his manners; that is, shy and reserved, covering with a somewhat supercilious bearing the conscious want of self-possession. But he was also fond to enthusiasm of natural scenery, a taste which implies a certain degree of refinement; though Lord Brougham represents him as indifferent as the Chancellor himself is to the fine arts, and willing to confess that deficiency which others so ambitiously conceal.

Much has recently been said of the failure of his "safety lamp," which, when first invented, was so warmly hailed as a perfect security against those terrible firedamp explosions in mines, by which so many lives were destroyed. The free use of this lamp he generously gave to the public, without securing to himself any benefit from the invention. It seems very strange, that, after thirty years' experience of its value, without any suspicion arising that the safeguard was not complete, it should all at once be found useless. One cannot help thinking, that the fault is less in the lamp itself than in the carelessness of those who use it, men, for the most part, very indifferent to dangers and precautions. But we are told, that the lamp, which in a still atmosphere affords a perfect security, does not prevent a current of air from passing through the meshes of the wire to the flame, and so causing an explosion. Had the inventor lived, he would doubtless have found means to obviate this objection, which is serious, because, in mining, currents of air often come without any possible warning. But such failures cannot be common; for Lord Brougham says that a great engineer

bore testimony before a parliamentary committee, that he had seen a thousand, and sometimes fifteen hundred, safety lamps in daily use, and in every possible variety of explosive mixtures, and never had known a solitary instance of an explosion. So, then, the value of the invention is undeniable, and the amount of security which it affords is beyond all price, even if there are circumstances in which it is not complete.

Without saying any thing of the life of Simson, the mathematician, which closes this first volume, we shall only express our satisfaction at seeing these portraits executed by so eminent a hand. Even if they had no other value, they would make us acquainted with the opinions of the writer, who is as much a subject of interest as any individual whose lineaments he has drawn. He shows a familiarity with the details of science, of the mathematics particularly, which could hardly be expected after the busy and tumultuous life which he has led. This cannot be a mere remnant of early education ; he must have given to these pursuits the same sort of attention which English statesmen generally devote to classical studies and recollections. And the effect is seen in his oratory, as reported, where strength and energy abound, while grace and elegance are wanting. His style is bold and manly, though sometimes strangely careless and lounging ; but it is always expressive of his mind and heart, and through the most labyrinthian sentence it is always easy to follow the sentiments and reasoning of the writer. These are strong in favor of liberality, truth, and freedom ; too strong to be relished always by the blind adorers of the past. It is not to be denied, that there is here and there some slight want of Christian meekness ; but his buffets are generally bestowed on those who deserve them. He abounds in *unfriends*, as the Scotch call them, having carried on for years a large and successful manufacture of that article, which few desire to possess. But on the whole, we say, *Serus in cœlum redeat ;* — if that be his destination, which the persons last mentioned will be inclined to question ; — and whenever he departs, let it be remembered, that he lifted his heavy war-club on the side of liberty and toleration, and struck many a crushing blow at the enemies of truth and virtue, while soundly belaboring his own.

Art. V. — 1. *Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, to Sir Horace Mann, his Britannic Majesty's Resident at the Court of Florence, from* 1760 *to* 1785. Now first published from the original MSS. Concluding Series. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1844. 2 vols. 8vo.

2. *Memoirs of the Reign of King George the Third.* By Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, youngest Son of Sir Robert Walpole. Now first published from the original MSS. Edited, with Notes, by Sir Denis Le Marchant. London: Bentley. 1844. 2 vols. 8vo.

It is not long since the collected correspondence of Horace Walpole was made the subject of an article in this Journal. We certainly did not at that time expect another large addition to be so soon made to it. We had scarcely reflected enough upon those curious provisions of his last will, by which he seems to have studied to fix the attention of posterity for an indefinite period upon himself. It is true, that the ostensible cause of the sealing up of the contents of the blue chests marked A and B for many years after his death was, that "the wit of the dead should be reserved until it could appear without pain to the living." We are therefore to infer from the present publication that those, being, as the preface tells us, "the immediate descendants of the subjects of some of Walpole's racy anecdotes, who might have been pained by their early publication," are now all dead. "The Earl of Euston, surviving executor of the late Earl of Waldegrave, has placed the whole of Walpole's unpublished manuscripts, including his letters, memoirs, private journals, &c., in the hands of Mr. Bentley"; and the works now before us are the first results of this step. How much more is to come it is impossible to conjecture. But we may, perhaps, be allowed to express some doubt of the genuineness of the charity which confines its regard to the feelings of one generation only. Horace Walpole might have remembered, that the immediate descendants of the subjects of his racy anecdotes would probably leave an increasing circle of posterity, and that the revival of long-forgotten stories would be more likely to give pain to them than the scandal itself probably did to their parents in a generation to which it had ceased to be any novelty. In England, where the pride

of descent is peculiarly strong, we should be inclined to consider this mode of proceeding rather as refining upon cruelty, than to give the author of it much credit for his generosity. In this view, Walpole appears in little better light than the fox in the fable. He well knew his own unfortunate family history ; and probably supposing that it could not escape the investigation which his own writings would be likely to invite, he became the less inclined to spare his wit for the sake of saving his neighbours. The directions of his will seem to us, therefore, to have had a very different intent from the one assigned. They bear the mark of the author's original mind. A more ingenious mode of endeavouring to keep the public curiosity continually awake to his productions for a long period after his death was never contrived. If it proved successful, he might well afford to appear to save the feelings of one generation in the pursuit of his object, particularly as he left no one behind him liable to suffer much by any attempt at retaliation.

But whatever may be our judgment of the motives of the author, the world has most to do with his works. If Walpole has succeeded in showing off to the greatest possible effect the panorama of high life in England during half a century, with all its spots, whether of darkness or brightness, posterity will thank him and take little account of the family feelings he may have lacerated in the process. That he has done this, few who read his works will be inclined to deny. His letters are the history of his generation put into a most readable shape ; not always exactly correct, may be, but hitting the truth in the long run more accurately than any formal and elaborate narrative written by some one a century or two afterwards in the seclusion of his closet. The only thing we fear for them is that the collection is becoming too voluminous. The twenty or thirty volumes of Voltaire's correspondence have already furnished a signal example how much a distinguished man will sometimes repeat himself. Yet, as compared with Walpole, he appears to write rather from impulse than meditation, and with the characteristic vivacity of his country. His repeating seems, therefore, to be natural, and like that of a man in conversation upon the same general topics with a succession of individuals. It is not so with Walpole. His phrases are too nicely picked ; his anecdotes too carefully told. When they are read the first time, they earn

for him the credit of ready wit. But when seen to be transferred from place to place with no essential change, they smack something too much of study. Neither do we detect this solely in his letters. He often produces in his "Memoirs" the counterpart of what he writes to Lord Hertford, or Mann, or Montague. We find the same stories in even the same words. We must, then, already begin to deny him the greatest merit of epistolary composition, its natural and spontaneous flow. But besides this, the repetition of the same thing, however well told, when it is not connected with important events, soon becomes fatiguing. We are not sure that the publication of a great many letters, even though they may in themselves be excellent, is not dangerous to a writer. Even a spirited conversation may be kept up until listening becomes a labor. Madame de Sévigné is scarcely read so much now as when her collection was embraced in small compass. And so it will be with Walpole. The last volume of these letters to Sir Horace Mann will oftener be shut up than read through. Satiety, always to be apprehended in literature, is peculiarly likely to happen in epistolary composition, even though the author be the best in that department to be found in the language.

After all, the chief value of Walpole's letters does not depend upon the epigrammatic form of his style. It is to be found in the contribution they make to the knowledge of his times. They describe not merely great events, but men and manners, in so vivid a manner as to make his voluntary addition of a formal narrative a work of supererogation. With the exception of a sketch or two of striking scenes in parliament, we remember little of the "Memoirs of George the Second," formerly published under the eye of Lord Holland, worth preserving. And, if we are to judge of the continuation into the succeeding reign, now edited by Sir Denis Le Marchant, from the half of it which has appeared and is before us, our verdict would not be very much more friendly. The mere change of form, which gives to the same array of facts and impressions the appearance of history instead of conversation, does not give us a whit more of confidence in their accuracy. The author himself guards his readers against misconception on this score. He does not claim to write a narrative like a cool and impartial judge of probabilities. He gives *his view* of events and

their causes, drawn from his personal observation of men and things; and this is just what we get from his letters. The Memoirs are as redolent of his passions as the correspondence. In this particular, there can be no difference made between the two.

In Lord Holland's preface to the "Memoires of George the Second," he stated, that "they treat of a part of the British annals most imperfectly known"; and his remark was true; but we do not perceive the propriety of the application of it by the present editor to the time embraced in the work before us. We can scarcely think of any part of the British annals, of which more may be, and, we believe, is known, than the early part of the reign of George the Third. None is more interesting. None has been more carefully and elaborately illustrated by the efforts of contemporaries. We have of the principal actors of that time, what can hardly be found elsewhere, characters carefully drawn by several individuals, themselves in the very first rank, — by Burke, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Waldegrave, and Walpole. How much notoriety the Letters of Junius, with all the mystery attached to their authorship, have given to the period it is needless to point out! Then there is John Wilkes and his "North Briton," and Charles Churchill, and Parson Horne, each of them a study. We have also Leonidas Glover, the merchant politician, and Bubb Dodington, the political merchant, the latter alone presenting a type of his age. In addition to all these earlier materials, the publications of Mr. Coxe, of Mr. John Wright in the appendix to the work of Sir Henry Cavendish, of the heirs of Lord Chatham, as well as those of the Duke of Bedford, and the last collected letters of Mr. Burke, not to speak of several lucid and elaborate papers which have appeared from time to time in the leading British reviews, have of late years shed a flood of light on this epoch. So that, if, after the accumulation of these materials, aided and illustrated by the heretofore published letters of Walpole, we are to concede that they have not sufficed to make this early part of a most important reign well known to a generation only twice removed, we may as well despair of retaining any history whatever.

The moment of the accession of the third George makes a turning point in British history, because with it the passions

of men gave to the policy of the country a new direction. The reigns of the first and second of the name had been consumed in the endeavour to maintain the family upon the throne. It had been called to England by the Whig aristocracy, representing the principles of freedom in the British constitution, and the best portion of the people. But the support of the dynasty against a numerous, extended, and powerful, though ill-organized, combination at home, aided by the intrigues of the strongest and nearest government of the continent, and striving to effect the restoration of the native family, expelled in the person of James the Second, constituted the object of all the political struggles of the time. The slow, but steady, sapping system of Sir Robert Walpole did for it what perhaps a bolder and a nobler policy would have failed in. It broke the opposition to the sovereign in proportion as it concentrated its force against the minister. As Bolingbroke truly observes, in one of his political essays, they lost sight of the main object in the fury of pursuing one of its incidents; so that, when the moment of victory seemed to approach, the end to be gained by it had vanished from the view. The overthrow of Walpole only proved the fulness of the success of his system. He had sown broadcast among his opponents the seeds of mutual distrust and division, and the plant which grew therefrom proved perennial in its character. The last desperate effort of the Jacobites to restore the Pretender, in 1745, failed more by reason of the timidity of professing friends, than of any energy manifested by the government to suppress it. And the failure supplied those to whose fault it might be laid with a new and strong motive to abide by the established order of things. Thus it happened, that the Brunswick family became most fully fixed in the sovereignty even at the time when the reins of government had fallen into the weakest hands. The Pelhams continued without a struggle the policy which it had cost Walpole the labor of a life, and ultimately his place, to establish.

Yet, down to the end of the reign of George the Second, the Tories continued to hold themselves aloof from much direct participation in the government. Although completely broken as a party, and no longer formidable enough to be studiously excluded from power, they still saw in the persons of the monarchs of the Brunswick line enough to cherish the

hope, that a popular reaction might yet take place. They felt that there was nothing to take the hearts of the British people in the character of the two Germans who had successively ascended the throne, and that there was much to inspire disgust in the foreign policy which they had insisted upon forcing on them, by which the interests of England appeared to be made subordinate to those of Hanover. They therefore continued to cling to the hope that some unexpected event might revive the dormant affection for the exiled family, and, without the cost or hazard of a struggle, ultimately bring in Charles Edward, as his great uncle, Charles the Second, had been brought in. It was not until the very last years of George the Second, that this final hope was completely crushed by the triumphant conduct of the war with France under the guidance of the elder Pitt. The successes of the British arms all over the globe reflected a glory upon the sovereign under whose rule they had been gained, which supplied the only element that had been wanting to the full security of his throne. The contest which had been steadily waged during nearly half a century was now decided beyond the possibility of a doubt. Even the government of France, which had done every thing to keep it up, arrived reluctantly at the conviction, that the time had come when the Stuart cause was to be abandoned.

It was at this moment that the young heir, himself just of age, was called to take the place of his grandfather. Against him there were no prejudices to conquer. He was a native sovereign, the first whom England had known for a long while. He was a youth, with all of the promise which most excites the sympathy of mankind. The nation, exulting in the splendid acquisitions of its arms, and delighted with the administration of government by its favorite, was prepared to hail the new king, George the Third, with unwonted and enthusiastic unanimity. The Whig aristocracy, still in power by virtue of the principles which had now, however, almost lost their distinctive character, relied for support upon his gratitude for past services rendered to his family. The Tories, tired with a fruitless opposition, looked to him with hope of a more generous and less exclusive policy than had before prevailed, which might bring them all within the pale of competition for future honors. Thus it happened, that, in the congratulations for the present, and in hopes of what

was to come, all parties joined in spreading oblivion over the past. There had not been more than one similar moment in British history. It was the era of good feelings, — the epoch when human passions, having exhausted themselves in following one direction, relax their force awhile, before they make for themselves a new vent, and rush with their ordinary velocity into another channel.

But the reign of George the Third did not make good the fair promise of its outset. It very soon became turbulent, and continued so with little cessation to its end. A large part of it was spent in exhausting wars, foreign and domestic. The king himself was dead in mind for half the time, and the country suffered a disruption of its dominions, the effects of which upon itself, upon the continent of America, and upon the world at large, have as yet been developed in but a small degree. Such is the summary of the reign. Our task in the present article must be, to see how much or how little of these events depended upon the course of action pursued at its beginning. And here we shall find the assistance of our author — who confines himself in the Memoirs before us to the history of the first twelve years — very useful.

All accounts agree in this, that, when George succeeded his grandfather, he was not simply wanting in experience, as might naturally be supposed of a youth of twenty-two, but was also uncommonly ignorant. His early life had been spent in seclusion, among instructers whom he did not like and who neglected him. His principal guides had been his foreign mother, and his as well as her friend, an obscure Scotch peer, Lord Bute. It was probably in the seclusion of Leicester House, which, during the reign of George the Second, bore the appearance rather of an enemy's head-quarters than of the house of the heir apparent, that he had learned to lament the overwhelming influence of the great Whig families, and to cherish notions more akin to the theory of an arbitrary prince. Even then the idea was either formed or inculcated, that, when he should reach the throne, he ought to take the authority into his own hands in fact as well as in name, for the purpose of curbing an overgrown aristocracy. But what might seem plain and easy enough, whilst the youth had nothing to do but dream away his time, called for the exercise of consummate ability to execute without a convulsion, when he should become king; — and, unfortunately for him, he had

not this to rely upon, when the necessity for it became apparent. No sooner was George proclaimed the sovereign, than he trusted the accomplishment of his scheme into the hands of Lord Bute. The consequence was a storm that lasted through more than half the reign.

Of Bute the representations made by his contemporaries are so various, and the estimates of the extent of his influence are so different, that it is difficult to arrive at an idea of his true character. On the one side, he is shown as a pompous and empty personage, fit only to be a minister at some petty German court where there was nothing to do; on the other, the exercise of a degree of power over the policy of the country is ascribed to him which argues the possession of abilities of no mean order. The truth probably lies somewhere between these two extremes. There can be little doubt, that the selection of him to execute so difficult a task as the remodelling of the government was unfortunate. In the first place, he was liable to be made obnoxious to the popular prejudices, as a Scotchman not without Tory predilections. In the next, he was suspected, whether justly or not is not yet determined, of drawing his influence from an undue intimacy with the king's mother. Thirdly, his manners were cold, haughty, and unconciliating. Last of all, he stood in a degree apart from all the leading political connections in England, and therefore unable to depend upon certain support in any quarter against the weight of opposition which his system must inevitably draw upon himself. The result was, that, although he had sufficient capacity to devise a bold, and, it must be allowed, a judicious plan of action, he yet failed in those qualities of energy and daring without which it could not be successfully executed. Erring at the very first step by precipitation, he at once plunged the king and himself into difficulties against which he was not at all provided; and then, as if frightened at the prospect of what he had himself done, he deserted his post, leaving his master, the mark for all the shafts intended for himself, to reconcile matters as he best might with the various powerful interests whom he had offended.

Moreover, the time selected for hurrying this experiment was by no means favorable to its success. The country was in the midst of a triumphant war, carried on by a ministry composed of the strongest materials. A combination had taken place between the old aristocratic Whigs, represented by

the Duke of Newcastle, and the popular party, headed by the elder Pitt, which had united the stability of the one with the energy of the other. Opposition in and out of parliament was dead. Success had perfected the ascendency of the Great Commoner over the people's affections, which his eloquence originated. It might seem, then, as if the part of prudence would have been, if any change in the established course of things were desired, not to attempt it by any sudden shock, but rather to await opportunities to introduce it, which circumstances could scarcely fail of themselves soon to present. The union of parties in the cabinet was known to be far from cordial. Time alone was wanting to develope the seeds of dissension already existing in it. Instead of giving them natural time, the process of germination was forced. Not a moment was lost in signifying to the ministry that a new element was already at work in the government. The mode in which this was done is thus described by our author.

"In his first council the king named his brother, the Duke of York, and Lord Bute of the cabinet. As no notice was taken of Lord Huntingdon, it indicated an uncertainty whether he, who had been Master of the Horse to the king when prince, or Lord Gower, who had held that office under the late king, should fill the post. To the Speaker of the House of Commons the king said, it should not be his fault if that assembly did not go upon business earlier in the day than they had done of late: a flattering speech to an old man attached to old forms.

"The king's speech to his council afforded matter of remark, and gave early specimen of who was to be the confidential minister, and what measures were to be pursued; for it was drawn by Lord Bute, and communicated to none of the king's servants. It talked *of a bloody and expensive war, and of obtaining an honorable and lasting peace.* Thus was it delivered; but Mr. Pitt went to Lord Bute that evening, and after an altercation of three hours, prevailed that in the printed copy the words should be changed to *an expensive but just and necessary war*, and that after the words "honorable peace" should be inserted *in concert with our allies.* Lord Mansfield and others counselled these palliatives too; but it was two o'clock of the following afternoon before the king would yield to the alteration. Whether that the private junto could not digest the correction, or whether to give an idea of his Majesty's firmness, I know not: but great pains were taken to imprint an idea of the latter, as characteris-

tic of the new reign; and it was sedulously whispered by the creatures of the favorite and the mother, that it was the plan to retain all the late king's ministers, but that his Majesty would not be governed by them as his grandfather had been. In confirmation of this advertisement, the king told the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pitt, that he knew their attachment to the crown, and should expect their's and the assistance of all honest men." — *Memoirs*, Vol. I.

Here is the germ of the new system. The introduction of Bute into the cabinet, without any post in the government, was a rod over the heads of the ministers, whilst the profession of reliance on the aid of *all* honest men betrayed the direction of the king's mind towards the Tories. There could be little doubt of what was soon to follow. The king's speech struck the note of peace; the policy of Pitt had been war. The old ministry was to remain only on a condition with which it was probably foreseen that it neither could nor would comply. And the old preponderance of the Whig connection, to which the Brunswick race owed the crown, was forthwith to yield to the increasing weight of those who had done every thing to keep it out. If old party lines were extinguished, it was only for the purpose of attempting a new organization of a most extraordinary and novel character, — a party for the king, and the king only. Of this party, it was hoped, that the old Tories would form the staple, reinforced by the recruits which could be gained from every side by holding forth the possession of place and power as the reward for deserting ancient political connections. They were to be the king's friends, but not the friends of his constitutional advisers, unless he wished that these should be supported. They were to make a new wheel within a wheel, by which the monarch's freedom from aristocratic dictation was to be more fully secured. With this basis for action in parliament was to be connected the declaration of a new policy well adapted to take the popular ear. First of all, there was to be peace and an end of all entangling alliances; then came into play for the thousandth time the magic words, reform and economy; and lastly was proclaimed a sovereign appealing from the sway of faction to the attachment of all his people. Such was the conception of the new minister, and it was not a bad one; but it required the hand of a master to carry it into execution, and such was not that of the Earl of Bute.

The first and greatest miscalculation was upon the course of public opinion. It had been believed, that a war carried on with little regard to expense, and exhausting to the resources of the country by the extent to which it was waged at the same time over opposite points of the globe, could not continue to be agreeable to the people of Great Britain. Yet, so long as it was carried on successfully and against the natural enemy on the other side of the channel, however men might murmur in private, it was not supposed that they would hazard opposition to the popular enthusiasm created in its favor by a long course of victory. Very suddenly, the affairs of Europe took a new turn, in which not simply an adherence to but an extension of the war policy was involved. And this furnished Bute with the opportunity which he wanted. France, though beaten everywhere in the field, yet, encouraged by the decease of the old sovereign and fully apprized of the movements in the cabinet of the new one, was no longer inclined to negotiate with sincerity ; the less so, as she nourished a hope, by the promised coöperation of Spain under a new and secret treaty, of recovering her losses in the war, and thus regaining a position in which she might negotiate upon terms of equality. Suspecting the existence of this alliance, Mr. Pitt, with the boldness characteristic of his system, advised to cut the matter short, and anticipate its publication by a rupture also with Spain. There can now be little doubt that he was right, and that the display of unwonted energy at this crisis by the ministry of Great Britain, with the cordial support of the throne, would have made that country the arbitress of Europe. But the measure was known to be unpalatable to the sovereign and his real advisers, and it certainly was attended with some risk. The Whig ministers hesitated. They were not prepared to sustain the advice, and were willing to get rid of the adviser. A cabinet council followed, in which Pitt and Lord Temple found themselves alone in opinion. They therefore immediately resigned. The Whigs bent to the supremacy of the power behind the throne and sacrificed their popular ally. The result proved their short-sighted views both for the country and for themselves. The necessity of breaking with Spain soon became so evident, that a declaration of war established the superior sagacity of the retiring minister, whilst their cowardly desertion of him only the better paved the way to their own fall. If Lord Bute in

his policy calculated upon popular support, events did not ultimately verify his expectations. Writers hired by him to denounce Pitt must have sadly misunderstood human nature, if they imagined an impression could be made on the nation by objecting to his successes. They charged him with "madly ruining the kingdom with conquests." A more effective string to touch would have been defeats and reverses; but these fortune was not so kind as to supply. It almost seemed as if the good genius of Pitt was leading the British arms from one success to another, even after his retirement, with the intent to set at naught the devices of his enemies. Under such circumstances, ordinary rules of action could not hold good. Under such circumstances, he could not become the popular minister, who, in the mid career of victory, should interpose the cry of peace.

The great point, however, was attained when Pitt resigned. The old cabinet was broken up, and that in a manner most favorable to the purposes of the new minister. The members of it had parted in anger, Pitt justly complaining of treachery, the Whigs of arrogance and haughty bearing. In this division, there can be no question that both parties were almost equally in fault. Pitt doubtless had read in the first act of the reign the decree of his own dismissal; but the consciousness of it should have made it the more his duty to guard against giving unnecessary advantages against himself. Less of that impetuosity, which we took occasion formerly to point out as his defect as a statesman, would have enabled him to draw the full advantage of his political sagacity, without alienating colleagues whose aid was essential to his support. The Whig aristocracy, on the other hand, were too eager to get free from the grasp of a great man, whose abilities and success excited their envy, whilst his uncompromising manners irritated and mortified their pride. Our author says, that of all of them Lord Talbot alone seemed to foresee the consequence of the breach. He advised the exulting old Duke of Newcastle "not to die for joy on the Monday, nor for fear on the Tuesday." But the Duke had already lost whatever political skill he ever possessed, and now only held on to place with the tenacity incident to habits of long possession. He could not comprehend, that those who had had courage enough to affront Pitt would make little account of all the opposition he might rally

against them. He did not see, that he had laid one step for Lord Bute over his colleague, in order that the next might easily go over himself. Much less did he understand, that, by his conduct, he closed up all the avenues to future confidence between the parties who now separated. This effect became visible in the attempts made some time afterwards, and without success, to reunite them in administration. And thus it happened here, as it has not unfrequently happened at other times, that over-greediness to retain office proved the most solid obstacle to its ultimate recovery.

But although the plan of Lord Bute had failed to make Pitt's system unpopular, it was not so unsuccessful as respected the man. He loaded the popular idol with a pension, and took care to sound very loud in the public presses his acceptance of the favors of the crown. Furthermore, in conjunction with Dodington, and others of his mercenary stamp, he was not slow to instigate those attacks upon a fallen minister which can always be obtained from unscrupulous writers, ever ready to pay their court to the living by kicking at the dead lion. For a moment, an impression was actually made. Even the city of London wavered in its attachment to the Great Commoner. But it was only for a moment. The people soon comprehended the distinction between a reward for past and a purchase of future services, and restored their favorite to their esteem. When the king went to dine in the city with the lord mayor, it was made tolerably evident that he was only playing second in the pageant to Mr. Pitt.

Yet, in spite of these unfavorable symptoms, the policy of Bute was steadily and rapidly carried on. In the cabinet, the absolute necessity of peace was more and more insisted on. In parliament, attacks were encouraged upon the connection with Prussia and the German war. Here the aid of the Duke of Bedford and of his connection, anxious to open the way to power, proved of essential service in furthering his schemes. There was little danger of any combination among the Whigs which would prove formidable to the premier. The time had then arrived to expel the nominal chief and to take his place. After a brief and fruitless remonstrance made by Lord Mansfield in behalf, and probably at the instance, of the Duke of Newcastle, that nobleman saw and reluctantly submitted to his fate ; and then the Earl of

Bute came forward publicly to assume that direction of affairs, which every body well knew he had for some time equally held in private and in a less conspicuous post.

Thus far the current had been onward, with little visible check. Mr. Pitt, the most formidable obstacle, had almost removed himself. The Whig combination was completely broken up. One of its oldest chiefs had been removed from office without risking a struggle; another, the Duke of Bedford, had made himself the willing instrument to effect the abandonment of the foreign policy; and the Tories had been introduced into power as a permanent support against the fluctuations of contending factions. The revolution was complete, and Lord Bute had done it all in the short period of eighteen months. Upon a review of the events, it must be admitted that the plan of the new chief had been thus far well conceived and vigorously executed. But it needed one thing more to make it perfect. It demanded capacity, courage, and perseverance in carrying it out against opposition. Failing in these, it soon fell into confusion.

The first symptom of a storm came from the newspaper press. We know not that we can do better in describing it than to borrow the words of our author.

"Scarce was the Earl of Bute seated but one step below the throne, when a most virulent weekly paper appeared, called the *North Briton.* Unawed by the prosecution of the Monitor (another opponent periodic satire, the author of which had been taken up for abusing favorites), and though combated by two court papers called the Briton and the Auditor (the former written by Smollett and the latter by Murphy, and both which the new champion fairly silenced in a few weeks), the North Briton proceeded with an acrimony, a spirit, and a licentiousness unheard of before even in this country. The highest names, whether of statesmen or magistrates, were printed at length, and the insinuations went still higher. In general, favoritism was the topic, and the partiality of the court to the Scots. Every obsolete anecdote, every illiberal invective, was raked up and set forth in strong and witty colors against Scotland. One of the first numbers was the most outrageous, the theme taken from the loves of Queen Isabella and Mortimer. No doubt but it lay open enough to prosecution, and the intention was to seize the author. But on reflection it was not thought advisable to enter on the discussion of such a subject in Westminster Hall; and as the daring audaciousness of the writer promised little decorum,

it was held prudent to wait till he should furnish a less delicate handle to vengeance: a circumspection that deceived and fell heavy on the author, who, being advised to more caution in his compositions, replied, he had tried the temper of the court by the paper on Mortimer, and found they did not dare to touch him.

"This author, who must be so often mentioned in the following pages, was John Wilkes, member of parliament for Ailesbury. He was of a plebeian family, but inherited a tolerable fortune in Buckinghamshire, and had been bred at Oxford, where he distinguished himself by humorous attacks on whatever was esteemed most holy and respectable. Unrestrained either in his conduct or conversation, he was allowed more wit than in truth he possessed; and, living with rakes and second-rate authors, he had acquired fame, such as it was, in the middling sphere of life, before his name was so much as known to the public. His appearance as an orator had by no means conspired to make him more noticed. He spoke coldly and insipidly, though with impertinence; his manner was poor and his countenance horrid. When his pen, which possessed an easy, impudent style, had drawn the attention of mankind towards him, and it was asked who this saucy writer was, Fame, that had adopted him, could furnish but scurvy anecdotes of his private life. He had married a woman of fortune, used her ill, and at last cruelly, to extort from her the provision he had made for her separate maintenance; he had debauched a maiden of family by an informal promise of marriage, and had been guilty of other frauds and breaches of trust. Yet the man, bitter as he was in his political writings, was commonly not ill-natured or acrimonious. Wantonness, rather than ambition or vengeance, guided his hand; and, though he became the martyr of the best cause, there was nothing in his principles or morals that led him to care under what government he lived. To laugh and riot, and scatter firebrands, with him was liberty. Despotism will for ever reproach Freedom with the profligacy of such a saint.

"Associated with Wilkes in pleasure and in the composition of the North Briton was a clergyman named Churchill, who stepped out of obscurity about the same period, and was as open a contemner of decency as Wilkes himself, but far his superior in the endowments of his mind. Adapted to the bear-garden by his athletic mould, Churchill had frequented no school so much as the theatres. He had existed by the lowest drudgery of his function, while poetry amused what leisure he could spare, or rather what leisure he *would* enjoy; for his muse and his mistress and his bottle were so essential to his existence, that they engrossed all

but the refuse of his time. Yet for some years his poetry had proved as indifferent as his sermons, till a cruel and ill-natured satire on the actors had, in the first year of this reign, handed him up to public regard. Having caught the taste of the town, he proceeded rapidly, and in a few more publications started forth a giant in numbers, approaching as nearly as possible to his model, Dryden, and flinging again on the wild neck of Pegasus the reins which Pope had held with so tight and cautious a hand. Imagination, harmony, wit, satire, strength, fire, and sense crowded on his compositions; and they were welcome for him, — he neither sought nor invited their company. Careless of matter and manner, he added grace to sense, or beauty to nonsense, just as they came in his way; and he could not help being sonorous even when he was unintelligible. He advertised the titles of his poems, but neither planned nor began them till his booksellers, or his own want of money, forced him to thrust out the crude but glorious sallies of his uncorrected fancy. This bacchanalian priest, now mouthing patriotism, and now venting libertinism, the scourge of bad men, and scarce better than the worst, debauching wives, and protecting his gown by the weight of his fist, engaged with Wilkes in his war on the Scots; and sometimes learning, and as often not knowing, the characters he attacked, set himself up as the Hercules that was to cleanse the state and punish its oppressors; and true it is, the storm that saved us was raised in taverns and night-cellars; so much more effectual were the orgies of Churchill and Wilkes than the daggers of Cato and Brutus. The two former saved their country, while Catiline could not ruin his, — a work to which such worthies seemed much better adapted." — *Memoirs*, Vol. I.

It will be perceived, that in the foregoing sketch, as usual with our author, something of exactness is sacrificed to antithesis and point. Yet the characters here given, though perhaps too unfavorable, are in the main strikingly true. The influence which these two men exerted over public opinion in England is one among the wonders of this curious period. They are of that class of authors who write for time, and not for eternity. But in striking out a broad and deep channel for the passions of a people, they identify their names with the history of their day long after their works cease to be remembered. Who is there who now reads with any interest the famous No. 45 of the "North Briton"? Even the masculine vigor of Churchill's satire cannot wholly redeem it in our eyes from the gross defects of carelessness, of

unworthy passion, and of devotion to incidents merely temporary. Yet it is difficult at this day properly to estimate the extent of the power which these men exerted over the course of events by reviving national prejudices deeply fixed in the English mind, and concentrating them against the person of the first minister.

In the mean time, the leading measure upon which Bute had determined to stake his political fortunes was pushed without intermission. Although the course of the war continued favorable to England, and might have enabled her to expect from her exhausted opponents the humblest solicitations for peace, the conduct of the minister seemed almost as if he deprecated the conquests he was making, and as if he was a suitor for mercy rather than entitled to dictate its terms. Under these circumstances, a treaty could not fail soon to be the result. Again did Great Britain lose, by a change of ministry at a critical moment, as she had done in Queen Anne's time, the full benefit of her splendid victories. The treaty could scarcely fail to be an advantageous one, but the great mass of the people at once saw and felt that it was not such a one as they might have had, or such as Pitt, had he remained in power, would have made for them. Deep murmurs of bribery used by the French crown to obtain it were circulated far and wide. Instead of any success in conciliating the people by his measure, the return of the Duke of Bedford, the negotiator, from Paris, was the signal for the public manifestation of their discontent. It was plain that the ministry of Lord Bute was about to pass a fiery ordeal through a wavering parliament.

In the midst of all this, one change in the constitution of England makes itself decidedly perceptible, a change which was much developed by the rise of the elder Pitt. We allude to the power of the people, which rose as that of the old aristocracy began to decline. To that Pitt owed all his position ; without it, his wings were shorn in a parliament in which the aristocracy still exercised unbounded sway. When that body assembled, the success of the minister was more than doubtful. Much depended upon the course of Mr. Pitt, much upon the temper of the Whig connection. Bute succeeded in disarming the first by casting over him the network of the pension he had injudiciously consented to accept ; the latter he left to the management of the ablest and

most daring of Pitt's ancient rivals, the unscrupulous Henry Fox. Thus was a victory gained, but it was one which could not be repeated. *How* dearly that was obtained, it is worth while to go to Walpole to understand.

"Had the peace been instantaneously proposed to the House of Commons, there is no question but it would have been rejected; so strong a disgust was taken at the union of Bute and Fox, and so numerous were their several personal enemies. Yet in one respect Bute had chosen judiciously; Fox was not to be daunted, but set himself to work at the root. He even made applications to Newcastle; but the Duke of Cumberland had inspired even Newcastle and Devonshire with resolution! This, however, was the last miscarriage of moment that Fox experienced. Leaving the grandees to their ill-humor, he directly attacked the separate members of the House of Commons; and with so little decorum on the part of either buyer or seller, that a shop was publicly opened at the Pay-Office, whither the members flocked, and received the wages of their venality in bank bills, even to so low a sum as two hundred pounds, for their votes on the treaty. Twenty-five thousand pounds, as Martin, Secretary of the Treasury, afterwards owned, were issued in one morning; and in a single fortnight a vast majority was purchased to approve the peace!" — *Memoirs*, Vol. I.

It may be observed, in this connection, that the charge made for secret service money, during the brief ministry of Lord Bute, exceeded the sum of eight hundred thousand dollars. We recommend this view of the British constitution to those among us, who, under a strong sense of the evils which afflict our own republic, are too apt to overlook the greater ones equally perceptible in other forms of government.

But let this be as it may, the preliminaries of peace were approved by a vote of three hundred and nineteen to only sixty-five. Mr. Pitt, after an elaborate but not a violent speech of three hours and a half, which he was allowed, on account of his health, to make sitting, retired from the House amidst the huzzas of the multitude, *before the division*, and the Duke of Newcastle sent to his friends not to divide; on which they retired also. The victory was in appearance complete. Walpole adds: —

"Nothing can paint the importance of this victory to the court so strongly as what the Princess of Wales said, on the news of the preliminaries being carried: — 'Now,' said she,

'my son *is* king of England.' The ministers ordered that the numbers on the question should be printed, — had they printed the names, too, the world would have known the names of the sixty-five that were *not* bribed." — *Memoirs*, Vol. 1.

Neither was it on bribery alone that the ministry was contented to rely for its strength. A general order for the dismissal from office of all opponents to the treaty was executed with as little regard to private interests as is customary with us in the United States. The popular voice seemed for the moment as absolutely crushed as it ever had been in the haughtiest days of the Tudors; and yet, strange to say, in five months from the day of this victory, to the amazement of all parties, the individual who had appeared in every respect to triumph over opposition, frightened at the demonstrations of popular feeling, preferred to resign his post and go into retirement, rather than to hazard a perseverance in the contest.

But though the Earl of Bute, terrified by the fury of the storm he had raised, could shelter himself from it by this voluntary retirement, and lay the blame of it to the treachery of others, he could not equally restore his master to the position he had occupied at the beginning of his reign. The popular indignation had already spread from the minister to the crown, and the various powerful connections, which might ordinarily be counted upon to sustain the latter on an emergency, had been so far alienated that they stood aloof, distrustful of each other and afraid of the king. Bute had succeeded in breaking up those combinations which had dictated to George the Second, without attaining the end of making his successor really independent of the fragments. The consequence was, that George the Third was tossed about from faction to faction exactly as the majority of parliament chanced to dictate, until a comparatively late period, when his own policy happened to strike in with the popular feeling, and in some measure to restore him a basis to stand upon. There was still another result of the brief administration of Bute, of the most important character. He had infused into the government a considerable portion of the old Tory party, and although political distinctions had been gradually worn away until there was no public manifestation of difference of opinion upon general principles, a tendency to more arbitrary notions was the visible effect of

their return to the favor of the court. These notions were unquestionably not disagreeable to the king himself, and they will be found to have pervaded the policy of every ministry which he ever cordially supported. The prevalence of them in that administration which immediately followed the retirement of Bute must furnish the clew to most of the troubles of the reign.

The name of George Grenville has, unfortunately for him, become associated with the disastrous policy of this time. His character has been drawn by many hands, but by few more harshly than by our author. He says: —

"Mr. Grenville had hitherto been known but as a fatiguing orator and indefatigable drudge, more likely to disgust than to offend. Beneath this useful, unpromising outside lay lurking great abilities; courage so confounded with obstinacy, that there was no drawing the line betwixt them; good intentions to the public, without one great view; much economy for that public, which in truth was the whole amount of his good intentions; excessive rapaciousness and parsimony in himself; infinite self-conceit, which produced impossibility of instructing, convincing, or setting him right; implacability in his temper; and a total want of principles in his political conduct; for, having long professed himself uncommonly bigoted to the doctrines of liberty, he became the stanchest champion of unwarrantable power. As all his passions were expressed by one livid smile, he never blushed at the variations in his behaviour. His ingratitude to his benefactor, Lord Bute, and his reproaching Mr. Pitt with the profusion of a war which he had sometimes actively supported, and always tacitly approved, while holding a beneficial place, were but too often paralleled by the crimes of other men; but scarce any man ever wore in his face such outward and visible marks of the hollow, cruel, and rotten heart within. — *Memoirs*, Vol. I.

The bitterness with which this sketch is written at once deprives it of all authority. We prefer to consider Grenville as neither so great nor so bad as Walpole would make him. Excellent in a subordinate post, he was unlucky in being pushed into the lead at a moment requiring abilities and judgment of the very first class; and these he did not possess. The successor of Bute was bound to do his best to heal the breaches made by his predecessor, — to conciliate on all sides, — softening the obstinacy of the king, restoring

the various branches of the aristocracy to good-humor, and, most of all, changing by every practicable measure the course of the popular current. A more unsuitable person for every part of this duty could scarcely have been found than George Grenville. With every disposition to court the king, he was perpetually exhausting his patience and fretting his temper ; and with the most lively conviction of the truth of popular principles, no man carried more rigid and uncompromisingly arbitrary notions into his conduct. Indefatigable in the performance of the routine of his duties, and accurate in details, he seems to have been utterly wanting in those broad general views, by which the effect of measures can be weighed before it comes to be felt. Instead, therefore, of bringing the body politic into a more healthy and calm state, the two years of his administration served only to inflame every bad symptom. His first blunder was in immediately exalting John Wilkes into a martyr for liberty. His second and greatest was the degrading the continent of America to the level of his exchequer. But bitterly as the country suffered for the consequences of these errors, they were not the ones for which he was ultimately compelled to lose his position. Neither monarch nor parliament found fault with the persecution of Wilkes, or the taxation of the colonies. But an insult to the princess dowager, and jealousy of Lord Bute too openly expressed, drove the reluctant king to seek refuge even under the revived popularity of Pitt.

But it was too late. Pitt was in no mind to sew together this coat of shreds and patches, and he saw clearly enough, that upon no other terms could he be minister. There are persons even now who regret, that, when the opportunity was offered to him to reconstruct a Whig administration, he refused to avail himself of it. By the lately published letters of Burke, it would appear that *he* never forgave him for it. But it is plain from his own letters to the Duke of Grafton, that he had the conduct of the Duke of Newcastle and his connection at the time of his former resignation too distinctly in his recollection to be willing to trust himself entirely in their hands. Lord Temple, too, the only person in that cabinet who had adhered to him, was now, for some reasons which have not yet been distinctly explained, unwilling to second the negotiation. The work of Bute in destroying all mu-

tual confidence had been too thoroughly done to make any cordial combination possible. And even could it have been made, the time had gone by when it could have been of service to the country. Fire had already been set to the train, and a conflagration was inevitable. So far, then, from joining in the condemnation of Pitt at this time, we should incline to applaud his discretion, and only to regret for his sake that he did not, by adhering to his decision to the end, save himself from the mortification which attended the failure of his subsequent administration.

For it ought to be recollected, that, before this negotiation took place, the forty-fifth number of the "North Briton" had already brought upon its author the penalty of imprisonment in the Tower, by virtue of a general warrant to search papers and seize persons, issued from the office of the secretary of state; and the fatal resolution, asserting the right to charge certain stamp duties in the colonies, had passed in parliament and was known in America. Mr. Wilkes, although in no respect deserving of personal sympathy, was yet a member of parliament, and as such had every reason to rely for support, if not upon a constitutional objection, at least upon the *esprit du corps* which pervades all such bodies of men. As if this were not resource enough for a demagogue, the ministers went on, apparently determined, by combining every species of persecution, personal or political, at once upon his head, to coerce the people into the worship of him as a martyr of liberty. Not content with immuring him in the Tower on account of his libel, from which only the accident of Chief-Justice Pratt's being on the bench of the Common Pleas released him, they surreptitiously procured, and pompously exposed, an obscene composition of his which they had done more wisely quietly to have destroyed. And last of all, individuals connected with the government were not unwilling to pursue the matter still further, and to heap personal quarrels upon a man already apparently sinking under the weight of arbitrary power.

The motives of this course were too palpable not to defeat the end hoped to be gained by it. John Wilkes liked nothing better than this being made a hero. At political intriguing he was more than a match for his opponents; and he had no superfluous scruples in the way of his taking advantage of all their blunders. The consequence was, that a

very bad man made himself the type of the purest public principles; and such had been the perverse magic of Grenville, that the cry of "Wilkes and Liberty" resounded over both continents, against their will, from the lips of the most honest and patriotic spirits of the world.

As we have thus far made our extracts from only one of the works before us, we cannot, perhaps, do better, in giving a specimen of the other, than to select the whimsical letter to Sir Horace Mann, describing all these movements against Wilkes: —

"Arlington Street, Nov. 17, 1763.

"The campaign is opened, hostilities begun, and blood shed. Now you think, my dear Sir, that all this is metaphor, and mere eloquence. You are mistaken; our diets, like that approaching in Poland, use other weapons than the tongue; ay, in good truth, and they who use their tongue too, and who, perhaps, you are under the common error of thinking would not fight, have signalized their prowess. But stay, I will tell you my story more methodically; perhaps you shall not know for these two pages what member of the British senate, of that august divan whose wisdom influences the councils of all Europe, as its incorrupt virtue recalls to mind the purest ages of Rome, was shot in a duel yesterday in Hyde Park. The parliament met on Tuesday. We — for you know I have the honor of being a senator, sat till two in the morning; and had it not been that there is always more oratory, more good sense, more knowledge, and more sound reasoning in the House of Commons than in the rest of the universe put together, the House of Lords only excepted, I should have thought it as tedious, dull, and unentertaining a debate as ever I heard in my days. The business was a complaint made by one King George of a certain paper called the North Briton, No. 45, which the said king asserted was written by a much more famous man, called Mr. Wilkes. — Well! and so you imagine that Mr. Wilkes and King George went from the House of Commons and fought out their quarrel in Hyde Park? And which do you guess was killed? Again you are mistaken. Mr. Wilkes, with all the impartiality in the world, and with the phlegm of an Areopagite, sat and heard the whole matter discussed, and now and then put in a word, as if the affair did not concern him. The House of Commons, who would be wisdom itself, if they could but all agree on which side of a question wisdom lies, and who are sometimes forced to divide in order to find this out, did divide twice on this affair. The first time, one hundred and eleven, of which I had the misfortune to be one, had more

curiosity to hear Mr. Wilkes's story than King George's; but three hundred being of the contrary opinion, it was plain they were in the right, especially as they had no *private* motives to guide them. Again, the individual one hundred and eleven could not see that the North Briton tended to ferment treasonable insurrections, though we had it argumentatively demonstrated to us for seven hours together; but the moment we heard two hundred and seventy-five gentlemen counted, it grew as plain to us as a pike-staff; for a syllogism carries less conviction than a superior number, though that number does not use the least force upon earth, but only walk peaceably out of the house and into it again. The next day we were to be in the same *numerical* way convinced that we ought to be but one hundred and ten, for that we ought to expel Mr. Wilkes out of the house; and the majority were to prove to us (for we are slow of comprehension, and imbibe instruction very deliberately), that, in order to have all London acquainted with the person and features of Mr. Wilkes, it would be necessary to set him on a high place called the pillory, where every body might see him at leisure. Some were even ready to think, that, being a very ugly man, he would look better without his ears; and poor Sir William Stanhope, who endeavoured all day by the help of a trumpet to listen to these wise debates and found it to no purpose, said, 'If they want a pair of ears, they may take mine, for I am sure they are of no use to me.' The regularity, however, of these systematic proceedings has been a little interrupted. One Mr. Martin, who has much the same quarrel with Mr. Wilkes as King George, and who chose to suspend his resentment, like his Majesty, till with proper dignity he could notify his wrath to parliament, did express his indignation with rather less temper than the king had done, calling Mr. Wilkes to his face *cowardly scoundrel*, which you, who represent monarchs, know is not royal language. Mr. Wilkes, who, it seems, whatever may have been thought, had rather die compendiously than piecemeal, inquired of Mr. Martin by letter, next morning, if he, Mr. Wilkes, was meant by him, Mr. Martin, under the periphrasis *cowardly scoundrel.* Mr. Martin replied in the affirmative, and accompanied his answer with a challenge. They immediately went into Hyde Park; and at the second fire Mr. Wilkes received a bullet in his body. Don't be frightened, the wound was not mortal, — at least it was not yesterday. Being corporally delirious to-day, as he has been mentally some time, I cannot tell what to say to it. However, the breed will not be lost if he should die. You have still countrymen enough left; we need not despair of amusement.

"Now, would you not think that this man had made noise enough, and that he had no occasion to burn a temple to perpetuate his name? Alas, alas! there is nothing like having two strings to one's bow. The very day in which the scene I have mentioned passed in the House of Commons, Lord Sandwich produced to the Lords a poem, called an *Essay on Woman*, written by the same Mr. Wilkes, though others say, only enlarged by him from a sketch drawn by a late son of a late archbishop. It is a parody on Pope's Essay on Man; and, like that, pretending to notes by Dr. Warburton, the present holy and orthodox Bishop of Gloucester. The piece, indeed, was only printed, and only fourteen copies, but never published. Mr. Wilkes complains that he never read it but to two persons, who both approved it highly, Lord Sandwich and Lord Despencer. The style, to be sure, is at least not unlike that of the last. The wicked even affirm, that very lately, at a club with Mr. Wilkes, held at the top of the play-house in Drury Lane, Lord Sandwich talked so profanely that he drove two harlequins out of company. You will allow, however, that the production of this poem so critically was masterly; the secret, too, was well kept; nor, till a vote was passed against it, did even Lord Temple suspect who was the author. If Mr. Martin has not killed him, nor should we, you see here are faggots enough in store for him still. The Bishop of Gloucester, who shudders at abuse and infidelity, has been measuring out ground in Smithfield for his execution; and in his speech begged the devil's pardon for comparing him to Wilkes." — *Letters to Mann*, Vol. I., pp. 95 – 97.

The effect of this extraordinary attempt to destroy Wilkes was a deep and universal agitation of the popular mind. Churchill came forward in defence of his friend with a satire upon Lord Sandwich, which for vigor and ferocity exceeds any thing of the kind in the English language; and the result of all was, that the mob took the side of the weaker party with enthusiasm. At the theatre, upon the performance of "The Beggar's Opera," when the robber Macheath came to the sentence of his part, "That Jemmy Twitcher should peach me, I own surprises me," the whole audience manifested, by their applause of application, a singularly nice sense of the exact relation which the parties bore to each other in the controversy. Lord Sandwich became known as Jemmy Twitcher everywhere; and such had been the want of discretion of the government, that the vices of the political Macheath were soon forgotten in the indignation excited at

the manner in which he had been attacked. After the duel with Martin had taken place, Churchill launched forth another of his satires, well calculated to keep the thermometer at boiling point. Parliament had solemnly voted the "North Briton" to be burned by the common hangman. The attempt to execute the order was followed by a riot, the sheriffs and constables were beaten off the ground, and, instead of the obnoxious paper, a jackboot and a petticoat, the emblems of the power supposed to stand behind the throne, — the Scotch earl and the princess mother, — were formally and triumphantly committed to the flames.

The arbitrary proceedings against Wilkes led to earnest and violent discussions in parliament, in which the opposition completely triumphed in the argument, and swelled almost to a majority in numbers. But the words which fell from the leading men had their effect far beyond the circle for which they were intended. They sunk deep in the minds of the people in the Colonies at the very moment when the government was preparing to make an assault upon their rights. The cry of "Wilkes and Liberty" had been familiarly heard in the streets of Boston, before the louder one arose of resistance to stamps. And the mob of that place was not slow to follow the example of the metropolitan city in hanging from the branches of its liberty tree the boot, the odious type of backstairs influence, together with the effigy of the first officer of stamps. The body politic on both continents was now trembling in every muscle, and sinew, and fibre, — a condition portending some violent revolution; and all from what a cause! Four years before, George the Third had been proclaimed sovereign of what was then the most quiet and contented people in the world. The ocean, which at that time bore the aspect of a vast mirror reflecting a sky without a cloud, was now foaming and fretting, with billows mountain-high, under the fitful blasts of the hurricane that had burst upon it. Let those to whom the management of public affairs is intrusted, all over the world, study well the important lesson supplied by the history of these events. Let them practise caution in the adoption, and prudence in the execution, of new experiments, which, whilst they save their names from deep disgrace with posterity, answer the more important and valuable end of keeping an uncounted multitude industrious and happy.

But our limits warn us of the impossibility of dwelling long even upon the most interesting scenes. The bark of George Grenville, which had escaped the dangers of general warrants and stamp duties, and the dismission of general officers, was suddenly wrecked upon a regency bill; and the king, having tried every other resource in vain, was at last driven to send for the Marquis of Rockingham, now the acknowledged head of the old Whig connection. Thus commenced the fourth ministry in less than five years of the reign, — a ministry somewhat different from its predecessors, as it came in avowedly for the purpose of curing evils inflicted by them, but which were already beyond remedy. Hopeless as was the task, it was undertaken by men to whom the execution of a much lighter one would have been impossible. They had little beyond great fortunes and a very good will to sustain them; but they set about their system with not the less cheerfulness for that. Their first measure was the repeal of the Stamp Act, which, however, they had not the courage to pass without tacking to it a series of resolutions declaratory of the supreme authority of parliament, which robbed it of half its value and effect. They fixed the seal of reprobation upon general warrants, and passed other acts of a popular character. But instead of infusing a drop more of vitality, this policy rapidly brought the government to the verge of dissolution. The king was not cordial, for he never, at any time of his life, loved the old Whig party, and, whenever it was forced upon him, never rested until he got rid of it again. Pitt, whose voice had once more become law over the nation, still remembering their conduct to him two years before, though his sentiments coincided most nearly with this out of all the parties, and though courted almost with servility by them, would neither join them himself, nor tie himself to any line of conduct whatsoever; and the ejected faction, headed by Grenville and the Duke of Bedford, was stirring heaven and earth for materials with which to force itself back into power. There was no way to keep it out but to go again to Pitt. The king had not forgotten the regency bill; so he readily decided for this branch of the alternative. The Lord Chancellor Northington interposed to set the trap for him, Pitt fell into it, and the fifth administration of the reign began under a name now for the first time appearing as that of the Earl of Chatham.

It would be presumptuous in us to attempt a sketch of an administration which has been immortalized by the pen of Edmund Burke. The great event of the Rockingham administration had been the appearance of this new and bright star in parliament; and such is its importance, that we must stop for a moment in order to present the sketch given upon the occasion by Walpole.

"There appeared in this debate a new speaker, whose fame for eloquence soon rose high above the ordinary pitch. His name was Edmund Burke, an Irishman, of a Roman Catholic family, and actually married to one of that persuasion.* He had been known to the public for a few years by his 'Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful,' and other ingenious works; but the narrowness of his fortune had kept him down, and his best revenue had arisen from writing for booksellers. Lord Rockingham, on being raised to the head of the Treasury, had taken Burke for his private secretary, as Mr. Conway had his cousin William. Edmund immediately proved a bitter scourge to George Grenville, whose tedious harangues he ridiculed with infinite wit, and answered with equal argument. Grenville himself was not more copious; but, with unexhausted fertility, Burke had an imagination that poured out new ideas, metaphors, and allusions, which came forth ready dressed in the most ornamental and yet the most correct language. In truth, he was so fond of flowers, that he snatched them, if they presented themselves, even from Ovid's Metamorphoses. His wit, though prepared, seldom failed him; his judgment often. Aiming always at the brilliant, and rarely concise, it appeared that he felt nothing really but the lust of applause. His knowledge was infinite, but vanity had the only key to it; and though no doubt he aspired highly, he seemed content when he had satisfied the glory of the day, whatever proved the event of the debate. This kind of eloquence contented himself, and often his party; but the house grew weary at length of so many essays. Having come too late into public life, and being too conceited to study men whom he thought his inferiors in ability, he proved a very indifferent politician, — the case of many men I have known, who have dealt too much in books or a profession; they apply their knowledge to objects to which it does not belong, and think it as easy to govern men, when they rise above them, as they found [it?] when themselves were lower and led their superiors

* "Mrs. Burke was a Presbyterian; the belief, however, of her being a Papist was very general. — *Note by the Editor.*"

by flattery. It is perhaps more expedient for a man of mean birth to be humble after his exaltation than before. Insolence is more easily tolerated in an inferior, than in an inferior mounted above his superiors." — *Memoirs,* Vol. II., pp. 273, 274.

Such is the criticism of a shrewd contemporary ; the substance of it all is compressed by Goldsmith into small compass. Yet this indifferent politician will probably have credit with posterity for sustaining on his Atlantean shoulders the whole of the aristocracy, which looked down upon him while he was living, through one of the most fiery struggles known in history. It is almost comical to think, at this time, when the relative position of the parties is so completely altered, of our author's censure of Burke for refusing to continue humble to the last before men, his inferiors, who began life with every advantage over him. That Burke, like almost all the men of mean birth but of great literary and political eminence in Great Britain, should have preferred the maintenance of institutions which pressed hardly upon him to playing the part of a brilliant demagogue for his own benefit, as has been too often done in other countries, ancient and modern, European and American, is, we think, greatly to the credit of his principles. And it is a poor return of gratitude to his services, both for what he did, and for what, when he had the power in his hands, he did not do, to find fault with a consciousness of his own superiority to others, which he could not have the hypocrisy to conceal. Posterity, which loses in the distance the perception of small defects, will probably pronounce Burke, in an age of able men, the great man. In the long columns of the parliamentary reports, where every thing else has become tedious, his speeches contrast like letters of silver against the dark and leaden types which surround them ; and his mind shines forth before us as the mind of a philosopher, as well as a statesman, whilst those of the brightest of his day, including Charles Townshend, and Fox, and Pitt, and we may even add Lord Chatham, sink in the comparison into those of the merest politicians.

Of Lord Chatham we have formerly given our estimate so very much at length, that we have little now to add. An explanation of his conduct during his second administration, however, has been made in the present work, which merits

some notice here. It is more than insinuated, that his anxiety, caused by a breach with his only friend, Lord Temple, at the moment of his assuming the responsibility of office, working upon a frame deeply diseased, produced a state of temporary insanity. It may be that there is some portion of truth in this conjecture, which certainly receives countenance from the careful manner in which he was secluded from all communication with the world during a part of the time. Yet, on the other hand, there are occasional evidences furnished of intelligence by no means consistent with this hypothesis ; and his subsequent career contradicts it altogether. There were many of his day, and Walpole is himself of the number, who imputed to him the habit of feigning illness whenever it did not please him to appear in public. We always allow much to the sarcastic turn of our author's mind, and prefer, in cases of this kind, to take what seems to us the most natural and easy explanation. We cannot believe Pitt to have been constantly guilty of the simulation with which he is charged, and still less can we credit his supposed insanity. We do conceive that he was ill, very ill, with a disorder which pressed him the more severely as his mental anxiety on account of his difficult position became greater. He now felt in its full force the disadvantage of having trod his solitary path aloof from every political connection. He had alienated the Rockingham party, had not conciliated the Bedfords, and, in the just determination to make no terms with George Grenville, he had irritated Lord Temple, who left him with the memorable and prophetic words ringing in his ears, that "He would not go in like a child to come out like a fool." Last of all, he had been tempted by the bawble of a peerage to leave the scene of his supremacy, to surrender the secret of his power. Scarcely could his ministry have been formed, before he must have begun to feel every disadvantage under which he had placed himself. With a master not noted for sincerity, an unstable leader in the House of Commons, — Charles Townshend, — and associates wavering or positively unfriendly, he found, moreover, that he was no longer "*the* Great Commoner" in the eyes of his only real supporters, the body of the English people. His magic wand was broken at the very moment when it was most necessary for him to wield it with effect. The early consciousness of this appears to

have paralyzed his faculty of exertion. Instead of doing as he did in his former ministry, spreading his energy over the other departments of the government as well as his own, he now left each to get on as it might by its own unassisted resources. He contented himself with devising a system, and left the rest to chance. It can scarcely be surprising, then, that the difficulties of his position, increasing every hour, should have aggravated the evil symptoms in a shattered frame, and laid him upon a bed of suffering incapable of any valuable effort. The wonder is, how his administration got along so well as it did for a time, and that in the face of one of the most memorable defeats in the House of Commons which a ministry ever had, — a vote on the land tax. The truth is, that the whole public was manifesting a signal instance of deference to great abilities. It was waiting for Chatham to get well. But as he did not get well, they learned to do without him, and he was forgotten. Accommodating themselves to the state of things, the ministry let in the Bedfords, and another administration, new-modelled under the auspices of the Duke of Grafton, but subsequently identified with the name of Lord North, began, — the sixth, be it observed, which had passed in quick succession since the commencement of the reign.

Whether, in all these rapid changes on the political chessboard, the hand of the Scotch favorite behind the throne was or was not active, is a question which has not even yet been absolutely determined. That all the leading actors of the time fully believed that it was, and that to this unseen interference was to be charged most of the apparent duplicity of the king's course, is unquestionable. On the other hand, it is equally certain, that Bute considered himself so far from exercising undue influence, as having rather been slighted, and was disposed to insinuate a want of gratitude for his services to the crown. Of the power of Bute during the first six years of the reign, nevertheless, we have no manner of doubt. But that it was as omnipotent as his opponents asserted, or as he would have preferred to have had it, cannot be credited. It is enough for the purposes of history to know, that he gave to the government of the country its unfortunate direction during this reign. From him may be traced the arbitrary doctrines and the tortuous policy which will make the era of George the Third remembered as one

long and violent contention, — the transition state of the British constitution.

Here we must reluctantly break off. The published portion of the Memoirs before us does not come down quite to the close of Lord Chatham's administration. We propose to reserve the consideration of the next six years until the appearance of the remaining volumes promised by the editor, — a period, it may be remarked, rendered deeply interesting by the publications of Junius, the parliamentary contest between Luttrell and Wilkes, and the commencement of the American troubles. Walpole's estimate of Lord Chatham will close this article. We regard it as on the whole more impartial than most of his characters, and marked by less of his acrimony in fault-finding. At the same time, it should be noticed how little he dwells upon the most marked characteristic of that statesman, his moral excellence in the midst of putrefying corruption. That William Pitt, with all the necessities of which Walpole speaks, should have beaten out his own path to the first position in England, relying entirely upon his own qualities and his own exertions, and that no greater charge should be brought against him during his career, than his accepting legitimate rewards from the crown for inestimable services rendered, makes him the phenomenon of the eighteenth century. We know of no one of his generation whose private letters correspond so entirely to his public professions, or in whom there is visible so little of that pestilent casuistry which infects the very vitals of the general run of political men. That Walpole, although generally a more discriminating judge than we could expect, when we consider his education, was not free from this infection, it is scarcely necessary for us to add. He makes the estimate of a contemporary, and not of a moralist, or a historian; as such, however, it is interesting, if not altogether happy.

"In all Lord Chatham's actions was discernible an imitation of his model, Ximenes; a model ill-suited to a free government, and worse to a man whose situation and necessities were totally different. Was the poor monk thwarted or disgraced, the asylum of his convent was open; and a cardinal, who was clothed in a hair-cloth at court, missed no fine linen, no luxury, in his cloister. Lord Chatham was as abstemious in his diet; but mixed Persian grandeur with herbs and roots. His equipages

and train were too expensive for his highest zenith of wealth, and he maintained them * when out of place and overwhelmed with debts ;— a wife and children were strange impediments to a Ximenes. Grandeur, show, and a pension could not wrestle with an opulent and independent nobility, nor could he buy them, though he had sold himself. His services to his country were far above those of Ximenes, who trampled on Castilian pride but to sacrifice it to the monarch of Castile. Lord Chatham had recalled the spirit of a brave nation, had given it victory and glory, and victory secured its liberty. As Ximenes had no such objects, the inflexibility of Ximenes was below the imitation of Camillus. It was mean ambition to stoop, from humbling the crowned heads of France and Spain, to contend with proud individuals and the arrogance of factions. At least, would a real great man have doted on a coronet, who prided himself in lowering the peerage ? Lord Chatham had been the arbiter of Europe ; he affected to be the master of the English nobility ; he failed, and remained with a train of domestics whom he could not pay. More like Nicholas Rienzi than Ximenes, the lord of Rome became ridiculous by aping the tawdry pageant of a triumph. Yet, as what is here said is the voice of truth, not the hiss of satire, British posterity will ever remember, that, as Lord Chatham's first administration obtained and secured the most real and substantial benefits to his country, the puerilities of his second could not efface their lustre. The man was lessened, not his merits. Even the shameful peace of Paris, concluded in defiance of him, could not rob the nation of all he had acquired ; nor could George the Third resign so much as Pitt had gained for George the Second. Half the empire of Indostan, conquered under his administration by the spirit he had infused, still pours its treasures into the Thames. Canada was subdued by his councils, and Spain and France — that yet dread his name — attest the reality of his services. The memory of his eloquence, which effected all these wonders, will remain, when the neglect of his contemporaries, and my criticisms, will be forgotten. Yet it was the duty of an annalist, and of a painter of nature, to exhibit the varying features of his portrait. The lights and shades of a great character are a moral lesson. Philosophy loves to study the man more than the hero or the statesman ; and whether his qualities were real or fictitious, his actions were so illus-

* Yet, so capricious is censure of public men, that even Lord Mahon has revived an old charge against Chatham, for making a public sale of his seven coach-horses, when he went out of office in 1761. Walpole himself notices the fact, with a commentary the direct opposite of this, in his letter to General Conway, dated October 12th of that year.

trious, that few names in the registers of Time will excite more curiosity than that of William Pitt." — *Memoirs*, Vol. II., pp. 385 – 388.

ART. VI. — 1. *An Account of the Trigonometrical Survey of Massachusetts.* By SIMEON BORDEN, Esq. Published in the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia. Vol. IX. Part I. 4to.

2. *A Topographical Map of Massachusetts, founded on Trigonometrical, Astronomical, and Local Surveys, made by Order of the Legislature.* SIMEON BORDEN, Superintendent. Published by the State. Boston. 1844.

THE triangulation and survey of Massachusetts for the purpose of constructing a map of the State, and the publication of the map itself, are matters, which, for various reasons, are worthy of some consideration in our pages. The excellent example which has thus been set, we hope, will soon be followed by some of the sister States, and the experience gained in executing this survey, the first of the kind on a large scale which has been made in this country, may be of use in directing their operations. Mr. Borden's modest account of his highly meritorious labors, and of the many ingenious methods which he contrived in order to insure accuracy in his work, is interesting throughout; but we shall confine our notice chiefly to his details of the history of the survey, and to some of the methods used and the results obtained. The character of the map, and some facts connected with it and its publication, will also be noticed.

The history of the survey, Mr. Borden states, commenced in March, 1830, when the legislature of Massachusetts passed resolves requiring the city of Boston and the several towns in the Commonwealth to make an accurate map, each of its own territory, upon a scale of one hundred rods to an inch, and to deposit the same in the office of the Secretary of State. These resolves gave directions in detail respecting the subject. During the same month, a resolve was passed, authorizing the governor to appoint skilful survey-

ors to make a survey of the State upon trigonometrical principles, combining astronomical observations with their work. Some time in the following summer, the governor appointed an astronomical and a topographical surveyor. During the season, most of the instruments were procured, and Mr. Borden was called upon to make an apparatus for measuring the base line. In the autumn, a location for the base line was selected, and the line was partially traced. This was all that was done in 1830. In the course of the ensuing winter, Mr. Borden made the measuring apparatus, and repaired the instruments. The apparatus being ready early in the spring of 1831, astronomical and chronometrical observations were commenced by the astronomical, and the surveys and triangulations by the topographical, surveyor. Mr. Borden was at this time assistant to the latter, and continued to be so for three years ; at the termination of that period, the topographical surveyor resigned, and the governor placed the survey under the charge of Mr. Borden.

In 1838, the astronomical surveyor made his final report, and the responsibility of completing the work devolved on Mr. Borden. At this time, the field work was supposed to be completed, and the necessary trigonometrical computations for compiling the map were commenced, when a difficulty was discovered, that might have been expected, considering the great number of individuals who had been employed on the various surveys. This difficulty was caused by the action of the legislature, who wished to save political reputation by saving the funds of the State treasury at the expense of the town treasuries, the expenditures from which would not be so publicly noted. The account before us thus describes the evil.

" After I had completed the field work, and had calculated a sufficient number of the main triangles to cover a section of fifty miles square of the western portion of the State, I commenced the work of compiling the map, when I found that the town maps had been returned to the Secretary so incorrectly drawn as to render it impossible in their actual state to make a satisfactory map from them. I was then obliged to go into the field again, with four or five assistants, to make corrections ; and this operation has been one of continual perplexity, and has cost the State, in my department alone, at the least estimation, ten thousand dollars more than it would have done had the towns

executed their portion of the work in good faith. It is my opinion, that, had the work been performed from beginning to end under the direction of a faithful and competent engineer, it might have been executed, at the rate of compensation which has been paid, for many thousand dollars less than it has now cost.

"Still, the survey of the State of Massachusetts, including eight thousand two hundred and thirty square miles of territory, and having an indented sea-coast of about three hundred miles, has been completed in a little more than ten years, at an expense of only sixty-one thousand three hundred and twenty-two dollars." — p. 34.

To this expenditure must be added about nine thousand five hundred dollars, paid chiefly for engraving and printing about eight hundred copies of the map for distribution among the several towns of the Commonwealth, the members of the legislature of 1844, the State's members of Congress, the president and vice-president, and the several departments at Washington. The whole cost to the State was nearly seventy-one thousand dollars. The act for the publication of the map provided, that the publisher, in return for the sum received by him from the State, and for the copyright of the work, should be obliged, for the term of three years, to furnish copies of the map to any applicant at the price of five dollars each, or about one half the amount for which any private individual could afford to get up such a work.

After the history of the survey, Mr. Borden enters into some details respecting the instruments and methods used, and then describes very fully the results obtained from his arduous and skilful labors with them. The first work was measuring the base line for the system of triangulation throughout the State, — a work entitling him to the greatest credit. The apparatus by which the base line was measured was of his own invention and construction, and so accurate did it prove, that two separate and independent measurements of a line over seven miles in length differed only 0.237 of an inch, a result showing a degree of perfection in the instruments and their use which we think has never been surpassed. A correct base line is so important an element of a trigonometrical survey, that we deem it of sufficient interest to transcribe from Mr. Borden's second

paper as perfect a description of the instruments used as can be made intelligible without reference to his diagrams ; and we give the account more in detail, because it has not yet been published.

The standard of length first selected was a scale two feet in length, constructed upon compensation principles, and of course unsuitable for division. When afterwards compared at Washington, by Mr. Hassler, of the United States coast survey, with his eighty-two-inch scale of Troughton's construction, which is an exact copy from the well known Troughton scale of Sir George Shuckburg, it was found, at the temperature 57° Fahrenheit, to be 0.0018 inches too short. The Massachusetts scale was used to complete the calculations with, and the corrections were made after a proper standard was fixed upon, which was Hassler's eighty-two-inch Troughton, at 62° Fahrenheit.

The apparatus with which the line was measured is fifty feet in length, and is contained within a strong and firmly soldered tin tube, eight and one-fourth inches in diameter, by which it is supported. It consists of two rods, three eighths of an inch in diameter, one of steel, the other of brass. These rods project six inches at both ends of the tube. They are each in four pieces, of nearly equal lengths, and are united, as it were, into two continuous rods, by what machinists call coupling-boxes. These are cylindrical in shape, about three inches long, and seven-eighths of an inch in diameter, with a hole passing through their centres longitudinally, of the size of the rods. A hole also passes transversely through the middle of the coupling cylinder, through which the observer may see that the ends of the rods are free from dirt or extraneous matter. The end of one of the rods having been inserted into the coupling-box until it makes its appearance in the centre of the transverse orifice, a hole of proper size is drilled through the box and the centre of the rod, in which a pin is inserted, and its ends riveted, so as firmly to bind the rod and coupling-box together. The end of the next rod is provided with a thin mortise, of a size proper to receive a suitable key ; the coupling-box, also, has a mortise to correspond to that in the rod. The mortised end of this rod is then inserted into the box, until it comes in contact with the end of the rod to which the coupling-box has already been secured. Then,

by examining the ends as seen in the transverse orifice, they may be made to meet each other properly. The key is then driven into the mortise, and keeps the ends of the rods firmly in contact with each other. The couplings belonging to the steel rods, as well as the pins and keys, are made of steel; those belonging to the brass rod are made of brass. These rods are supported within the tube by nineteen supports of cast-iron, each held in its place by five screws, to keep them in a single plane, and the rods straight when in their place.

Near the centre of each sheet of tin of which the tube is composed is soldered a ring or flange of tin, one inch deep, which serves to stiffen the tube and prevent it from collapsing while in use; the nineteen supports are placed near these flanges. The tube is about forty-nine feet long, made in four pieces of nearly equal length; they are attached to each other by small screw bolts passing through strong brass flanges, which are soldered into the ends of the several parts. These flanges are cast of sufficient length and strength to serve as bearings, to rest in the Y's of the trestles and support the tube. Each end of the tube, considering all the pieces as one, is tapered to about the size of the inside of the flanges placed within it, and has a cast-iron end fitted to it. Through these iron terminations the brass and steel rods project, and are attached to couplings similar in construction and principle to those which have been described. These couplings are fastened by movable joints to arms or indices; and at one end of the measure the index is made to stand at a constant angle with the axis of the tube by a stirrup-like apparatus screwed to this index and the iron end of the tube.

The arrangements at the other end are quite different, though the projection of the rods beyond the tube and their attachment by coupling-boxes to the index are the same. Within the end of the tube is placed a stiff spiral spring, capable of exerting an expansive force equal to several hundred pounds. There are two circular pieces of cast-iron, with flanges projecting in such a manner as to retain the spiral spring between them; and another piece of circular iron closes the end of the tube. The inner plate of iron is held in its position by two screws, which pass through the iron end of the tube, through a loop or projection of the centre plate, and through this inner plate, and is secured by screws

and nuts. An iron rod of three fourths of an inch in diameter passes through the centre of the plates and spring to the arm or index. The two screws which hold the inner plate force the spiral spring against the centre plate, which centre plate comes in contact with a nut that is screwed upon the centre rod, and forces the end of it with all the power of the spring against a steel knife-edge fixed to the arm or index, to which the brass and steel rods are attached at equal distances from it, and thus operates to keep them extended or straightened. An iron frame is arranged outside of the end plate, to protect the portions of the rods which project beyond the tube, and to keep the index steady, or always in the same position with regard to the rest of the apparatus.

Near the end of each arm or index is attached a circular piece of silver, crossed at the centre by two fine lines, at right angles with each other, the intersection of which marks the terminus of the measure. One of these pieces is soldered to the arm, the other is soldered upon the head of a screw bolt or clamp, that it may be adjusted so as to make the measuring apparatus of the desired length. The proportions are so regulated, that the distances on the indices from the termini to the rivets which secure the steel rod are to the expansion or contraction of steel, as the distances from the termini to the rivets which secure the brass rod are to the expansion or contraction of brass. If these proportions have been accurately determined, and the terminus marked upon one arm be attached to some stationary object, and a microscope placed securely over the other terminus, it will be evident, from a careful consideration of the arrangement of the apparatus, that the brass and steel rods may expand and contract to the full amount that the differences of temperature require, without changing the position of the terminus under the microscope.

The tube or measure is supported upon two tripods or trestles, very carefully and substantially made, the legs being in two parts, and provided with screws and bolts to lengthen or shorten them as required, and to tighten the joints in case of their shrinking or becoming loose from wear. The Y upon which the tube rests is fixed on a sliding frame levelled with the ordinary levelling-screws, and moved and screwed horizontally with thumb-screws. The microscopes for each end of the measure are compound ones, consisting of a sin-

gle object lens, and a compound eye-piece of two lenses, with cross hairs at the common focus. The focal distance is about one and five eighths of an inch. They are placed upon trestles, in principle and construction similar to those for the tube, the dimensions being something less. To the sliding frame of the microscope-stand are attached columns to support the microscope, instead of the Y upon which the tube rests.

After describing the instruments employed in measuring his base line, Mr. Borden enters fully into the manner of using them. The base line chosen was on the Connecticut river, above Northampton, and was found to be 39,009.73 feet, or 7.3882 miles, long. Each terminus of the line was marked by a cross on the end of a copper bolt fixed in a large stone firmly bedded in the earth, and extending about eighteen inches beneath the surface. Before measuring the line, it was very accurately run and marked with a theodolite, and afterwards a theodolite was used for each placing of the measure. Eight men were employed in measuring the line, and the manifold operations, performed with great care in the measurement, are very minutely described, and seem well calculated to insure very favorable results.

Mr. Borden next enters into some particulars respecting the operations connected with the triangulation. A twelve-inch repeating theodolite, made by Troughton, with a vertical circle attached, was used to measure the vertical angles, and a telescope forty-six inches in focal length, made by Mr. Borden, to measure the azimuth angles. The various signal-staffs and stations are fully described, and good judgment appears to have been shown in making and using them. The superintendent mentions several atmospheric phenomena, which came under his observation in the course of the survey, some of which he explains in a very satisfactory manner. We quote one passage respecting the transparency of the atmosphere.

"As respects the transparency of the atmosphere, I have made many observations with the view of ascertaining the reasons why distant objects cannot be distinctly seen on certain days when the atmosphere appears to be uncommonly transparent.

"At the latter end of November, 1835, I was at the station in Fairhaven. Soon after our arrival, we had a fall of several

inches of snow; severe cold weather succeeded it; and, although the atmosphere appeared uncommonly transparent to the unassisted eye, still we were unable to see our distant signals. In a few days after the snow had fallen, the weather became warmer, and a rain ensued which took off nearly all the snow; on the morning following the rain, the 5th of December, we went early to the station, and discovered that all of our signals could be seen with tolerable distinctness, although the atmosphere was apparently not near so transparent as it had been at several of our previous visits to the station. The heavens were densely clouded. I think the sun did not appear at all, or if seen, it must have been so very dimly as not to have perceptible influence on the atmosphere. The day, of course, was, comparatively speaking, a dark one. We commenced our operations of measuring angles as rapidly as we could; but we had not been long engaged in our work before the atmosphere began to present a very curdled appearance, and our signals to appear dim; in a short time they appeared plainer again, and then again more dim; the appearances thus alternating. Having a thermometer, I directed one of my assistants to see if any changes took place in it corresponding with the changes in the appearance of the signals; and we soon ascertained that these changes always occurred together. A slight change of the instrument could be easily detected from the appearance of the signals, particularly when looking across water. I think the change of appearance was not so strikingly apparent across land." — pp. 40, 41.

After making these observations, Mr. Borden gives his estimates of the temperature of the surface of the land and water across which the observations were made. He then says: —

"I came, therefore, to the conclusion, that the nearer the atmosphere and the surface of the earth or water across which the line of sight lies are to the same temperature, the more distinctly can distant objects be seen in an atmosphere of equal transparency." — p. 42.

And further to elucidate the subject, he describes the different appearances of distant objects.

"I would premise, that the atmosphere is supposed to be transparent, that is, free from fogs, smoke, dust, or other heterogeneous matter. We commence in the morning. Our reason will teach us, that the surface of the earth and the atmosphere are oftener at the same temperature at this time. Objects in the morning appear perfectly still, and present a well-defined

outline. As the sun rises, the surface of the earth absorbs warmth more readily than the air, and, of course, the stratum of air which lies in immediate contact with the earth becomes rarefied and rises, forming ascending currents, while the vacuum is supplied by descending currents. In consequence of this condition of the atmosphere, distant objects present a waving appearance; the light reflected from them appears to be sluggishly refracted from right to left, and from left to right, — the image of the objects appearing of about the same dimensions as when first observed, and with still a distinct outline. The sun continues to rise; the heat increases, and with it ascending and descending currents in the atmosphere; the images of the objects lose their wavy appearance, and appear larger and fainter; the refractions from right to left and from left to right succeed each other with such rapidity that all further appearance of distinct outline disappears, and, in proportion as their apparent size increases, their distinctness diminishes, until, if the objects be small and far off, no traces of them can be seen.

"If we suppose a diminution of heat, from the temperature of distinct sight, in the same ratio that we have been supposing an increase (which frequently takes place in the afternoon of a cold day), objects will present similar appearances, and vanish in the same manner." — pp. 42, 43.

Mr. Borden explains minutely his process of determining the azimuths of the stations, and the system adopted of preparing them for the map. In the account of the vertical triangles and levelling of the primitive stations of the survey, the level above mean tide of many of the most prominent stations throughout the State are put down. We give the level of a few of the stations.

"Cupola of State House, Boston,		248.84 feet.
Nahant,		89.90 "
Blue Hill,	Milton,	635.05 "
Prospect Hill,	Waltham,	482 27 "
Manomet Hill,	Plymouth,	394.25 "
Cassicut Hill,	Fall River,	355.00 "
Holt's Hill,	Andover,	422.95 "
Wachusett Mountain,	Princeton,	2022.02 "
Mount Tom,	Northampton,	1213.63 "
Watatic Mount,	Ashburnham,	1847.35 "
Bald Peak,	Mount Washington,	2623.65 "
Saddle Mountain,	Adams,	3505.50 "

"The mean refractions were found to vary from one tenth to one twentieth of the arc upon the earth's surface contained be-

tween two stations. In the western portion of the State, the refractions appeared to be much more regular than they were in the eastern, rarely exceeding one twelfth, or falling short of one sixteenth, of the contained arc. This phenomena is probably owing to the trigonometrical stations being much more elevated above the country which surrounds them in the western portion of the State than in the eastern." — pp. 46 – 48.

The latitude and longitude of many places throughout the State were obtained. The remainder of the account, which is the larger portion of it, is occupied with the astronomical and the topographical surveyors' statements of their labors connected with the survey, and a comparison of the results of Mr. Borden's triangulation with those obtained from the astronomical observations. These comparisons afford additional proof of the correctness of the results obtained. We may say here, that several of the trignometrical lines have been verified by the United States coast survey. The line between Pocasset Hill, Tiverton, and Quaker Hill, Portsmouth, R. I., from six to seven miles in length, as determined by the two independent surveys, differed but $\frac{22}{100}$ths of a foot. There is attached to the account an engraved plan of the principal triangles in the survey.

The whole map, as published, is seven feet in length, by four and a half feet in breadth, and is beautifully executed. It contains, first, a map of the State on a scale of two and one half miles to the inch, showing the town boundaries, roads, rivers, mountains, and the topography of the country generally, and the elevation of the different stations of the triangulation; secondly, a geological map or plan, taken from Professor Hitchcock's geological survey, on a scale of five miles to the inch; thirdly, a table of the latitude and longitude of all the light-houses, and a number of other important points in the State; and fourthly, a table giving the year of incorporation of the different counties, towns, and districts, and the population by each census taken by the United States.

It is to be regretted, that, instead of this last table, the contents of which are to be found so readily elsewhere, the space it occupies was not filled with the plan and some of the details of the principal triangles of the survey, on a scale of ten miles to the inch. This would have added much to the scientific character and usefulness of the map,

and rendered it more worthy of circulation abroad as well as at home. It is a work highly honorable to the State, and should be circulated not only for the information which it will convey, but as an example for the sister States of the Union to follow.

We hope there will be liberality enough in the next legislature to publish a new edition of the map, with the alteration suggested, and to order its distribution to the different colleges and literary institutions of the country ; and especially, for the honor of the State, that a number of copies may be presented to Mr. Borden, not by way of remuneration, but as testimonials of respect, and of satisfaction with the manner in which he has discharged his duty. Thus far, he has received only the single copy to which he was entitled as a member of the legislature. Professor Hitchcock received twenty copies of his report, and other persons have been thus remembered in the distribution of the State reports. Why this exception with regard to Mr. Borden ? We think it is because the members of the legislature were not aware how much the Commonwealth is indebted to him for the beautiful specimen of art of which they see only the result ; the means by which that result was obtained they do not see or know. If they will examine the heterogeneous mass of materials from which the map is compiled, if they will look over that pile of most remarkable documents in the Secretary of State's office, called the " town plans," they will be in some degree enlightened as to the quantity of labor and skill which Mr. Borden has brought to bear upon the work. Each of these plans contained more or less of error ; he had to bring them together in such a manner, that the sum of the errors should be a minimum.

This object was attained by a new and most ingenious application of the instrument known in optics as the *Camera Lucida* to the purposes of topographical drawing, by which single invention Mr. Borden not only eliminated the greatest possible amount of error, but also made a great saving in time. This instrument, made in Boston on Mr. Borden's plan, has been introduced into the office of the United States coast survey, and into the bureau of the topographical engineers ; and we learn that an experienced draughtsman, who has examined it, has stated that five thousand dollars *per*

annum would be saved in time in these offices by its use. This is but one of the many ingenious methods contrived by Mr. Borden for insuring accuracy and saving expense ; the whole history of the survey of Massachusetts is full of them. We learn, too, that the base-line apparatus invented and made by him is to be introduced in the coast survey, as well as his signal-staffs ; and that the instruments made by him for use both in the field and the office are all much superior in character to those found elsewhere. In fact, to whatever department of trigonometrical surveying Mr. Borden turned his attention, he always made improvements upon old methods ; and whatever rank the survey of Massachusetts, considered as a scientific work, now holds, or is destined to hold, and whatever accuracy or beauty of execution belongs to the map, the credit of it is justly due to him. It should also be known, that the last appropriation for compiling the map was made on condition that it should suffice for completing the work, — in fact, that it should be the last, — some impatience having arisen from circumstances and delays over which he had no control and for which he was in no way liable. With a due feeling of pride in the proper completion of the map, Mr. Borden continued his labors some six months beyond the time when he could be really held to perform them. We have been somewhat particular in the enumeration of his services, from the fullest conviction that they merit the gratitude of his employers and the respect of the scientific world.

The errors committed by the State consisted, first, in ordering the town plans to be made before the trigonometrical survey was begun, thus losing a correcting influence which would have contributed much to their accuracy ; and, secondly, in ordering these plans to be made by the towns, thus requiring the employment of surveyors of all descriptions, faithful and unfaithful, and in many cases unacquainted with sketching and topography. All responsibility as to correctness was thus left with the officers of these towns, some of whom gave this excuse among others for an incorrect plan, that they presumed the plans of many other towns would be equally incorrect. Another error was committed in not permitting the map to be finished with the topography of the hills, valleys, woodlands, villages, &c., fully represented upon it, at an additional expense of only three or four thousand dol-

lars ; the addition would have made the map of great value to the county commissioners, and saved to each of the western counties a sum much larger than the extra expense. A fourth mistake consisted in not appointing, at the commencement of the work, a competent person, willing to execute it faithfully, and possessing so much of the confidence of the executive and the legislature as to have had the whole work placed under his superintendence, with an assurance that it was to be completed in a manner creditable not only to the State, but to the age. By such an arrangement, the expenses would hardly have been at all increased. These errors, as we believe, are mainly to be attributed to a blind contest for political power, which prevented a liberal and certain appropriation of funds being made for the work, not only at its commencement, but during its execution. Indeed, on two or three occasions, the legislature gave strong indications of a determination to withhold any farther appropriation, and thus to put a stop to the work altogether. On one of these occasions, when consulted by the executive as to the manner in which the survey had been carried on, the writer of these remarks had great satisfaction in being able to say, that he believed it was proceeding in a manner highly honorable to the State. At other times, it was necessary for the governor and other gentlemen interested in the work to exercise all their influence in order to prevent the credit of the State being injured by the abandonment of the survey when already half completed.

With all the troubles and difficulties which had to be encountered in the prosecution of the work, and although a faultless map has not been produced, in consequence of the errors of the town plans, yet, as every part of Mr. Borden's work has been thoroughly and accurately executed, we think it may be pronounced far superior to any map of a considerable portion of territory ever made in North America ; and, notwithstanding many unfavorable circumstances which tended to swell the expense, we believe that no survey of the like extent has ever been made for so small a sum.

We are pleased to see, that the legislature has ordered to be printed and distributed to the different towns and clerks of courts the positions and details of the stations throughout the State, as determined by the trigonometrical survey, accompanied by such other matter obtained in exe-

cuting the work as may be useful in laying out roads, and in the measurement of towns. The preparation of this work, requiring considerable labor and judgment, devolves upon Dr. Palfrey, the Secretary of State.

Art. VII. — 1. *Contributions to the Edinburgh Review.* By Francis Jeffrey, now one of the Judges of the Court of Sessions in Scotland. London: Longman & Co. 4 vols. 8vo.

2. Wiley & Putnam's *Library of Choice Reading: Characters of Shakspeare.* By William Hazlitt. New York. 16mo.

3. *Imagination and Fancy.* By Leigh Hunt. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 16mo.

The British Reviews and reviewers of the early part of the present century are closely connected with the history of English literature, not only on account of the influence they exerted on public opinion, but for the valuable contributions which a few of them made to literature itself. Some of the most masterly disquisitions in the whole range of English letters have appeared in the three leading periodicals of the time, — the "Edinburgh Review," the "Quarterly Review," and "Blackwood's Magazine." Almost all systems of philosophy, theology, politics, and criticism have been vehemently discussed in their pages. They have been the organs through which many of the subtlest and strongest intellects have communicated with their age. In generalization, in classifying historical events under ideas and principles, in tracing out the laws which give pertinence to seemingly confused facts, in presenting intellectual and historical epochs in condensed pictures, they have been especially successful. But although containing papers of the greatest merit, their general tone has been too much that of the partisan. Being political as well as literary journals, their judgments of authors have often been determined by considerations independent of literary merit. In criticism, they have repeatedly violated the plainest principles of taste,

morality, and benevolence. Their dictatorial "we" has been assumed by some of the most unprincipled hacks that ever lifted their hoofs against genius and virtue. Though they did good in assisting to purge literature of much mediocrity and stupidity, it is questionable whether their criticism on contemporaries was not, on the whole, productive of evil. The rage for strong writing, which the success of their example brought into fashion, at one time threatened to destroy all discriminating criticism. An article was more effective by being spiced with sarcasm and personalities, and the supply was equal to the demand. The greatest poets of the day found themselves at the mercy of anonymous writers, whose arrogance was generally equalled only by their malice or ignorance, and by whom a brilliant libel was considered superior to the fairest *critique*.

It is impossible to look over the current criticism of that day, and observe the meanness and injustice which so often characterize it, without a movement of indignation. This is mingled with surprise, when we discover in it traces of the hand of some distinguished man of talent, who has lent himself to do the dirty work of faction or prejudice. The great poets of the period were compelled to suffer, not merely from attacks on their writings, but from all that malice could bring against their personal character, and all that party hostility could bring against their notions of government. It was unfortunate, that the same century in which an important revolution occurred in the spirit and character of poetry was likewise that in which political rancor raged and foamed almost to madness. The exasperated passions growing out of the political dissensions of the time, which continually brought opposite opinions in a rude shock against each other, and turned almost every impressible spirit into a heated partisan, gave a peculiar character of vindictiveness to literary judgments. The critics, being politicians, were prone to decide upon the excellence of a poet's images, or a rhetorician's style, by the opinion he entertained of Mr. Pitt and the French Revolution. The same journal, which could see nothing but blasphemy and licentiousness in the poetry of Shelley, could find matter for inexpressible delight in the poetry of John Wilson Croker. Criticism, in many instances, was the mere vehicle of malignity and impudence. Whigs libelled Tory writers, Tories anathematized Whigs.

Eminence in letters was to be obtained only by men gifted with strong powers of endurance or resistance. The moment a person became prominent in the public eye, he was considered a proper object of public contempt or derision. As soon as his head appeared above the mass, he was certain that some journal would deem him worthy of being made the butt of merciless satire or scandalous personalities. Every party and *clique* had its organ of "public" opinion; and, in disseminating its peculiar prejudices or notions, exhibited a plentiful lack of justice and decorum. The coarseness and brutality which party spirit thus engendered brought down the moral qualifications of the critic to a low standard. Every literary bully, who was expert in the trade of intellectual assassination, could easily find employment both for his cowardice and his cruelty. The public looked admiringly on, month after month, as these redoubtable torturers in the Inquisition of letters stretched some bard on the rack, and insulted his agonies with their impish glee. If the author denied, in meek or indignant tones, the justice of the punishment, the reply which they sometimes condescended to make was in the spirit of the taunt with which the judges in "The Cenci," mocked the faltering falsehoods of their tortured victim:—

> "Dare you, with lips yet white from the rack's kiss,
> Speak false? Is it so soft a questioner,
> That you can bandy lover's talk with it,
> Till it wind out your life and soul?"

From this insolence and vindictiveness few British periodicals have been free, though there are wide differences in the ability and learning of the contributors, and in the artistical form which their bad qualities have taken. No eminent man, of any party, has escaped criticism of the kind we have noticed,—criticism having its origin in the desire to pamper a depraved taste, in envy, and hatred, and political bigotry,—a criticism which considered the publication of a book merely as an occasion to slander its author. Insignificance was the only shield from defamation.

But perhaps the authors of the time suffered less vexation from those critical strictures directly traceable to malevolence and political fanaticism, than from those which were dictated under a lack of sympathy with the spirit of their works. There can hardly be a more exquisite torture de-

vised for a sensitive man of genius, than to have the merit of his compositions tested by canons of taste which he expressly repudiates, or dogmatically judged by one who cannot comprehend the qualities which constitute their originality and peculiar excellence. If the critic has the larger audience of the two, and his decisions are echoed as oracular by the mob of readers, the thing becomes doubly provoking. The personal feelings of the poet are outraged, and his writings are, for the time, prevented from exerting that influence which legitimately belongs to them. As an earnest man, conceiving that he has a message of some import to deliver to the world, he must consider his critic as doing injury to society, as well as to himself. This impression is apt to engender a morbid egotism, which makes him impatient even of just censure, and to render the gulf between him and the public wider and more impassable. Much of the narrowness and captiousness, which we observe in ludicrous connection with some of the noblest thoughts and most exalted imaginations of the poets of the present century, had their source in the stings which vindictive or flippant reviewers had planted in their minds. Thus unjust or ignorant criticism subverts the purpose it proposes to accomplish, and makes the author suspicious of its capacity to detect faults, where it is so plainly incompetent to apprehend beauties. Besides, though it seems to annihilate its object, its effect is but transitory. That silent gathering of thought and sentiment in the minds of large bodies of people, which, when it has assumed distinct shape, we call public opinion, reverses the dicta of self-constituted literary tribunals; indeed, it changes the tone of the tribunals themselves. In 1816, the "Edinburgh Review" assumes an attitude of petulant dictatorship to Wordsworth, and begins a *critique* on "The Excursion" with, "This will never do"; in 1831, it prefaces an objection to one characteristic trait of his descriptions of nature with the words, "In spite of the reverence we feel for the genius of Mr. Wordsworth"!

Among the essayists and reviewers of the time, Francis Jeffrey occupies a prominent position. He was one of the projectors of the "Edinburgh Review," — the earliest, ablest, and most influential of the periodicals of the nineteenth century, — and from 1803 to 1829 its editor. A selection from his contributions, occupying four octavo

volumes, has been lately published under his own superintendence. These evince a mind of versatile talents and acquirements, confident in its own capacity, and delivering unhesitating judgments on all matters relating to politics, literature, and life, without the slightest self-distrust. It would be useless to deny, that many of the opinions in these volumes are unsound and presumptuous, that they are far in the rear of the critical judgments of the present day, and that some of their most dogmatic decisions have been reversed in the journal where they originally appeared, — some by himself, but more by Macaulay, Carlyle, Hazlitt, and others. The influence of very few of his articles has been permanent. Written for the most part to serve a transitory purpose, and deficient in fixed and central principles, their influence has ceased with the controversies they excited. With a few exceptions, they will be read rather for the merits of their style and the peculiar individuality they embody, than for any additions they have made to thought or knowledge. When we consider that their author assumed to show the poets and thinkers of a whole generation how to write and to think, and that he has not left behind him a single critical principle connected with his name, his pretensions are placed in a disadvantageous contrast with his powers.

A prominent defect of Jeffrey's literary criticism arose from his lack of earnestness, — that earnestness which comes, not merely from the assent of the understanding to a proposition, but from the deep convictions of a man's whole nature. He is consequently ingenious and plausible, rather than profound, — a man of expedients, rather than of ideas and principles. In too many of his articles, he appears like an advocate, careless of the truth, or skeptical as to its existence or possibility of being reached, and only desirous to make out as good a case for his own assumed position as will puzzle or unsettle the understandings of his hearers. His logical capacity is shown in acute special pleading, in sophistical glosses, more than in fair argument. He is almost always a reasoner on the surface, and the moment he begins to argue, the reader instinctively puts his understanding on guard, with the expectation of the ingenious fallacies that are to come. He cannot handle universal principles, founded in the nature of things, and he

would not, if he could ; for his object is victory rather than truth. When a proposition is presented to his mind, his inquiry is not whether it be true or false, but what can be said in its favor or against it. The skeptical and refining nature of his understanding, leading him to look at things merely as subjects for argument, and the mockery and *persiflage* of manner which such a habit of mind induces, made him a most provoking adversary to a man who viewed things in a more profound and earnest manner.

As an effect of this absence of earnestness, and of the consequent devotion of his faculties to the mere attainment of immediate objects, we may mention his subordination of principle to tact, both in his own writings and in his management of the Review. There is no critic more slippery, none who can shift his position so nimbly, or who avoids the consequences of a blunder with such brilliant dexterity. He understood to perfection the art of so mingling praise and blame, that, while the spirit and effect of the *critique* was to represent its object as little better than a dunce, its mere letter was consistent with a more favorable view. Thus, while it was the fashion to underrate and ridicule any class of poets, there was none who could do it with more consummate skill than Jeffrey, — none who could gain more reputation for sense and acumen in the position he assumed ; but whenever public feeling changed, he could still refer to his course, and prove that he had always acknowledged the extraordinary gifts of his victims, and only ridiculed or mourned their misdirection. He thus made his writings oracular among all talkers about taste and letters, among all who felt and thought superficially. He was popular with them, not because he gave them deeper principles by which to judge of merit, but because he reconciled them to their own shallowness. The lazy and the superficial, who consider every thing as nonsense which they have not the sense to perceive, are especially gratified with the writer who confirms their own impressions by plausible arguments, and expresses them in brilliant language. Profound and earnest feeling, sentiments of awe, wonder, and reverence, a mind trained to habits of contemplation on man and the universe, were needed in the critic who would do justice to Wordsworth and Coleridge. These Jeffrey did not possess ; but instead he had a subtle understanding, considera-

ble quickness of apprehension, sensibility, and fancy, a great deal of wit, a most remarkable fluency of expression, and, with little insight beyond the surface of things, an acute perception of their practical and conventional relations. In the exercise of these powers on their appropriate subjects, he appears to great advantage. No one could demolish a dunce more effectively, or represent in clearer light the follies and crimes of knavish politicians. But when he came to discuss the merits of works of high and refined imagination, or to criticize sentiments lying deeper than those which usually appear in actual life, he did little more than express brilliant absurdities. It is here that we discover his lack of power to perceive the thing he ridicules; and accordingly his wit only beats the air.

In saying this we are by no means insensible to the charm of Jeffrey's wit, nor to the facile grace of his diction. The reviews of Wordsworth's different works are masterpieces of impertinence. The airiness and vivacity of expression, the easy arrogance of manner, the cool and provoking dogmatism, the insulting tone of fairness, the admirable adaptation of the sarcasm to tease and irritate its object, the subordination of the praise of particular passages to the sweeping condemnation passed on the whole poem, and the singular skill with which the loftiest imaginations are represented as commonplace or nonsensical, are good examples of Jeffrey's acutenesss and wit. Of "The Excursion" he remarks: —

"It is longer, weaker, and tamer, than any of Mr. Wordsworth's other productions; with less boldness of originality, and less even of that extreme simplicity and lowliness of tone which wavered so prettily, in the Lyrical Ballads, between silliness and pathos. We have imitations of Cowper, and even of Milton, here, engrafted on the natural drawl of the Lakers, — and all diluted into harmony by that profuse and irrepressible wordiness which deluges all the blank verse of this school of poetry, and lubricates and weakens the whole structure of their style."

Then the critic informs us, that, if he were to describe the volume very shortly, he should characterize it

"as a tissue of *moral and devotional ravings*, in which innumerable changes are rung upon a very few simple and familiar ideas; — but with such an accompaniment of long words,

long sentences, and unwieldy phrases — and such a hubbub of strained raptures and fantastic sublimities, that it is often difficult for the most skilful and attentive student to obtain a glimpse of the author's meaning — and altogether impossible for an ordinary reader to conjecture what he is about. . . . . The fact accordingly is, that in this production he is more obscure than a Pindaric poet of the seventeenth century; and more verbose 'than even himself of yore'; while the wilfulness with which he persists in choosing his examples of intellectual dignity and tenderness exclusively from the lowest ranks of society, will be sufficiently apparent from the circumstance of his having thought fit to make his chief prolocutor in this poetical dialogue, the chief advocate of Providence and Virtue, an *old Scotch Pedler* — retired indeed from business — but still rambling about in his former haunts, and gossiping among his old customers without his pack on his shoulders. The other persons of the drama are, a retired military chaplain, who has grown half an atheist and half a misanthrope — the wife of an unprosperous weaver — a servant-girl with her natural child — a parish pauper, and one or two other personages of equal rank and dignity."

After condemning some of the most splendid, and some feeble, passages in the poem, and extracting a few which are thought really beautiful or pathetic, this honest critic concludes thus: —

"The absurdity in this case, we think, is palpable and glaring; but it is exactly of the same nature with that which infects the whole substance of the work — a puerile ambition of singularity engrafted on an unlucky predilection for truisms; and an affected passion for simplicity and humble life, most awkwardly combined with a taste for mystical refinements, and all the gorgeousness of obscure phraseology. His taste for simplicity is evinced by sprinkling up and down his interminable declamations a few descriptions of baby-houses, and of old hats with wet brims; and his amiable partiality for humble life, by assuring us that a wordy rhetorician, who talks about Thebes, and allegorizes all the heathen mythology, was once a pedler — and making him break in upon his magnificent orations with two or three awkward notices of something that he had seen when selling winter raiment about the country — or of the changes in the state of society, which had almost annihilated his former calling."

In the review of the "White Doe of Rylstone," Jeffrey

is even more emphatic in his censures. He had given up Wordsworth, on the appearance of "The Excursion," as beyond the reach of his teachings; and accordingly, in this article, he merely libels and parodies his poem. We are told that,

"In the Lyrical Ballads, he was exhibited, on the whole, in a vein of very pretty deliration; but in the poem before us he appears in a state of low and maudlin imbecility, which would not have misbecome Master Silence himself, in the close of a social day. . . . . The seventh and last canto contains the history of the desolated Emily and her faithful doe; but so very discreetly and cautiously written, that we will engage that the most tender-hearted reader shall peruse it without the least risk of any excessive emotion. The poor lady runs about indeed for some years in a very disconsolate way, in a worsted gown and flannel night-cap: But at last the old white doe finds her out, and takes again to following her — whereupon Mr. Wordsworth breaks out into this fine and natural rapture," &c., &c.

The importance which should attach to criticism like this may be estimated by a short contrast of the character and pursuits of the poet and critic; Wordsworth, living amid the most magnificent scenery, impressed with a mysterious sense of the spiritualities of things, pure, high-minded, imaginative, contemplative, earnest; — Jeffrey, passing his life in the bustle of politics and courts of law, brisk, vivacious, plausible, sarcastic, practical, available. Was ever poet matched with critic so well calculated to discern excellences, so capable of correcting faults?

In his articles on the poetry of Crabbe, Campbell, Byron, Scott, Moore, Keats, Rogers, and Mrs. Hemans, although we think he has not always perceived their highest merits, or accurately estimated their relative position, Jeffrey still appears to considerable advantage. The happy facility of his expression, the neatness and precision of his thinking, his occasional glow of feeling and fancy, and his sly, stinging wit, make them very fascinating compositions. But we see nothing in them that indicates the highest taste, — nothing that gives evidence of profound feeling or thought. They are kept studiously within the tone of "good society." Though vigorous and brilliant, they rather sparkle than burn, and have little of the living energy of earnest feel-

ing. Though Jeffrey evidently felt contempt for the taste of Wordsworth and Coleridge, none of his articles on poetry can be compared, in point of true insight into critical principles, with their prefaces and essays on the same theme. But these articles still have a charm apart from their critical value ; and we have no doubt that they will long be read for their shrewdness and point, and their peculiar sweetness and grace of diction. The practical remarks are always acute, and evince uncommon power of distinct expression. The review of Moore's "Lalla Rookh" — a work just calculated to display his qualities of mind and manner in their best light — is full of fancy and observation, conveyed in a style of exuberant richness. There is one sentence which well illustrates the richness and ease of expression which he had so readily at command.

"There are passages," he says, "and those neither few nor brief, over which the very Genius of Poetry seems to have breathed his richest enchantment, — where the melody of the verse and the beauty of the images conspire so harmoniously with the force and tenderness of the emotion, that the whole is blended into one deep and bright stream of sweetness and feeling, along which the spirit of the reader is borne passively away, *through long reaches of delight.*"

The passage on Shakspeare, in the review of Hazlitt, is another instance of his sweetness and luxuriance of diction. Though it is well known, we cannot resist the inclination to quote it.

"In the exposition of these is room enough for originality, — and more room than Mr. Hazlitt has yet filled. In many points, however, he has acquitted himself excellently ; — partly in the development of the principal characters with which Shakspeare has peopled the fancies of all English readers — but principally, we think, in the delicate sensibility with which he has traced, and the natural eloquence with which he has pointed out their familiarity with beautiful forms and images — that eternal recurrence to what is sweet or majestic in the simple aspects of nature — that indestructible love of flowers and odors, and dews and clear waters, and soft airs and sounds, and bright skies, and woodland solitudes, and moonlight bowers, which are the material elements of poetry — and that fine sense of their undefinable relation to mental emotion, which is its essence and vivifying soul — and which, in the midst of Shakspeare's most busy

and atrocious scenes, falls like gleams of sunshine on rocks and ruins — contrasting with all that is rugged and repulsive, and reminding us of the existence of purer and brighter elements — which he alone has poured out from the richness of his own mind, without effort or restraint, and contrived to intermingle with the play of all the passions and the vulgar course of this world's affairs, without deserting for an instant the proper business of the scene, or appearing to pause or digress from love of ornament or need of repose; — he alone, who, when the object requires it, is always keen, and worldly, and practical — and who yet, without changing his hand, or stopping his course, scatters around him, as he goes, all sounds and shapes of sweetness — and conjures up landscapes of immortal fragrance and freshness, and peoples them with spirits of glorious aspect and attractive grace — and is a thousand times more full of fancy and imagery, and splendor, than those who, for the sake of such qualities, have shrunk back from the delineation of character or passion, and declined the discussion of human duties and cares. More full of wisdom, and ridicule, and sagacity, than all the moralists and satirists in existence — he is more wild, airy, and inventive, and more pathetic and fantastic, than all the poets of all regions and ages of the world — and has all those elements so happily mixed up in him, and bears his high faculties so temperately, that the most severe reader cannot complain of him for want of strength or of reason — nor the most sensitive for defect of ornament or ingenuity. Every thing in him is in unmeasured abundance, and unequalled perfection — but every thing so balanced and kept in subordination, as not to jostle, or disturb, or take the place of another. The most exquisite poetical conceptions, images, and descriptions, are given with such brevity, and introduced with such skill, as merely to adorn, without loading, the sense they accompany. Although his sails are purple and perfumed, and his prow of beaten gold, they waft him on his voyage, not less but more rapidly and directly than if they had been composed of baser materials. All his excellences, like those of Nature herself, are thrown out together; and, instead of interfering with, support and recommend each other. His flowers are not tied up in garlands, nor his fruits crushed into baskets — but spring living from the soil, in all the dew and freshness of youth; while the graceful foliage in which they lurk, and the ample branches, the rough and vigorous stem, and the wide-spreading roots on which they depend, are present along with them, and share, in their places, the equal care of their creator."

Every reader will appreciate the voluble beauty of this loving description ; and passages almost equal to it, in richness and melody, are not infrequently found in the multifarious *critiques* of the author. The elaborate disquisition on Beauty, though founded on a mistaken theory, is written with a grace and unstudied ease, which cannot fail to interest and charm. We could not, without trespassing beyond our limits, enter into a discussion to test the force of its reasoning or the pertinence of its illustrations ; but we think that no poet, who ever created new beauty, could subscribe to Jeffrey's theory without doing violence to his nature. By making beauty dependent on the association of external things with the ordinary emotions and affections of our nature, by denying its existence, both as an inward sense and as an outward reality, he substantially annihilates it. His theory of " agreeable sensations " would find but little toleration from any whose souls had ever been awed before the presence of the highest beauty which the mind can recognize. Jeffrey has not made out his case even from his own point of view ; and a reader, who carefully follows the ingenious twists and turns of his argument, finds that the theory is radically superficial, or continually supposes the very principles it aims to reason away. He misconceives the nature and processes of the imagination, or rather, in the dazzling fence of his rhetoric, imagination is used more as a meaningless word, than as that power which,

> " Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
> Binding all things with beauty,"

is not only the bond which unites the soul with external objects, and gives the feeling and sense of beauty, but likewise suggests a loveliness grander than both, compared with which all finite beauty is insignificant. The contempt with which he refers to a " rapturous Platonic doctrine as to the existence of a Supreme Good and Beauty, and of a certain internal sense, by which both beauty and moral merit are distinguished," shows that his consciousness had never been disturbed by a class of phenomena vitally important to a settlement of the question he discusses. Carlyle, in an article in the Edinburgh Review, published in 1829, entitled " Signs of the Times," quietly sneers at the editor's whole theory, we believe, without condescending to expend any

argument upon it. The same writer has contradicted Jeffrey's estimate of Burns, of Goethe, and of German literature generally, in the Edinburgh Review, with the most provoking coolness.

Perhaps the ablest and most interesting contributions of Jeffrey to the Review were those in which he portrayed the characters of eminent authors and politicians, such as his articles on Swift, Warburton, Burns, Franklin, Alfieri, Mackintosh, Curran, Richardson, and Cowper. The impeachment of Swift of high crimes and misdemeanours, before the bar of history, is a masterpiece of its kind, and has obtained deserved celebrity. The vices of his character are exposed with tremendous force, and considered as an argument drawn simply from the actions of the man, the article is conclusive. But even in this able and powerful paper the deficiencies of Jeffrey are still apparent. In delineating character, he did it from the "skin inwards, and not from the heart outwards." His own character was the test he ever applied. He had not imagination enough to identify himself with another, and look at things from his point of view. Thus, all the palliations which bad or questionable actions might receive from original temperament or mental disease were not taken into consideration; but the individual was judged from an antagonist position, according to the very letter which killeth. This is the mode of the advocate, rather than of the critic. In the case of Swift, the feeling that the article excites against the man is one of unmitigated detestation. A more profound knowledge of his internal character might have modified the harshness of this feeling with one of commiseration. A similar remark is applicable to the judgment expressed of Burns. As regards Warburton, however, we think Jeffrey was essentially right. Nothing can be finer than the castigation he gives the insolent and vindictive bishop, at the same time that he acknowledges his talents and erudition.

Jeffrey's political articles are very spirited compositions, full of information and ability, displaying an admirable practical intellect and talent for affairs, and great command over the weapons both of logic and sarcasm. The course of the Edinburgh Review, in opposing with courage and skill the numerous political crimes and corruptions of the day, and the vigor with which it scourged tyranny and its apologists, though too often alloyed by wilful injustice to authors who

happened to be classed with the Tory party, will always be remembered in its favor. The part which the editor took in the political warfare of the time was honorable to his talents and his integrity. Though the extreme practical view he takes of government and freedom is not always to our taste, and though we could have wished that he possessed a more hopeful faith in human nature, and principles deeper grounded in right and less modified by expediency, it would be unjust to deny his claim to be considered among the most prominent of those who, in small minorities and with the whole influence of the government against them, warred for years, with inflexible zeal, to overthrow great abuses, and remove pestilent prejudices.

The critical and historical essays, contributed to the Edinburgh Review by Thomas Babington Macaulay, have obtained a wide celebrity. Compared with Jeffrey, he may be said to have more earnestness, industry, learning, energy of feeling, more intellectual and moral hardihood, and a wider range of argumentation, but less grace, ease, subtilty, and sweetness. There are few writers more purely masculine, more free from all feminine fastidiousness of taste and sentiment, more richly endowed with the qualities of a hard and robust manhood, than Macaulay. His diction and style of thinking indicate physical as well as mental strength, and a contemptuous impatience of all weak emotions. He never commits himself on any subject until he has fully mastered it, and then he writes like a person who neither expects nor gives quarter, — who shows no mercy for the errors of others, because he cares not to have any shown to his own. Though a good analyst, his chief strength lies in generalization. He would hardly condescend, like Jeffrey, to pause and play with the details of a subject, or fritter away his acuteness in petty refinements ; but he always aims to grasp general principles. He has one power that Jeffrey lacks, — the capacity to learn from other minds. Accustomed to look before and after, to view a literary or a political revolution in its connection with general history, his taste is comprehensive in the sense of not being fettered by conventional rules. He has considerable rectitude of intellect, and a desire to ascertain the truth of things. His literary criticism refers to the great elements or the prominent characteristic of an author's mind, not to the minutiæ of his rhetoric or his

superficial beauties and faults. With Jeffrey, the reverse is often true. His wit and acuteness are so continually exercised in detecting and caricaturing small defects, that the result of his representation is to magnify the faults of his author into characteristics, and to consider his excellences as exceptions to the general rule. Macaulay, by taking a higher point of view, by his willingness to receive instruction as well as to administer advice, contrives to give more effect to his censures of faults, by keeping them in strict subordination to his warm acknowledgment of merits. The skill with which he does this entitles him to high praise as an artist. He has attempted to delineate a large number of eminent men of action and speculation, many of whose characters present a seemingly tangled web of virtues and crimes ; and he has been almost always successful in preserving the keeping of character, and the relation which different qualities bear to each other. Milton, Hampden, Johnson, Bunyan, Chatham, Walpole, Byron, Addison, Shelley, Clive, Hastings, Frederic the Great, Bacon, and Barrère, are admirable illustrations of his felicity of delineation. He places himself in the position of the man whose character and actions he judges, seizes upon his leading traits of mind and disposition, and ascertains the relation borne to them by his other powers and feelings. As his object is to represent his subject pictorially to the imagination, as well as analytically to the understanding, and at all events to stamp a correct portrait on the mind of the reader, he sometimes epigrammatically exaggerates leading traits, in order that the complexity of the character may not prevent the perception of its individuality. This epigrammatic manner has often been censured as a fault, — in some instances justly censured ; but we think that his use of it often evinces as much wisdom as wit ; for his object is to convey the truth more vividly, by suggesting it through the medium of a brilliant exaggeration. No person is such a fool as to give the epigram a literal interpretation ; and all must acknowledge, that at times it is an arrow of light, sent directly into the heart of the matter under discussion.

There is probably no writer living, who can hold up a great criminal to infamy with such terrible force of invective and sarcasm as Macaulay. Scattered over his essays, we find references to men and events that have become immor-

tal through their criminality; and he has allowed few such occasions to pass without a flash of scorn or an outbreak of fiery indignation. All instances of bigotry, meanness, selfishness, and cruelty, especially if they are overlaid with sophistical defences, he opposes with a force of reason and energy of passion, which render them as ridiculous as they are infamous. He is especially severe against those panders to tyranny, who attempt to reason base actions into respectability, and to give guilt the character of wisdom. He crushes all such opponents with a kind of merciless strength. Even when his view of a person is on the whole favorable, he never defends any crime he commits. This is the case in the most difficult and delicate task he ever undertook, — the character and actions of Warren Hastings. No one can be more severe than he on Mr. Gleig, the worthy biographer and apologist of Hastings. Every instance of oppression and cruelty which comes under his notice he condemns with the utmost indignation; but in summing up the character, he balances great crimes against great difficulties and strong temptations. The reader is at liberty to take an opposite view, and, indeed, is supplied with the materials of an impartial moral judgment. In truth, Macaulay's admiration of great intellectual powers and talent for administration is preserved amid all the detestation he feels for the crimes by which they may be accompanied. This is the amount of his toleration for Warren Hastings. In the case of Barrère, however, he had to do with a man as mean in intellect as he was fiendlike in disposition; and his delineation of him is masterly. The skill with which the essential littleness of the man is kept in view amid all the greatness of his crimes, the mingled contempt and horror which his actions inspire, and the felicity with which his cruelty is always associated with his cowardice and baseness, are in Macaulay's finest manner.

We have introduced this notice of Macaulay rather to illustrate the objection to Jeffrey, than from any hope or intention to give his various writings a strict review; and we accordingly pass to another eminent essayist and critic, Sir James Mackintosh. His miscellaneous compositions are now in the course of publication in London. He is known as the author of various political, literary, and philosophical articles in the Edinburgh Review. It would be

difficult to mention any writer, whose name has been connected with the literary journals of the nineteenth century, who has carried into the task of criticism so much fairness and moderation as Mackintosh. His nature was singularly free from asperity and dogmatism ; to a large understanding, and boundless stores of knowledge, he united candor, and even humility, in their employment. His mind was eminently judicial. From the character of his intellectual powers, and the moral qualities from which they received their direction, it was natural for him to look at things with an impartial desire to arrive at truth, and to view both sides of every question. The very fact, that his opinions on any subject were decided, induced him to examine the claims of adverse opinions with the more care and candor, rather than to dispose of them with contempt or bitterness. He had no intellectual pride, no love for principles simply because they were his by discovery or adoption. His mind was always open to new truth. As far as his perceptions extended, he ever did full and complete justice to all systems of philosophy or legislation which came under his notice. He was incapable of misrepresenting a personal enemy or a political opponent. We have sometimes thought, that an argument for the Whig party of Great Britain might be built on the simple fact, that their general principles and conduct were warmly approved by a man of so much comprehensiveness of heart and understanding, and so much freedom from partisanship, as Sir James Mackintosh.

The intellectual and moral character of this eminent man are so closely connected, that it is difficult to view them separately. We do not think his works are fair and full exponents of his nature ; and his reputation was always justly greater for what he was, than for what he performed, valuable as were most of his performances. His friends and associates were among the greatest intellects of his time, and he was respected and venerated by them all. His name always carried with it a moral influence ; and wherever heard, it was always associated with sound and weighty views of philosophy, with liberal principles of government, with learning, humanity, justice, and freedom. His influence was great, although it was not so palpable as that of many among his contemporaries ; and it will be permanent. A man of so much uprightness and virtue, placed in such a prominent po-

sition, and mingling daily with his contemporaries as a practical statesman and philosopher, could not fail to wield unconsciously great power over the opinions and actions of his generation ; and the beauty of his character will long continue to exert an influence, in insensibly moulding the minds of scholars and statesmen, and giving a humane and moral direction to their powers.

Among the critical essays contributed by Mackintosh to the Edinburgh Review, the most distinguished are his two articles on Dugald Stewart's review of the "Progress of Ethical, Metaphysical, and Political Science." These are eminently characteristic of his mind and character, being remarkable rather for largeness of view than strength of grasp, and free altogether from the fanaticism of system. The sketches of Aquinas, Bacon, Descartes, Hobbes, Locke, Boyle, Leibnitz, Machiavel, Montaigne, Grotius, Puffendorf, Barrow, and Jeremy Taylor, abound in profound remark, and often in delicate criticism. The different thinkers who pass before him for review he treats with admirable fairness, and sets forth their leading principles in a clear light. Though the style is elegant and condensed, it is at times languid, as if it paused in its movement with the pauses of the writer's judgment, or its pace was retarded by the mass of thought and erudition it conveyed. Occasionally it becomes a little verbose, from the introduction of words to restrain the full force of general epithets, or to indicate minute distinctions. A large number of striking thoughts might be quoted from these articles. They can be read again and again with pleasure and instruction. The weight, solidity, and coolness of understanding, of which Mackintosh's disquisitions give so marked an example, remind the reader more of the judicial minds of the old English prose writers, than of the pugnacious and partisan intellects of the moderns. They lack the fire both of passion and prejudice ; but their mingled gravity and sweetness of feeling, and amplitude of comprehension, will always preserve their interest. His miscellaneous essays and reviews, when collected, will occupy, we think, a permanent place in the higher literature of the generation of thinkers to which he belongs.

The various disquisitions of Sir William Hamilton seem to have attracted but little attention on this side of the Atlantic, from the fact that they deal with subjects somewhat

removed from popular taste and popular apprehension ; yet it would be difficult to name any contributions to a Review, which display such a despotic command of all the resources of logic and metaphysics, as his articles in the Edinburgh Review on Cousin, Dr. Brown, and Bishop Whately. Apart from their scientific value, they should be read as specimens of intellectual power. They evince more intense strength of understanding than any other writings of the age ; and in the blended merits of their logic, rhetoric, and learning, they may challenge comparison with the best works of any British metaphysicians. He seems to have read every writer, ancient and modern, on logic and metaphysics, and is conversant with every philosophical theory, from the lowest form of materialism to the most abstract development of idealism ; and yet his learning is not so remarkable as the thorough manner in which he has digested it, and the perfect command he has of all its stores. Every thing that he comprehends, no matter how abstruse, he comprehends with the utmost clearness, and employs with the most consummate skill. He is altogether the best trained reasoner on abstract subjects of his time. He is a most terrible adversary, because his logic is unalloyed by an atom of passion or prejudice ; and nothing is more merciless than the intellect. No fallacy, or sophism, or half-proof, can escape his analysis, and he is pitiless in its exposure. His method is to strike directly at his object, and he accomplishes it in a few stern, brief sentences. His path is over the wreck of opinions which he demolishes as he goes. After he has decided a question, it seems to be at rest for ever, for his rigorous logic leaves no room for controversy. He will not allow his adversary a single loophole for escape. He forces him back from one position to another, or trips up his most ingenious reasonings, and leaves him at the end naked and defenceless, mournfully gathering up the scattered fragments of his once symmetrical system. The article on "Cousin's Course of Philosophy," and that on "Reid and Brown," are grand examples of this gladiatorial exercise of intellectual power.

Hamilton is not only a great logician, but a great rhetorician. His matter is arranged with the utmost art ; his style is a model of philosophical clearness, conciseness, and energy. Every word is in its right place, has a precise scientific meaning, can stand the severest tests of analysis, and bears

but one interpretation. He is as impregnable in his terms as in his argument; and with all the hard accuracy of his language, the movement of his style is as rapid, and sometimes as brilliant, as that of Macaulay. It seems to drag on the mind of the student by pure force. The key to a whole philosophical system is often given in a single emphatic sentence, and its stern compression has sometimes the effect of epigram, — as when he condenses the results of the Scotch philosophy into these few words: — "It proved that intelligence *supposed* principles, which, as the *conditions* of its activity, could not be the *results* of its operation; and that the mind contained notions, which, as primitive, necessary, and universal, were not to be explained as generalizations from the contingent and particular, about which alone our external experience was conversant. The phenomena of mind were thus distinguished from the phenomena of matter, and if the impossibility of materialism were not demonstrated, there was, at least, demonstrated the impossibility of its proof." The mastery of his subject, which Hamilton possesses, the perfect order with which his thoughts are arranged in his mind, and his exact knowledge of terms free him altogether from that comparative vassalage to words, which so often confuses the understandings of metaphysicians. His style has the hard brilliancy of polished steel; its lustre comes from its strength and compactness.

Among his contributions to the Edinburgh Review, besides those already enumerated, are the articles on the "Universities of England," on "Recent Publications on Logical Science," and on "Johnson's Translation of Tenneman's History of Philosophy." The most pleasing to the general reader would be the article on Cousin, although that on the Philosophy of Perception displays to greater advantage his immense stores of metaphysical learning and his intensity of thought. None of his articles have ever been answered. Indeed, on logical principles, they are probably unanswerable. The disquisition on Cousin, which comprehends not only a review of his philosophy, but a consideration of the whole ground of Rationalism, and a course of argument directed against all philosophical theories of the Infinite, is admirably calculated for the present state of speculation in this country, however unpalatable may be its doctrines. He takes the position, that our knowledge is restricted

within the domain of the finite, — that we have no immediate knowledge of things, but only of their phenomena, — and that, in every attempt to fix the absolute as a positive in knowledge, "the absolute, like the water in the sieves of the Danaides, has always hitherto run through as a negative into the abyss of nothing." As a specimen of the style, we extract his statement of the opinions "which may be entertained regarding the unconditioned as an immediate object of knowledge and thought."

"These opinions may be reduced to four: — 1. The unconditioned is incognizable and inconceivable; its notion being only negative of the conditioned, which last can alone be positively known or conceived. 2. It is not an object of knowledge; but its notion, as a regulative principle of the mind itself, is more than a mere negation of the conditioned. 3. It is cognizable, but not conceivable; it can be known by sinking back into identity with the absolute, but is incomprehensible by consciousness and reflection, which are only of the relative and the different. 4. It is cognizable and conceivable by consciousness and reflection, under relation, difference, and plurality.

"The first of these opinions we regard as true; the second is held by Kant; the third by Schelling; and the last by our author.

"1. In our opinion, the mind can conceive, and consequently can know, only the *limited, and the conditionally limited.* The unconditionally unlimited, or the *infinite*, the unconditionally limited, or the *absolute*, cannot positively be construed to the mind; they can be conceived at all only by a thinking away, or abstraction, of those very conditions under which thought itself is realized; consequently, the notion of the unconditioned is only negative, — negative of the conceivable itself. For example, on the one hand, we can positively conceive neither an absolute whole, that is, a whole so great, that we cannot also conceive it as a relative part of a still greater whole; nor an absolute part, that is, a part so small, that we cannot also conceive it as a relative whole, divisible into smaller parts. On the other hand, we cannot positively represent to the mind an infinite whole, for this could only be done by the infinite synthesis in thought of finite wholes, which would itself require an infinite time for its accomplishment; nor, for the same reason, can we follow out in thought an infinite divisibility of parts. The result is the same, whether we apply the process to limitation in space, in time, or in degree. The unconditional negation and the unconditional affirmation of

limitation — in other words, the *infinite* and the *absolute, properly so called** — are thus equally inconceivable to us.

"As the conditionally limited (which we may briefly call the conditioned) is thus the only object of knowledge and of positive thought — thought necessarily supposes conditions; to think is therefore to condition, and conditional limitation is the fundamental law of the possibility of thought. How, indeed, it could ever be doubted that thought is only of the conditioned, may well be deemed a matter of the profoundest admiration. Thought cannot transcend consciousness; consciousness is only possible under the antithesis of a subject and object of thought, known only in correlation and mutually limiting each other; while, independently of this, all we know either of subject or object, either of mind or matter, is only a knowledge in each of the particular, of the different, of the modified, of the phenomenal. We admit that the consequence of this doctrine is, that philosophy, if viewed as more than a science of the conditioned, is impossible. Departing from the particular, we admit that we can never, in our highest generalizations, rise above the finite; that our knowledge, whether of mind or matter, can be nothing more than a knowledge of the relative manifestations of an existence which, in itself, it is our highest wisdom to recognize as beyond the reach of philosophy: — *Cognoscendo ignorari, et ignorando cognosci.*"

A collection of Sir William Hamilton's articles, as far as they are generally known, might easily be contained in a moderately sized volume, and we trust it will soon be made. Such a book could not fail to be successful, even in the publisher's notion of that word; and it would familiarize the minds of our students with far more rigorous habits of thinking and investigation than are now in vogue. Three or four of the ablest of these papers have already been translated into French, and published in a single volume at Paris.

William Gifford, the editor of the Quarterly Review, seems to have united in himself all the bad qualities of the criticism of his time. He was fierce, dogmatic, bigoted, libellous, and unsympathizing. Whatever may have been

* "It is proper to observe, that though we are of opinion that the terms Infinite and Absolute, and Unconditioned, ought not to be confounded, and accurately distinguish them in the statement of our own view; yet, in speaking of the doctrines of those by whom they are indifferently employed, we have not thought it necessary, or rather we have found it impossible, to adhere to the distinction."

his talents, they were exquisitely unfitted for his position, his literary judgments being contemptible, where any sense of beauty was required, and principally distinguished for malice and word-picking. The bitter and snarling spirit with which he commented on the excellence he could not appreciate, the extreme narrowness and shallowness of his taste, the labored blackguardism in which he was wont to indulge, under the impression that it was satire, his detestable habit of carrying his political hatreds into literary criticism, his gross personal attacks on Hunt, Hazlitt, and others, who might happen to profess less illiberal principles than his own, made him a dangerous and disagreeable adversary, and one of the worst critics of modern times. Through his position as the editor of an influential journal, his enmity acquired an importance due neither to his talents nor his character. His notoriety was coextensive with his malignity ; his fame consisted in having the power to wound better men than himself ; and consequently, from being a terror and scourge, he has now passed into oblivion, or is only occasionally rescued from it to be an object of wondering contempt. As far as his influence in the management of the Review extended, it was employed to serve the meanest and dirtiest ends of his party, and the exploded principles of a past literary taste ; and it was owing to no fault of his, that the journal did not become a synonyme of malignant dulness and ferocious illiberality, and feed to the full the vulgar appetite for defamation. Nothing but the occasional contributions of eminent writers and scholars prevented it from sinking to the dead level of his intellect and prejudices. The blindness which partisan warfare produces, even in men of education and courtesy, could alone have permitted the organ of a great party to be under the management of this critical Dennis, this political Quilp. His acumen was shown in his profound appreciation of works which died as soon as puffed, and in his insensibility to those whose fame was destined to begin with his oblivion ; and his statesmanship, in the low abuse of individuals, in a resolute defence of the rotten parts of Toryism, and in assiduous libels on foreign countries. It is to him, we presume, that we are indebted for the lies and blunders about the United States, for which the Quarterly was once distinguished.

To Gifford for a time belonged the equivocal fame of killing John Keats ; but we are glad that a disclosure of the facts

has lately robbed him of this laurel of slander. It is quite a satisfaction to know, that even the tenderest and most sensitive of poets was beyond the reach of his envenomed arrows. Shelley, in a monody on the death of Keats, — then supposed to have been accelerated by the brutal article in the Quarterly, — has, in a strain of invective hot from his heart, fixed a brand on Gifford's brow, which may keep it above the waters of oblivion for some years to come.

" Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame!
Live! fear no heavier chastisement from me,
Thou noteless blot on a remembered name!
But be thyself, and know thyself to be!
And ever at thy season be thou free
To spill the venom, when thy fangs o'erflow:
Remorse and Self-contempt shall cling to thee;
Hot Shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,
And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt — as now.

" Nor let us weep that our delight is fled
Far from these carrion-kites that scream below;
He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead;
Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now. —
Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit shall flow
Back to the burning fountain whence it came,
A portion of the Eternal, which must glow
Through time and change, unquenchably the same,
Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of shame."

The various critical writings of William Hazlitt are laden with original and striking thoughts, and indicate an intellect strong and intense, but somewhat narrowed by prejudice and personal feeling. His works are now in the course of publication in " Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading," a collection of cheap and elegant volumes, published periodically, having for its object to supplant a bad " cheap literature " by placing a good one by its side. Whatever is read by large bodies of people becomes from that fact important, no matter how intrinsically worthless it may be; and yet there is a strange apathy existing with regard to a class of poisonous publications, which obtain in a week a greater circulation than the most popular valuable books meet in years, are read at we know not how many firesides, and form the mental nutriment of we know not how many youth. It is evident that literature as well as morals is concerned in

the overthrow of this system ; and we do not know how it can be better done, than by the diffusion, in a cheap form, of such works as will familiarize the minds of the people with higher notions of taste, and give them the desire to convert reading into a means of mental improvement instead of moral degradation. Such a publication as " Wiley and Putnam's Library " is calculated to aid in this work. We believe that in the numbers already published there is really more to interest and please common readers, than in the books they are now ignorantly devouring ; while, to the lover of literature, the collection recommends itself as containing choice books in the cheapest form consistent with elegance. Among these three of Hazlitt's works have appeared, — " Table Talk," " Lectures on the Reign of Elizabeth," and " Characters of Shakspeare's Plays."

Hazlitt was an acute but somewhat bitter observer of life and manners, and satirized rather than described them. Though bold and arrogant in the expression of his opinions, and continually provoking opposition by the hardihood of his paradoxes, he does not appear to have been influenced so much by self-esteem as sensibility. He was naturally shy and despairing of his own powers, and his dogmatism was of that turbulent kind which comes from passion and self-distrust. He had little repose of mind or manner, and in his works almost always appears as if his faculties had been stung and spurred into action. His life was vexed by many troubles, which rendered him impatient and irritable, prone to opposition, and inclined to take delight in the mere exercise of power, rather than to produce the effects for which alone power is valuable. Contempt and bitterness too often vitiate his notions of men and measures ; and his political writings especially often exhibit him as one who courts and defies opposition, and who is more desirous of making enemies than converts. He would often give the results of patient reasonings in headlong assertions, or paradoxical impertinences. In attacking ignorance and prejudice, he did not distinguish them from positive vices, but covered them with stinging sneers or rough contempt. If any one of his opinions was more heretical than another, he sought to enunciate it with a startling abruptness of expression, in order that it might give the more offence. There was bad temper in this, and it made him violent enemies, and subjected his character and writings to the most unscrupulous attacks.

The element in which Hazlitt's mind was most genially developed was literature. If he was lacking in love for actual human nature, or viewed men in too intolerant a spirit, his affections clustered none the less intensely around the "beings of the mind." His best friends and companions he found in poetry and romance. In the world of imagination he lived his most delightful days. As a critic, in spite of the acrimony and prejudice which occasionally dim his insight, he is admirable for acuteness, clearness, and force. His mind pierces and delves into his subject, rather than gracefully comprehends it; but his labors in the mine almost always bring out its riches. Where his sympathies were not perverted by personal feeling or individual association, where his mind could act uninfluenced by party spirit, his perceptions of truth and beauty were exquisite in their force and refinement. When he dogmatizes, his paradoxes evince a clear insight into one element of the truth, and serve as admirable stimulants to thought. His comments on passages of poetry or traits of character which have struck his own imagination forcibly are unrivalled for warmth of feeling and coloring. His criticism inspires the reader with a desire to peruse the works to which it refers. It is not often coldly analytical, but glows with enthusiasm and "noble rage." His style, though generally sharp and pointed, sometimes overflows with ornament and illustrations. Though many of his opinions are unsound, their unsoundness is hardly calculated to mislead the taste of the reader, from the ease with which it is perceived, and referred to its source in caprice or a momentary fit of spleen. He is a critic who can give delight and instruction, and infuse into his readers some of his own vehement enthusiasm for letters, without making them participants of his errors and passions.

Some of the most distinguished of Hazlitt's critical writings are, — "Lectures on the Comic Writers," "Spirit of the Age," "Characters of Shakspeare's Plays," "Lectures on the Age of Elizabeth," "Lectures on the English Poets," and "Criticisms on Art." These cover a wide ground, and are all more or less distinguished by his characteristic merits and faults. They all startle the reader from the self-complacency of his opinions, and provoke him into thinking. We extract from the "Characters of Shakspeare's Plays" — a work which contains much splendid

writing and fine delineation, and some failures — a passage on Coriolanus, in which Hazlitt's bitterness and strength of feeling are well displayed.

"Shakspeare has in this play shown himself well versed in history and state-affairs. Coriolanus is a store-house of political commonplaces. Any one who studies it may save himself the trouble of reading Burke's Reflections, or Paine's Rights of Man, or the Debates in both Houses of Parliament since the French Revolution or our own. The arguments for and against aristocracy or democracy, on the privileges of the few and the claims of the many, on liberty and slavery, power and the abuse of it, peace and war, are here very ably handled, with the spirit of a poet and the acuteness of a philosopher. Shakspeare himself seems to have had a leaning to the arbitrary side of the question, perhaps from some feeling of contempt for his own origin; and to have spared no occasion of baiting the rabble. What he says of them is very true: what he says of their betters is also very true, though he dwells less upon it. The cause of the people is indeed but ill calculated as a subject for poetry; it admits of rhetoric, which goes into argument and explanation, but it presents no immediate or distinct images to the mind, 'no jutting frieze, buttress, or coigne of vantage' for poetry 'to make its pendant bed and procreant cradle in.' The language of poetry naturally falls in with the language of power. The imagination is an exaggerating and exclusive faculty; it takes from one thing to add to another: it accumulates circumstances together to give the greatest possible effect to a favorite object. The understanding is a dividing and measuring faculty; it judges of things, not according to their immediate impression on the mind, but according to their relations to one another. The one is a monopolizing faculty, which seeks the greatest quantity of present excitement by inequality and disproportion; the other is a distributive faculty, which seeks the greatest quantity of ultimate good, by justice and proportion. The one is an aristocratical, the other a republican faculty. The principle of poetry is a very anti-levelling principle. It aims at effect, it exists by contrast. It admits of no medium. It is every thing by excess. It rises above the ordinary standard of sufferings and crimes. It presents an imposing appearance. It shows its head turreted, crowned, and crested. Its front is gilt and blood-stained. Before it, 'it carries noise, and behind it, it leaves tears.' It has its altars and its victims, sacrifices, human sacrifices. Kings, priests, nobles, are its train-bearers; tyrants and slaves its executioners. 'Carnage is its daughter.' Poetry is right-royal. It puts the individual for the species, the

one above the infinite many, might before right. A lion hunting a flock of sheep, or a herd of wild asses, is a more poetical object than his prey; and we even take part with the lordly beast, because our vanity or some other feeling makes us disposed to place ourselves in the situation of the strongest party. So we feel some concern for the poor citizens of Rome when they meet together to compare their wants and grievances, till Coriolanus comes in, and with blows and big words drives this set of 'poor rats,' this rascal scum, to their homes and beggary, before him. There is nothing heroical in a multitude of miserable rogues not wishing to be starved, or complaining that they are like to be so; but when a single man comes forward to brave their cries, and to make them submit to the last indignities, from mere pride and self-will, our admiration of his prowess is immediately coupled with contempt for their pusillanimity. The insolence of power is stronger than the plea of necessity. The tame submission to usurped authority, or even the natural resistance to it, has nothing to excite or flatter the imagination; it is the assumption of a right to insult or oppress others, that carries an imposing air of superiority with it. We had rather be the oppressor than the oppressed.

"The love of power in ourselves, and the admiration of it in others, are both natural to man; the one makes him a tyrant, the other a slave. Wrong dressed out in pride, pomp, and circumstance, has more attraction than abstract right. Coriolanus complains of the fickleness of the people; yet the instant he cannot gratify his pride and obstinacy at their expense, he turns his arms against his country. If his country was not worth defending, why did he build his pride on its defence? He is a conqueror and a hero; he conquers other countries, and makes this a plea for enslaving his own; and when he is prevented from doing so, he leagues with its enemies to destroy his country. He rates the people "as if he were a God to punish, and not a man of their infirmity." He scoffs at one of their tribunes for maintaining their rights and franchises: 'Mark you his absolute *shall?*' not marking his own absolute *will* to take every thing from them; his impatience of the slightest opposition to his own pretensions being in proportion to their arrogance and absurdity. If the great and powerful had the beneficence and wisdom of gods, then all this would have been well: if with greater knowledge of what is good for the people, they had as great a care for their interest as they have for their own, if they were seated above the world, sympathizing with the welfare, but not feeling the passions of men, receiving neither good nor hurt from them, but bestowing their benefits as free gifts on them, they might

then rule over them like another Providence. But this is not the case. Coriolanus is unwilling that the senate should show their 'cares' for the people, lest their 'cares' should be construed into 'fears,' to the subversion of all due authority; and he is no sooner disappointed in his schemes to deprive the people not only of the cares of the state, but of all power to redress hemselves, than Volumnia is made madly to exclaim,

> 'Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
> And occupations perish.'"

Leigh Hunt is well known as the author of a large number of agreeable essays, and for his connection with many of his eminent contemporaries. He has been more a victim of criticism, than a critic. It has been truly said of him by Macaulay, "that there is no man living, whose merits have been more grudgingly allowed, and whose faults have been so cruelly expiated." In his character there is such a union of pertness and kindliness, that he is always open to attack. He made the public his confidant, poured into its ear his little frailties and fopperies, expressed his opinions on all subjects with the most artless self-conceit, and at times exhibited a kind of Richard Swiveller order of good feeling, in speaking of such men as Shelley and Byron. These follies, though most of them venial, made him a continual butt for magazine scribblers; and the fine qualities of heart and intellect, which underlie his affectations, have not, until lately, been generally acknowledged. He is, in truth, one of the pleasantest writers of his time, — easy, colloquial, genial, humane, full of fine fancies and verbal niceties, possessing a loving if not a "learned spirit," with hardly a spice of bitterness in his composition. He is an excellent commentator on the minute beauties of poetry. He has no grasp or acuteness of understanding, and his opinions are valueless where those qualities should be called into play; but he has a natural taste, which detects with nice accuracy what is beautiful, and a power of jaunty expression, which conveys its intuitive decisions directly to other minds. He surveys poetry almost always from a luxurious point of view, and his criticism therefore is merely a transcript of the fine and warm sensations it has awakened in him. He is a sympathizing critic of words, sentences, and images, but has little success in explaining the grounds of his instinctive judgments, and is feeble and jejune in generalization. He

broods over a dainty bit of fancy or feeling, until he overflows with affection for it. He dandles a poetic image on his knee, as though it were a child, pats it lovingly on the back, and addresses to it all manner of dainty phrases; and, consequently, he has much of the baby-talk, as well as the warm appreciation, which comes from affection. This billing and cooing is often distasteful, especially if it be employed on some passages which the reader desires to keep sacred from such handling; and we cannot see him approaching a poet like Shelley, without a gesture of impatience; but generally it is far from unpleasant. His "Imagination and Fancy" is a delightful book. "The Indicator" and "The Seer" are filled with essays of peculiar excellence. Hunt's faults of style and thinking are ingrained, and cannot be weeded out by criticism. To get at what is really valuable in his writings, considerable toleration must be exercised towards his effeminacy of manner and daintiness of fancy. That, with all his faults, he has a mind of great delicacy and fulness, a fluent fancy, unrivalled good-will to the whole world, a pervading sweetness of feeling, and that he occasionally displays remarkable clearness of perception, must be cheerfully acknowledged by every reader of his essays.

In these hurried remarks on some of the essayists and critics of the time, we have not noticed two, who are well entitled to an extended consideration. We refer to Thomas Carlyle and John Stuart Mill. The influence of Carlyle on the whole tone of criticism at the present day has been powerfully felt. Mill is principally known on this side of the Atlantic by his work on Logic; but he has been for a number of years a writer for the "Westminster Review," over the signature of "A," and his articles, especially his masterly disquisition on Jeremy Bentham, evince uncommon solidity, fairness, and reach of thought. These are worthy of a more elaborate review than our limits will now permit; but we trust at some early period to repair the deficiency.

ART. VIII. — *Travels in North America in the Years 1841 – 2; with Geological Observations on the United States, Canada, and Nova Scotia.* By CHARLES LYELL, ESQ., F. R. S., etc. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1845. 2 vols. 12mo.

MR. LYELL's book, to borrow a term from his favorite science, may be likened to a *pudding-stone*, in which the geological plums are thickly set in a thin paste of travel. As the latter is seasoned with praise nearly to the American taste, the whole will be devoured by the omnivorous general reader, although much of it will be somewhat beyond his comprehension. We may try, perhaps, to extract the kernel from some of the geological speculations, for the unprofessional reader's benefit; but we must first entertain him with more generally palatable, not to say more substantial fare.

Although, as we have already intimated, only a small part of these volumes is made up from the materials of an ordinary book of travels, yet as such it is none the worse because the author came to inspect American rocks, rather than American manners. The remarks he does offer are so sensible and discriminating, so evidently thrown out by one who possesses that rare knowledge, how to observe, and who thinks for himself, that we only regret they are so few and cursory, and are a little provoked when he cuts short his observations upon the current topics of the day, and falls to "napping the chuckie stanes" again. Arriving at Boston in midsummer, when nearly deserted of fashionable society, our author hastens at once to Nahant, speaks with delight of the polished — rocks he found there, and falls to comparing, not the society and manners, but the shells, with those of Brighton and Margate. The reader will be gratified to learn "the curious and very unexpected fact," that they were very much alike, "only a fraction of the whole affording characteristic or peculiar forms." As to his dinner, and the *cuisine* at the hotels, over which his countrymen commonly delight to grumble, we are left in utmost ignorance, save an incidental observation, that "the Tremont merits its reputation as one of the best hotels in the world"; but he speaks with evident satisfaction of the "*roches moutonnées*"

— tough old bellwethers they must be — which he met with in the environs of the city. At Bunker Hill, the peculiar reminiscences of the place are all unnoticed, — indeed, the monument is only obliquely mentioned, — but an ambiguous allusion is made to some terribly hard scratches on the rocks. Excepting Niagara, which falls unavoidably in his way, he passes with a cold and casual glance all the objects most attractive to the common tourist ; but he talks volubly about marl-pits, examines heaps of gravel and all sorts of rubbish, digs about the floors of coal mines, and expatiates with manifest delight upon Big-bone Lick and the Dismal Swamp.

Mr. Lyell's first departure from the ordinary route of travel occurred in an excursion from Geneseo to the northern border of the great coal region at Blossberg, Pennsylvania.

"On this occasion we left the main road, and entered, for the first time, an American stage-coach, having been warned not to raise our expectations too high in regard to the ease or speed of our conveyance. Accordingly, we found that after much fatigue, we had only accomplished a journey of 46 miles in 12 hours, between Geneseo and Dansville. We had four horses ; and when I complained at one of the inns that our coachman seemed to take pleasure in driving rapidly over deep ruts and the roughest ground, it was explained to me that this was the first time in his life he had ever attempted to drive any vehicle, whether two or four-wheeled. The coolness and confidence with which every one here is ready to try his hand at any craft is truly amusing." — Vol. I., p. 46.

This is a genuine American characteristic. The English laborer or artisan confines himself to one task, which he makes a business of, and learns to do it well. The coachman, who drives inimitably, has perhaps only a remote conception of the mode in which his horses are harnessed ; and, when any part of the apparatus gives way, finds himself literally "in a fix." The Yankee is capital at a *succedaneum.* If he cannot do any particular thing to perfection, he can do passably well more diverse things than any other mortal. In one particular, we venture to say, our author was misinformed, or else the stage-driver spoken of was a recent importation. We doubt if there can be found in all that region a native lad, seven years breeched, who has not tried his hand at driving every kind of vehicle that has fallen in his way.

We have next an "infant phenomenon," in more senses than one; for it seems that he had accumulated a fortune as an editor.

"A few days afterwards I engaged a young man to drive me in a gig from Tioga to Blossberg. On the way, he pointed out, first, his father's property, and then a farm of his own, which he had lately purchased. As he was not yet twenty years of age, I expressed surprise that he had got on so well in the world, when he told me that he had been editor of the 'Tioga Democrat' for several years, but had now sold his share of the newspaper." — Vol. I., p. 46.

It was in Alabama, if we rightly remember, that the Duke of Saxe Weimar was inquired of on this wise: "Are you the man that wants to go to ——? Then I am the gentleman that is going to drive you." As the following happened in the State of New-York, at the other extremity of the long range of the Alleghanies, we are compelled to accept this mode of speech as a national characteristic.

"I asked the landlord of the inn at Corning, who was very attentive to his guests, to find my coachman. He immediately called out in his bar-room, 'Where is the gentleman that brought this man here?' A few days before, a farmer in New York had styled my wife 'the woman,' though he called his own daughters *ladies*, and would, I believe, have freely extended that title to their maid-servant." — Vol. I., p. 49.

The brief notice of the "Helderberg war" may serve to show the sensible manner in which Mr. Lyell treats such topics. Still more painful scenes have since been enacted; but we have not the heart to continue the narrative down to the present day. Until the laws of the State are fully enforced, and the recent murderers brought to the gallows, our author, on revisiting the country, will be fairly entitled to wave this tone of forbearance, and draw those unfavorable conclusions which it will not be easy for us to gainsay or resist.

"On our way back from Schoharie to Albany, we found the country people in a ferment, a sheriff's officer having been seriously wounded when in the act of distraining for rent, this being the third year of the 'Helderberg war,' or a successful resistance by an armed tenantry to the legal demands of their landlord, Mr. Van Rensselaer. It appears that a large amount of

territory on both sides of the river Hudson, now supporting, according to some estimates, a population of 100,000 souls, had long been held in fee by the Van Rensselaer family, the tenants paying a small ground rent. This system of things is regarded by many as not only injurious, because it imposes grievous restraints upon alienation, but as unconstitutional, or contrary to the genius of their political institutions, and tending to create a sort of feudal perpetuity. Some of the leases have already been turned into fees, but many of the tenants were unable to unwilling to pay the prices asked for such conveyances, and declared that they had paid rent long enough, and that it was high time that they should be owners of the land.

"A few years ago, when the estates descended from the late General Van Rensselaer to his sons, the attempt to enforce the landlord's rights met with open opposition. The courts of law gave judgment, and the sheriff of Albany having failed to execute his process, at length took military force in 1839, but with no better success. The governor of New York was then compelled to back him with the military array of the state, about 700 men, who began the campaign at a day's notice in a severe snow-storm. The tenants are said to have mustered against them 1,500 strong, and the rents were still unpaid, when, in the following year, 1840, the governor, courting popularity, as it should seem, while condemning the recusants in his message, virtually encouraged them by recommending their case to the favorable consideration of the state, hinting at the same time at legislative remedies. Their legislature, however, to their credit, refused to enact these, leaving the case to the ordinary courts of law.

"The whole affair is curious, as demonstrating the impossibility of creating at present in this country a class of landed proprietors deriving their income from the letting of lands upon lease. Every man must occupy his own acres. He who has capital enough to stock a farm can obtain land of his own so cheap as naturally to prefer being his own landlord."— Vol. I., pp. 55–57.

The next paragraph introduces a topic more creditable to the country. So long as the estimation in which the female sex is held by the mass of the people shall be acknowledged to constitute the best criterion of civilization and refinement, our national character is saved from utter perdition. It was Charles Lamb, we believe, who refused to believe in the existence of any such thing as deference to the fair sex, as a principle, until he should see a gentleman hold his umbrella

over his laundress, or help a lone woman across a gutter. The English are in a bad way in this respect, past all doubt; our author, therefore, establishes a comparison between us and the *soi-disant* polite nation across the channel. Mr. Lyell has been a great traveller, and ought to know.

"One of the first peculiarities that must strike a foreigner in the United States is the deference paid universally to the sex, without regard to station. Women may travel alone here in stage-coaches, steamboats, and railways, with less risk of encountering disagreeable behaviour, and of hearing coarse and unpleasant conversation, than in any country I have ever visited. The contrast in this respect between the Americans and the French is quite remarkable. There is a spirit of true gallantry in all this; but the publicity of the railway car, where all are in one long room, and of the large ordinaries, whether on land or water, is a great protection, the want of which has been felt by many a female traveller without escort in England. As the Americans address no conversation to strangers, we soon became tolerably reconciled to living so much in public. Our fellow-passengers consisted for the most part of shopkeepers, artisans, and mechanics, with their families, all well-dressed, and, so far as we had intercourse with them, polite and desirous to please. A large part of them were on pleasure excursions, in which they delight to spend their spare cash.

"On one or two occasions during our late tour in the newly-settled districts of New York, it was intimated to us that we were expected to sit down to dinner with our driver, usually the son or brother of the farmer who owned our vehicle. We were invariably struck with the propriety of their manners, in which there was self-respect without forwardness."—Vol. I., pp. 57, 58.

There is, however, a trifling mistake into which less discriminating travellers than Mr. Lyell are apt to fall, which is fairly pointed out in the following paragraph.

"Travellers must make up their minds, in this as in other countries, to fall in now and then with free and easy people. I am bound, however, to say that in the two most glaring instances of vulgar familiarity which we have experienced here, we found out that both the offenders had crossed the Atlantic only ten years before, and had risen rapidly from a humble station. Whatever good breeding exists here in the middle classes is certainly not of foreign importation; and John Bull, in particular, when out of humor with the manners of the Americans, is often unconsciously beholding his own image in the mirror, or com-

paring one class of society in the United States with another in his own country, which ought, from superior affluence and leisure, to exhibit a higher standard of refinement and intelligence." — Vol. I., pp. 58, 59.

How many a lecture on American rudeness and the debasing influence of democratic institutions might have been spared us, were English tourists generally as ready to acknowledge their countrymen! The manners they bring, like the allegiance they owe, appear to be inalienable. Our chief danger, therefore, lies in over-importation. If, in one instance, even our author failed to recognize his countrymen, and wondered what sort of barbarians he had encountered, it was for the sufficient reason, that he was unable to comprehend a word of their language. This was in Canada, when, benighted on his return from a geological excursion, he applied at a log-house, where

"the inmates, though eager to serve us, could not comprehend a syllable of our language. I tried English, French, and German, all in vain. Tired and disappointed, we walked to another log-house, a mile farther on, leading our weary horses, and then to others, but with no better success. Though not among Indians, we were as foreigners in a strange land. At last we stumbled, by good luck, upon our inn, and the next day were told, that the poor settlers with whom we had fallen in the night before had all come from the British Isles in the course of the five preceding years. Some of them could speak Gaelic, others Welsh, and others Irish; and the farmers were most eloquent in descanting on their misfortune in having no alternative but that of employing laborers with whom they were unable to communicate, or remaining in want of hands while so many were out of work, and in great distress. For the first time I became fully aware how much the success and progress of a new colony depend on the state of schools in the mother country." — Vol. II., p. 95.

We may now cross Mason and Dixon's line, and hear our author's opinions upon the greatest of the vexed questions of the present day. It is true that Mr. Lyell made no long stay in the Southern States. Yet, owing to the facilities he enjoyed, and the nature of his pursuits, which led him away from the great lines of rapid conveyance, and brought him into immediate intercourse with the slave population, he must be allowed to have had better opportunities for observ-

ing their condition than fall to the lot of most travellers. His opinions are therefore entitled to great consideration. He can have no inducement, certainly, to paint slavery in colors less dark than the facts will justify. Indeed, truthful as his general portraiture is, as respects the districts he visited, we suspect that no portion of Mr. Lyell's volumes will be received by his countrymen with so much incredulity and so little satisfaction, as that which relates to the physical condition of the colored race in the Southern Atlantic States. As our object is to present Mr. Lyell's views, not our own, we give the following series of pretty copious extracts, without comment.

"The negroes, so far as I have yet seen them, whether in domestic service or on the farms, appear very cheerful and free from care, better fed than a large part of the laboring class of Europe; and, though meanly dressed, and often in patched garments, never scantily clothed for the climate. We asked a woman in Georgia, whether she was the slave of a family of our acquaintance. She replied, merrily, 'Yes, I belong to them, and they belong to me.' She was, in fact, born and brought up on the estate.

"On another occasion we were proceeding in a well-appointed carriage with a planter, when we came unexpectedly to a dead halt. Inquiring the cause, the black coachman said he had dropped one of his white gloves on the road, and must drive back and try to find it. He could not recollect within a mile where he had last seen it: we remonstrated, but in vain. As time pressed, the master in despair took off his own gloves, and saying he had a second pair, gave them to him. When our charioteer had deliberately put them on, we started again."—Vol. I., p. 135.

"Arriving often at a late hour at our quarters in the evening, we heard the negroes singing loudly and joyously in chorus after their day's work was over. On one estate, about forty black children were brought up daily before the windows of the planter's house, and fed in sight of the family; otherwise, we were told, the old women who have charge of them might, in the absence of the parents, appropriate part of their allowance to themselves. All the slaves have some animal food daily. When they are ill, they sometimes refuse to take medicine, except from the hands of the master or mistress; and it is of all tasks the most delicate for the owners to decide when they are really sick, and when only shamming from indolence.

"After the accounts I had read of the sufferings of slaves, I was agreeably surprised to find them, in general, so remarkably cheerful and light-hearted. It is true that I saw no gangs working under overseers on sugar-plantations, but out of two millions and a half of slaves in the United States, the larger proportion are engaged in such farming occupations and domestic services as I witnessed in Georgia and South Carolina. I was often for days together with negroes who served me as guides, and found them as talkative and chatty as children, usually boasting of their master's wealth, and their own peculiar merits. At an inn in Virginia, a female slave asked us to guess for how many dollars a year she was let out by her owner. We named a small sum, but she told us exultingly, that we were much under the mark, for the landlord paid fifty dollars, or ten guineas a year for her hire. A good-humored butler, at another inn in the same State, took care to tell me that his owner got 30*l.* a year for him. The colored stewardess of a steam-vessel was at great pains to tell us her value, and how she came by the name of Queen Victoria. When we recollect that the dollars are not their own, we can hardly refrain from smiling at the childlike simplicity with which they express their satisfaction at the high price set on them. That price, however, is a fair test of their intelligence and moral worth, of which they have just reason to feel proud, and their pride is at least free from all sordid and mercenary considerations. We might even say that they labor with higher motives than the whites, — a disinterested love of doing their duty. I am aware that we may reflect and philosophize on this peculiar and amusing form of vanity, until we perceive in it the evidence of extreme social degradation; but the first impression which it made upon my mind was very consolatory, as I found it impossible to feel a painful degree of commiseration for persons so exceedingly well satisfied with themselves." — Vol. I., pp. 144, 145.

"I talked with several slaves who had been set to fell timber by task-work, and had finished by the middle of the day. They never appeared to be overworked; and the rapidity with which they increase beyond the whites in the United States shows that they are not in a state of discomfort, oppression, and misery. Doubtless, in the same manner as in Ireland and parts of Great Britain, the want of education, mental culture, and respect for themselves, favors improvident marriages among the poor; so the state of mere animal existence of the slave, and his low moral and intellectual condition, coupled with kind treatment and all freedom from care, promote their multiplication. The effect of the institution on the progress of the whites is most injurious,

and, after travelling in the northern States, and admiring their rapid advance, it is most depressing to the spirits. Their appears to be no place in society for poor whites. If they are rich, their slaves multiply, and from motives of kindly feeling towards retainers, and often from false pride, they are very unwilling to sell them. Hence they are constantly tempted to maintain a larger establishment than is warranted by the amount of their capital, and they often become involved in their circumstances and finally bankrupt. The prudence, temper, and decision of character required to manage a plantation successfully are very great. It is notorious, that the hardest taskmasters to the slaves are those who come from the northern free States.

"I often asked myself, when in the midst of a large plantation, what steps I would take if I had inherited such a property from British ancestors. I thought, first, of immediately emancipating all the slaves; but I was reminded that the law humanely provides, in that case, that I should still support them, so that I might ruin myself and family; and it would still be a question whether those whom I had released from bondage would be happier, or would be prepared for freedom. I then proposed to begin with education as a preliminary step. Here I was met with the objection that, since the abolition movement and the fanatical exertions of missionaries, severe statutes had been enacted, making it penal to teach slaves to read and write. I must first, therefore, endeavour to persuade my fellow slaveholders to repeal these laws against improving the moral and intellectual condition of the slaves. I remarked that, in order to overcome the apathy and reluctance of the planters, the same kind of agitation, the same 'pressure from without,' might be indispensable, which had brought about our West Indian emancipation. To this my American friends replied, that the small number of our slaves, so insignificant in comparison to their two and a half millions, had made an indemnity to the owner possible; also, that the free negroes, in small islands, could always be held in subjection by the British fleets; and, lastly, that England had a right to interfere and legislate for her own colonies, whereas the northern States of the Union, and foreigners, had no constitutional right to intermeddle with the domestic concerns of the slave States. Such intervention, by exciting the fears and indignation of the planters, had retarded, and must always be expected to retard, the progress of the cause." — Vol. I., pp. 147, 148.

To show that our author is not, like some travellers, determined to see only one side of a question, we will cite a

few sentences in which he speaks of the injurious consequences of "the peculiar institution" on the prosperity of the country.

"On entering the station-house of a railway which was to carry us to our place of embarkation, we found a room with only two chairs in it. One of these was occupied by a respectable-looking woman, who immediately rose, intending to give it up to me, an act betraying that she was English, and newly-arrived, as an American gentleman, even if already seated, would have felt it necessary to rise and offer the chair to any woman, whether mistress or maid, and she, as a matter of course, would have accepted the proffered seat. After I had gone out, she told my wife that she and her husband had come a few months before from Hertfordshire, hoping to get work in Virginia, but she had discovered that there was no room here for poor white people, who were despised by the very negroes if they labored with their own hands. She had found herself looked down upon, even for carrying her own child, for they said she ought to hire a black nurse. These poor emigrants were now anxious to settle in some free State.

"As another exemplification of the impediments to improvement existing here, I was told that a New England agriculturist had bought a farm on the south side of the James river, sold off all the slaves, and introduced Irish laborers, being persuaded that their services would prove more economical than slave labor. The scheme was answering well, till, by the end of the third year, the Irish became very much dissatisfied with their position, feeling degraded by losing the respect of the whites, and being exposed to the contempt of the surrounding negroes. They had, in fact, lowered themselves by the habitual performance of offices which, south of the Potomac, are assigned to hereditary bondsmen." — Vol. I., pp. 104, 105.

"On several of the small plantations here [in North Carolina], I found the proprietors by no means in a thriving state, evidently losing ground from year to year, and some of them talking of abandoning the exhausted soil, and migrating with their slaves to the southwestern States. If, while large numbers of the negroes were thus carried to the South, slavery had been abolished in North Carolina, the black population might ere this have been reduced considerably in numbers, without suffering those privations to which a free competition with white laborers must expose them, wherever great facilities for emigration are not afforded.

. . . . .

"From the deck of our steamboat on the Potomac, we saw Mount Vernon, formerly the plantation of General Washington. Instead of exhibiting, like the farms in the northern States, a lively picture of progress and improvement, this property was described to me by all as worn out, and of less value now than in the days of its illustrious owner. The bears and wolves, they say, are actually reëntering their ancient haunts, which would scarcely have happened if slavery had been abolished in Virginia. — Vol. I., pp. 156 – 158.

The subject of Pennsylvanian incipient repudiation is very discreetly, and even tenderly, handled. Mr. Lyell's remarks contain much that may tend to enlighten the English reader. The topic, fortunately, does not at present demand any comment on our part. The long episode on education in the English Universities, which closes the first volume, will doubtless, as the author observes, prove equally interesting to his readers on both sides of the Atlantic ; for it is almost the only succinct and intelligible account of that anomalous system which is to be met with.

It will be recollected, that Mr. Lyell came to this country partly for the purpose of fulfilling an engagement to deliver a course of lectures on his favorite science before the Lowell Institute. His observations upon that noble endowment will be read with interest ; and the topic which they serve to introduce, namely, the waste of precious funds in brick and mortar, is worthy of especial note. This seems to be the besetting sin in England as well as in this country, although it was left to the New World to perpetrate so signal an enormity as that of the Girard College for Orphans.

"To obtain the services of eminent men engaged in original researches, for the delivery of systematic courses of lectures, is impossible without the command of much larger funds than are usually devoted to this object. When it is stated that the fees at the Lowell Institute at Boston are on a scale more than three times higher than the remuneration awarded to the best literary and scientific public lecturers in London, it will at first be thought hopeless to endeavour to carry similar plans into execution in other large cities, whether at home or in the United States. In reality, however, the sum bequeathed by the late Mr. John Lowell for his foundation, though munificent, was by no means enormous, not much exceeding 70,000*l.*, which, according to the usual fate awaiting donations for educational objects, would have been all swallowed up in the erection of costly buildings, after

which the learned would be invited to share the scanty leavings of the 'Committee of Taste,' and the merciless architect, 'reliquias Danaûm atque immitis Achillei.' But in the present case, the testator provided in his will that not a single dollar should be spent in brick and mortar, in consequence of which proviso, a spacious room was at once hired, and the intentions of the donor carried immediately into effect, without a year's delay.

"If there be any who imagine that a donation might be so splendid as to render an anti-building clause superfluous, let them remember the history of the Girard bequest in Philadelphia. Half a million sterling, with the express desire of the testator that the expenditure on architectural ornament should be moderate! Yet this vast sum is so nearly consumed, that it is doubtful whether the remaining funds will suffice for the completion of the palace — splendid, indeed, but extremely ill-fitted for a school-house! It is evident that when a passion so strong as that for building is to be resisted, total abstinence alone, as in the case of spirituous liquors, will prove an adequate safeguard. In the 'old country,' the same fatal propensity has stood in the way of all the most spirited efforts of modern times to establish and endow new institutions for the diffusion of knowledge. It is well known that the sum expended in the purchase of the ground, and in the erection of that part of University College, London, the exterior of which is nearly complete, exceeded 100,000*l.*, one third of which was spent on the portico and dome, or the purely ornamental, the rooms under the dome having remained useless, and not even fitted up at the expiration of fifteen years. When the professor of chemistry inquired for the chimney of his laboratory, he was informed that there was none, and to remove the defect, a flue was run up which encroached on a handsome staircase, and destroyed the symmetry of the architect's design. Still greater was the dismay of the anatomical professor on learning that his lecture room was to conform to the classical model of an ancient theatre, designed for the recitation of Greek plays. Sir Charles Bell remarked that an anatomical theatre, to be perfect, should approach as nearly as possible to the shape of a well, that every student might look down and see distinctly the subject under demonstration. At a considerable cost the room was altered, so as to serve the ends for which it was wanted.

"The liberal sums contributed by the public for the foundation of a rival college were expended in like manner long before the academical body came into existence. When the professor of chemistry at King's College asked for his laboratory, he was told it had been entirely forgotten in the plan, but that he might take the kitchen on the floor below, and by ingenious machinery carry up

his apparatus for illustrating experiments, through a trap door into an upper story, where his lecture room was placed.

"Still these collegiate buildings, in support of which the public came forward so liberally, were left, like the Girard College, half finished; whereas, if the same funds had been devoted to the securing of teachers of high acquirements, station, character, and celebrity; and if rooms of moderate dimensions had been at first hired, while the classes of pupils remained small, a generation would not have been lost, the new Institutions would have risen more rapidly to that high rank which they are one day destined to attain, and testamentary bequests would have flowed in more copiously for buildings well adapted to the known and ascertained wants of the establishment. None would then grudge the fluted column, the swelling dome, and the stately portico; and literature and science would continue to be the patrons of architecture, without being its victims.

"Prescott, in his admirable work on the Conquest of Mexico, remarks, when discussing the extent of the ancient Aztec civilization, that the progress made by the Mexicans in astronomy, and especially the fact of their having a general board for public education and the fine arts, proves more in favor of their advancement, than the noble architectural monuments which they and their kindred tribes erected. 'Architecture,' he observes, 'is a sensual gratification, and addresses itself to the eye; it is the form in which the resources of a semi-civilized people are most likely to be lavished.'*" — Vol. I., pp. 89–92.

The most popular of the geological questions upon which Mr. Lyell discourses is, naturally, that which relates to the Falls of Niagara. It is, no doubt, the common opinion, that the Niagara once quietly flowed in a shallow bed from Lake Erie to the brow of the precipice at Queenston, much as it now flows from its commencement up to the rapids just above the present site of the cataract; and, consequently, that the deep chasm through which the pent waters now rush for seven miles to reach the plain below is entirely the work of the river itself, which has been slowly eating its way backwards for all that distance. Mr. Lyell confirms this view, and has found, as he supposes, traces of the ancient bed of the river at a higher level, where it must have flown before the chasm existed, — these traces being principally the remains of fluviatile shells that occur abundantly in deposits of

* Conquest of Mexico, Vol. I., p. 155.

sand and gravel in the position which the bed of the stream must have occupied, had the river extended farther northward at nearly its present level above the cataract. These, indeed, had been already detected by Mr. Hall, one of the geologists of the New York State survey. As the fossil shells are identical in species and in relative numbers with those now deposited from year to year in the ooze of the stream, it is concluded that the excavation is quite a modern affair, speaking after the mode in which the geologists take note of time. Our author confirms, consequently, these corollaries ; — that the cataract was of nearly twice its present height, long before there were any men to enjoy the view or use the water-power for paper-mills ; that it has been constantly diminishing in grandeur, and wearing itself out from age to age ; and finally, that the time must arrive, if the world last long enough, when there will be no cataract at all. In regard to its future retrocession, there are grounds of encouragement. The rock upon which this huge water-saw now exerts its direct power is made of firmer stuff than any through which it has already cut its way ; and the changes which are now going on, and which have produced very perceptible effects within the memory of the present generation, are entirely owing to the rapid disintegration of the soft slaty strata at the base of the falls, leaving the superincumbent limestone without support. But when they have travelled back a mile or two further, the hard limestone will be at the base also, and will effectually arrest their present progress. Further up, they will have a still more stubborn lime-rock to contend with ; so that, on the whole, the drainage of lake Erie may be considered as indefinitely postponed.

Big-bone Lick lies somewhat out of the way of the common tourist, in whose eyes it would possess as little attraction as an ordinary quagmire ; but in our author's hands it becomes a subject of no small interest. It is a bog in Kentucky, near the Ohio river, more or less impregnated with saline matter from salt springs, and which, like all similar places, was frequented by deer, buffaloes, and other wild cattle, to drink the water, or, in default thereof, to lick the mud or soft soil greedily for the sake of the salt ; whence the name, so common in the Western States. This was a favorite watering-place, — the Saratoga of the bisons of former days, and of the mastodons of the old time before them.

Even within the memory of surviving settlers, buffaloes thronged to these springs in great numbers, coming and going by two principal highways or beaten trails, that are still plainly discernible for several miles in the woods. One of them, "three or four yards wide, only partially overgrown with grass, was sixty years ago as bare, hard, and well trodden as a high road." Delightful times they must have had at the springs, and yet, like all pleasant dissipation, not unattended with danger. For now and then one, gambolling too venturously on the treacherous surface of the tremulous bog, broke through the thin crust, and was blandly absorbed in the slime beneath. The elephants, for they were at least occasional visiters, and especially the mastodons, which seem to have almost monopolized the springs until they became the resort of ignobler herds, had of course a marvellous alacrity in sinking; and many a portly mammoth was thus ingloriously swamped, ingulphed in the morass, until, after the Lord knows how many ages, some grubbing *savant* "knocks him about the sconce with a dirty shovel," and his huge bones are raised from their long rest to adorn the wondrous tale of the modern geologist. "Here 's a fine revolution, if we had the trick to see 't." We are informed, "that the bones of the mastodon found here could not have belonged to less than one hundred distinct individuals, those of the fossil elephant to twenty, besides which a few bones of a stag, horse, megalonyx, and bison are stated to have been obtained." The remains of the mammoth and other extinct animals are found buried to a greater depth than those of the common bison, which in vast numbers fill the superficial stratum, showing that the former were the first comers.

It is interesting to observe, though Mr. Lyell does not allude to the fact, that all the nearly entire skeletons that have been exhumed in the Atlantic States were found in bogs, with the bones in a vertical position, as if these land-leviathans had merely sunk in the mud. This was the case with the well known skeleton in Peale's Museum, taken from a marsh in Orange County, New York, as well as the very large one disinterred during the last summer in the same region. "He had evidently become mired, and had settled down upon his haunches, with his fore legs spread out, and in this posture he was found." A skeleton some years ago disinterred in New Jersey was found standing upon all fours on

the gravel at the bottom of the shallow morass, the shoulder-bones and hips still resting on the limbs, and the whole trunk in its natural position. Cuvier states, on the authority of General Collaud, that the bones of mastodons formerly discovered near the Great Osage river were almost all in an upright position, as if the animal had been thus bemired.* As to the time which has elapsed since these huge beasts roamed in our forests, Mr. Lyell gives us no estimate in years or centuries; but he remarks, that the shells which are mingled with the fossil bones at Big-bone Lick belong to species that are still living, perhaps even in the immediate neighbourhood; and it is impossible to view the plain without at once concluding that it has remained unchanged in all its principal features from that period to the present.

No part of Mr. Lyell's book has interested us more highly than his account of the "Great Dismal Swamp." Instead of occupying a depression below the general level, it seems that this great morass, which is some forty miles long, and about twenty-five miles wide, is actually more elevated than the surrounding country, and, in spite of its semi-fluid character, is twelve feet higher in the centre than at the margin. It is, in fact, a huge sponge laid on the surface of the soil; receiving a few streams, indeed, along a short distance on one side, but giving rise to many others which flow from it in every direction. Our author's account is partly drawn from personal observation, and partly from an article on the subject published a few years ago by Mr. Ruffin of Virginia, the editor of the "Farmer's Register."

We were curious to know, while the Alleghany mountains were under consideration, whether Mr. Lyell would adopt the hypothesis so ingeniously devised and eloquently expounded by Professor Rogers to account for the formation and configuration of the long rows of parallel, billow-like ridges that constitute this chain.

"According to the theory of the Professors Rogers, the wave-like flexures, above alluded to, are explained by supposing the strata, when in a plastic state, to have rested on a widely-extended surface of fluid lava, and elastic vapors and gases. The billowy movement of this subterranean sea of melted matter imparted its undulations to the elastic overlying crust,

* *Ossemens Fossiles*, Ed. 2, Tom. I., pp. 217 and 222.

which was enabled to retain the new shapes thus given to it by the consolidation of the liquid matter injected into fissures." — Vol. I., pp. 77, 78.

We find, however, that Mr. Lyell, true to the views he so early adopted, of taking plenty of time and leaving every thing to the slow action of existing causes, seems to discountenance this more prompt and off-hand mode of creating mountain chains.

" For my own part, I cannot imagine any real connection between the great parallel undulations of the rocks and the real waves of a subjacent ocean of liquid matter, on which the bent and broken crust may once have rested. That there were great lakes, or seas of lava, retained by volcanic heat for ages, in a liquid state, beneath the Alleghanies, is highly probable, for the simultaneous eruptions of distant vents in the Andes leave no doubt of the wide subterranean areas permanently occupied by sheets of fluid lava in our own times. It is also consistent with what we know of the laws governing volcanic action to assume that the force operated in a linear direction, for we see trains of volcanic vents breaking out for hundreds of miles along a straight line, and we behold long parallel fissures, often filled with trap or consolidated lava, holding a straight course for great distances through rocks of all ages. The causes of this peculiar mode of development are as yet obscure and unexplained; but the existence of long narrow ranges of mountains, and of great faults and vertical shifts in the strata prolonged for great distances in certain directions, may all be results of the same kind of action. It also accords well with established facts to assume that the solid crust overlying a region where the subterranean heat is increasing in intensity, becomes gradually upheaved, fractured, and distended, the lower part of the newly opened fissures becoming filled with fused matter, which soon consolidates and crystallizes. These uplifting movements may be propagated along narrow belts, placed side by side, and may have been in progress simultaneously, or in succession, in one narrow zone after another.

" When the expansive force has been locally in operation for a long period, in a given district, there is a tendency in the subterranean heat to diminish; — the volcanic energy is spent, and its position is transferred to some new region. Subsidence then begins, in consequence of the cooling and shrinking of subterranean seas of lava and gaseous matter: and the solid strata collapse in obedience to gravity. If this contraction take place along narrow and parallel zones of country, the incumbent flex-

ible strata would be forced, in proportion as they were let down, to pack themselves into a smaller space, as they conformed to the circumference of a smaller arc. The manner in which undulations may be gradually produced in pliant strata by subsidence is illustrated on a small scale by the creeps in coal-mines; there both the overlying and underlying shales and clays sink down from the ceiling, or rise up from the floor, and fill the galleries which have been left vacant by the abstraction of the fuel." — Vol. I., pp. 78, 79.

Our extracts have been so copious, that we must not meddle with the complicated questions relating to drift, boulders, and the parallel scratches or furrows on the rocks, so frequent in the northern section of the country, — questions, upon which the opinions of geologists are still greatly at variance. We may merely state, that Mr. Lyell adopts that modification of the "glacial theory," which attributes these scratches to the action of icebergs and islands of floating ice coming down from the north, "which, as they grounded on the coast or on shoals, pushed along all loose materials of sand and pebbles, broke off all angular and projecting points of rock, and when fragments of hard stone were frozen into their lower surface, scooped out grooves in the subjacent solid stratra." There is little difficulty as respects the existence of icebergs of sufficient size and weight for the purpose; since many of those measured in the Antarctic sea by the officers of the French and American exploring expeditions rose to the height of more than two hundred feet above the surface of the water, and were from two to five miles in length. Indeed, the late Captain D'Urville, the ill-fated commander of the French expedition, ascertained one of these ice-islands, floating at large in the Southern Ocean, to be thirteen miles long and a hundred feet high, the submerged portion being of course six or eight times greater than the part which is visible; so that the mechanical power they may exert, when once set in motion, must be truly prodigious. It is only requisite that they should run aground where they are wanted; but the geological machinery for raising the level of the sea or depressing the land is so perfect and in such constant operation, that there can seldom be any failure in that respect. Still it would be desirable to show that a body of ice, impelled over a rocky surface, is actually capable of producing such scratch-

es on a small scale, in our own days. On this point our author made a fortunate observation. We give the account in his own words, merely leaving out the references to the wood-cuts that illustrate it.

"As I was strolling along the beach at the base of these basaltic cliffs [at Cape Blomidon, Nova Scotia], collecting minerals, and occasionally recent shells at low tide, I stopped short at the sight of an unexpected phenomenon. The solitary inhabitant of a desert island could scarcely have been more startled by a human foot-print in the sand, than I was on beholding some recent furrows on a ledge of sandstone under my feet, the exact counterpart of those grooves of ancient date which I have so often described in this work, and attributed to glacial action. After having searched in vain at Quebec for such indications of a modern date, I had despaired of witnessing any in this part of the world. I was now satisfied that, whatever might be their origin, those before me were quite recent.

"The inferior beds of soft sandstone, which are exposed at low water at the base of the cliff at Cape Blomidon, form a broad ledge of bare rock to the surface of which no sea-weed or barnacles can attach themselves, as the stone is always wearing away slowly by the continual passage of sand and gravel, washed over it from the talus of fallen fragments, which lies at the foot of the cliff on the beach above. The slow but constant undermining of the perpendicular cliff forming this promontory, round which the powerful currents caused by the tide sweep backwards and forwards with prodigious velocity, must satisfy every geologist that the denudation by which the ledge in question has been exposed to view is of modern date. Whether the rocks forming the cliff extended so far as the points *a*, 10, 50, or 100 years ago, I have no means of estimating; but the exact date and rate of destruction are immaterial. On this recently formed ledge, I saw several straight furrows half an inch broad, some of them very nearly parallel, others diverging, the direction being N. 35° E., or corresponding to that of the shore at this point. After walking about a quarter of a mile, I found another set of similar furrows, having the same general direction within five degrees; and I made up my mind that if these grooves could not be referred to the modern instrumentality of ice, it would throw no small doubt on the glacial hypothesis. When I asked my guide, a peasant of the neighbourhood, whether he had ever seen much ice on the spot, where we stood, the heat was so excessive (for we were in the latitude of the south of France, 45° N.) that I seemed to be putting a

strange question. He replied that in the preceding winter of 1841 he had seen the ice, in spite of the tide, which ran at the rate of 10 miles an hour, extending in one uninterrupted mass from the shore where we stood to the opposite coast at Parrsborough, and that the icy blocks, heaped on each other, and frozen together or 'packed,' at the foot of Cape Blomidon, were often fifteen feet thick, and were pushed along when the tide rose, over the sandstone ledges. He also stated that fragments of the 'black stone' which fell from the summit of the cliff, a pile of which lay at its base, were often frozen into the ice, and moved along with it. I then examined these fallen blocks of amygdaloid scattered round me, and observed in them numerous geodes coated with quartz crystals. I have no doubt that the hardness of these gravers, firmly fixed in masses of ice, which, although only fifteen feet thick, are often of considerable horizontal extent, have furnished sufficient pressure and mechanical power to groove the ledge of soft sandstone."—Vol. II., pp. 144–146.

We have touched only upon some of the simpler of the geological matters which make up the greater part of Mr. Lyell's book; we have explored the mere shallows, taking some care not to venture beyond our depth, lest we should be swept out to sea with only a slippery geological hypothesis to cling to. All the deeper questions, "in which are some things hard to be understood," and harder to believe, we must leave our scientific friends to manage by themselves.

We were pleased to meet with frequent evidences of that harmonious intercourse which generally does and always ought to prevail among the votaries of the same science, without distinction of country or name. Whenever a scholar or scientific man of this country visits the Old World, nothing so much gladdens his heart as the cordial welcome he is sure to receive from his transatlantic brethren, and the readiness with which all the stores of information, whether public or private, and every thing calculated to facilitate his inquiries, are laid open to him. On this account we are glad to find that Mr. Lyell's pages abound with acknowledgments for information received from, and facilities courteously rendered by, our numerous geologists, especially those who have conducted State surveys, and whose official publications and other works do so much credit to themselves and to the country. Without such assistance, indeed, Mr. Lyell could by no means have turned his limited time to such good account. On the other hand, our own geologists must have

deemed it no small advantage thus to compare notes, directly upon the field, with one so deeply versed in European geology as Mr. Lyell. It is this freedom from sectional jealousies and local interests which makes the commonwealth of science "one and indivisible." It is this spirit which ever distinguishes the naturalist who is worthy of the name. We do, indeed, remember something of an anonymous newspaper article, in which the engagement of an eminent foreign geologist to lecture before a popular audience was seriously complained of, as a positive wrong and discouragement to native talent, and our own geologists were warned against allowing foreigners to poach on their preserves. But this narrow spirit, peculiarly ungenerous under the circumstances, is, we trust, entirely dispelled.

There is a single paragraph in Mr. Lyell's book which we strongly desire to see erased. We cannot pass by this blemish in silence, and we have no desire to render it more prominent by quotation. Yet we cannot open that page without wondering how such a piece of bad taste could have found admission. The sentence to which we refer is to be found on page 163 of the first volume. The gratuitous sneer at the "young ladies, filled with an exceeding sense of their own wickedness," is bad enough in itself; but it is unfortunately aggravated, surely without Mr. Lyell being aware of it, by the context, which almost irresistibly points its application to the families of his own friends and acquaintance.

Art. IX. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *The True Grandeur of Nations: an Oration delivered before the Authorities of the City of Boston*, July 4, 1845. By Charles Sumner. Second Edition. Boston: Published by the American Peace Society. 1845. 8vo. pp. 96.

The real subject of this discourse is more clearly indicated by the advertisement, "Published by the American Peace Society," than by its more formal and comprehensive title. It is a Peace tract, in the rhetorical dress of a popular oration. In-

deed, the choice of the title is in some measure significant of the character of the whole performance. The orator is so thoroughly absorbed by his theme, that it seems to him to embrace the entire sphere of national grandeur. It is enough to make a nation great, that it systematically avoids all war, offensive or defensive, with other powers. We grant that this may be the highest proof of national grandeur; yet it is possible that without this a nation may be great, or with it, contemptible.

It is gratifying to see, that the tone of our anniversary harangues is undergoing a radical change. From the vapid commonplaces of self-adulation, varied chiefly by the praises of ancestors, every eulogy of whom was only a more delicate compliment to the hearer who claimed the merit of their blood, we are beginning to ascend to higher and more edifying themes, — to the discussion of our duties and our dangers. Our festival of thanksgiving wears in part the garb of a fast. Many a bold and earnest call has been sounded from the rostrum, where before was heard only the voice of party hate or self-complacent patriotism. In this class of addresses the one before us deserves a high place. It is full of honest, manly, and Christian sentiment, uttered with a frank disdain of concealment or compromise. Even where our judgment halts a little, it takes our sympathies captive. After exposing in strong terms the savage character of war, its horrible consequences and its fruitlessness, the discourse passes to an examination of the influences and prejudices which have kept up so monstrous and absurd a system. It denies the necessity of war; makes no account of the practice of nations; condemns the tolerant or temporizing tone of the Church; explodes the vulgar ideas of honor; subordinates patriotism to philanthropy; and, after displaying with a most imposing and insuperable array of statistics the enormous expensiveness of a military establishment, and insisting on the utter uselessness of all national defences, advises us at once to turn our swords into ploughshares, and our spears into pruninghooks, and not to learn war any more.

We are not aware that the treatment of the subject of this oration is distinguished by great originality; nor do we suppose that the orator was ambitious of such distinction. The strength of his positions lies in their plainness. The horrors, the follies, the sacrifices of war are near the surface, and need no divining-rod to detect them. They are, however, set forth with a vigor which must leave a fresh and abiding impression on the mind of the reader. We are persuaded, that the only way to extirpate war is never to let the subject rest, but again and again to bring home to the public mind new proofs and illustrations of the great principles of universal peace, and to ring in the ears of

our rulers the solemn proclamation of their responsibility. There can be no exaggerated picture of the dark side of war, — and it has no bright side. We care not how sharply the spirit of Christ is set in contrast with the spirit of the world. Neither war, nor slavery, nor party spirit can be extinguished, till the breath of Christian life is breathed into the hearts of the people. To persuade them fully of the unchristian spirit of war is the surest way to convince them of the possibility of its extinction. Where there is a will there is a way, and war must eventually cease in the more perfect day of Christian civilization.

So far we go with the orator. But when from the symptoms of the disease he passes to the cure, and proposes at one sweep to put an end to war by abolishing its ways and means, we are somewhat startled. To bring about a radical revolution in national ethics, and digest anew the law of nations, a system which has been the work of many centuries, must be the work at least of many years. By a just law of retribution, the rubbish of old abuses remains long after the main structure has fallen down. We are not suffered to bask to our liking in the sunshine of our sins, without shivering in the night that follows. "*Nec vitia nostra nec remedia pati possumus*," might be the lamentation of many a sorrowing philanthropist of our own day.

The orator rejects the phrase "defensive wars," as absurd, on the ground, that, in the present advanced state of civilization, no nation would dare to disgrace itself by an attack on a defenceless neighbour. We hope this is true. But when we have before our eyes the invasion of Turkey by Russia, the bombardment of Acre, the expedition against Affghanistan, and the occupation of Scinde, to say nothing of the opium war in China, a little skepticism as to the probable forbearance of the same civilized powers, in the absence of all resistance, may be borne with. Nor are these cases which can be summarily dismissed with the sentence, "Let the dead Past bury its dead." How near extinction the war spirit in France is, the events of the last few years amply demonstrate. And when we see, on the least rumor of a declaration of war, thousands of volunteers crowding to our western frontier, eager less to defend their country than to have a fight, and read the pugnacious exhortations of our patriotic newspaper press, we may doubt of the safety of those nations who, content with the panoply of meekness, should throw away the more vulgar harness of brass and steel. We question if the celebrated example of William Penn, backed even by the grave authority of Mrs. Child, will be sufficient to divest of a certain paradoxical air the assertion, that "every new fortification and every additional gun in our harbour is not a

safeguard, but a source of danger to our city," because, if national defences do not exist, "there can be no aliment, no fuel for the flame" of war. We must say, we wait for more proof. The doctrine of this address does not even make an exception in the case of a conflict between a savage and a civilized state. The case is possible, and the barbarian, who is incapable of understanding the more refined expedients of negotiation, mediation, &c., may be the aggressor. How shall he be dealt with? Nor are we quite clear, that no violation of national right short of an armed assault can be so flagrant as to justify a resort to immediate force by the injured party. Whether such a war shall or shall not be styled defensive is a question of terms only. In the efficacy of a congress of nations, arbitration, or negotiation, the orator has great faith. Our hope is stronger than our faith. The nations, as yet, are far from forming a brotherhood, and we have some apprehension of an active centrifugal force. Should a single nation prove recreant, we must come to arms at last. To say that the issue of war is of all things the most doubtful, and that justice cannot be established by an appeal to brute force, disposes of the difficulty only when you have shown some better resort. The very ingenious and striking parallel drawn by the orator between national wars and the old wager of battle is the most original and effective portion of the address. But public opinion had been won over to the side of order and justice before that ancient practice was abolished; and till the public opinion of nations has become also imbued, by successful experiment and the interchange of national courtesies, with the fraternal sentiment and the love of peace, we can hardly expect a single nation to demolish its forts and arsenals. But every thing now makes for peace, and the hope of the philanthropist becomes every day more reasonable.

These few remarks have left us little room for any observations on the literary execution of Mr. Sumner's Oration. We could wish there were even less; so difficult is it to apply to this whole *genus* of anniversary addresses the ordinary canons of criticism. Our Fourth of July rhetoric is one of the most indubitable tokens of our national independence. Borrowing from the mother country the homely Anglo-Saxon phrase, and from our Gallic ally the swell and pomp of Parisian declamation, we have seasoned the mixture with enough of patriotic truculence to establish our title to the compound. According to the varying proportions of these elements, we have every shade of style from the florid to the tawdry, and from the pedestrian to the bombastic. The Juvenal of our day might forget the "*Augusti recitantes mense poetas*," though we are not quite sinless in

that matter, in the more heinous offences of an earlier month. The address before us, free as it is from the nauseous fustian of its race, is somewhat infected with the license of the season. There is abundant evidence of the ability of the author to distinguish himself as a rhetorician and orator. There are glowing passages in this address, which thrill the very soul. There is here and there a pomp of language, a procession of gorgeous periods, that hurries the reader irresistibly and willingly along. But these spots are interspersed and intersected by veins and seams of quite another ore. We are sometimes surprised and disappointed by a prosaic dash in the very midst of an eloquent paragraph, and occasionally bewildered by a chaotic confusion of metaphors. It would be ungrateful and unfair to ransack a popular oration for instances of bad taste and faulty expression. And yet, where a performance bears ample marks of supplementary additions, we could wish that the author's privilege of retrenchment had also been more liberally exercised. This allusion to Ziska's skin is absolutely revolting: — "God forbid that his [Washington's] sacred character should be profanely stretched, like the skin of John Ziska, on a militia drum to arouse the martial ardor of the American people." Nor is this comparison of man to the lion in Paradise, with the quotation annexed, quite to our liking: — "History shows the sure progress of man, like the lion in Paradise 'still pawing to get free his hinder parts,' but certain, if he be true to his nature, to emancipate himself from the restraints of earth." The very confines of courtesy are reached in the phrase, "Respectable citizens volunteer to look like soldiers," considering the circumstances of the occasion. We must also call the author's attention to the incongruity of the several kinds of physical elevation and moral grandeur that are huddled together in the following passage: — "As the cedars of Lebanon are higher than the grass of the valley; as the heavens are higher than the earth; as man is higher than the beasts of the field; as the angels are higher than man; as he that ruleth his spirit is higher than he that taketh a city; so are the virtues and victories of Peace higher than the virtues and victories of War." Once more, we cannot conceive how, in his description of the massacre of the Roman senators by the Gauls, the author could have tortured Livy's *in vestibulis ædium* into "in a temple."

But we gladly abandon the invidious work of verbal criticism. We have but a word to say on the general structure of this address. That it should be somewhat amphibious in its nature is not surprising. By the necessity of the case, it is a cross between an oration and an essay; and logic and rhetoric cannot

but be at loggerheads here and there. This is the author's misfortune. But we think he exceeds his privilege. After the text had been distended to its utmost capacity by allusion and quotation, the overflowing fragments are with a somewhat too scrupulous care caught, as in a bowl, in the notes below. The array of authors cited and characterized is oppressive. The page is so overloaded with them, that it absolutely reels and staggers. But these blemishes are but specks; and we gladly take leave of the orator with the honest hope, that we may often hear his free and fearless voice in the defence of struggling truth, and in the assault upon established errors.

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2. — *Report of the Committee appointed to make the Annual Examination of the Grammar Schools in the City of Boston.* 1845. 8vo. pp. 147.

By the rules of the Boston School Committee, two sub-committees, of three persons each, are annually appointed in the month of May to conduct a general examination of these schools. One of these committees examines the schools in the grammar department, and the other examines them in the writing department. Formerly, these committees examined all the classes in the schools; but as the increasing number of schools and of scholars made this duty very arduous, it was provided a few years ago, that they should limit their examination to the pupils of the first class.

As is the case in every department of human life, the duties of these several annual examining committees have been discharged with various degrees of thoroughness and ability, according to the capacity, leisure, and conscientiousness of the members composing them. As a general rule, however, the examinations have been superficial, or, at least, not thorough and searching; and this not from want of good-will or a sense of duty on the part of the committees, but partly from inexperience and partly from want of time; the members of the school committee being generally persons engaged in the duties of active life, who had not the leisure requisite to bring so many large schools to any thing like a decisive test of their merits. This year, the duty of examining the schools in the grammar department was committed to singularly competent hands. The members of the committee were Mr. Theophilus Parsons, who, by his great activity of mind and widely varied attainments, does honor to an honored

name, to Dr. Howe, the world-renowned philanthropist and principal of the Blind Asylum, a living proof of the truth that the man who has the most to do has also the most leisure, and to the Rev. Mr. Neale, a highly estimable and intelligent clergyman of the Baptist persuasion.

These gentlemen addressed themselves to their duties with a generous spirit of self-sacrifice which deserves all praise. They entered upon them zealously, and continued in them perseveringly. They brought to their task the two great qualifications of experience and industry. Feeling that the results of mere oral examination must always be to some extent unsatisfactory, they resolved upon a more rigorous and searching test. They submitted to the scholars sets of printed questions upon all the subjects studied in the schools. Fifteen schools declined to be questioned upon astronomy, six upon natural philosophy, and two upon history; all were examined in geography, English grammar, and definitions. To these printed questions the scholars were required to furnish written answers, one hour being allowed to each set of questions, and the scholars placed apart, so as to prevent mutual assistance, and not being allowed to have access to books or maps.

The pamphlet before us contains the results of the examination, and the remarks of the committee upon these results and the condition of the schools revealed by them, with suggestions for changes and improvements. The Report alone comprises forty-nine pages. The remaining pages are devoted to an appendix, containing the various tables referred to in the Report, which are very elaborately and carefully prepared.

The first thing which strikes us in this Report is the astonishing amount of labor which it shows the committee to have gone through with. Besides the Report itself, which is a carefully prepared document, there are nearly a hundred pages of tables, which would alone, apparently, have been as much as the committee could have been expected to do, with all the assistance of intelligent clerks, in the space of three months. The quality of the work, too, deserves commendation no less than the quantity. In the preparation of this Report, a gratuitous and perhaps a thankless labor, the committee have expended no small quantity of severe intellectual toil; of such as usually goes to the composition of grave books, written for bread or fame. When we add to the labor of preparing the Report, that of the examinations themselves, and remember that all has been done since last May, and that none of the committee are men of leisure, we can only explain the results by supposing that they have discovered some short-hand method of working, which bears the

same proportion to common toils and efforts, that logarithms do to the cumbrous processes which they superseded. Their labors are certainly a great encouragement to all the bees, and a severe rebuke to all the drones, in the world's great hive.

The results of the examination are unquestionably not creditable to the Boston schools, and are not commensurate with the high reputation which they have enjoyed. Our limits will not permit us to go into details, or to cull from the appendix any of the many startling and ludicrous errors which it presents, in the answers therein recorded. We earnestly commend the whole document alike to the friends of education everywhere, and to the people of Boston in particular, who have a right to a faithful account of the large sums devoted to the support of those schools which have so long been their pride and boast. The following general results, which we copy from the Report, are sufficiently significant; but they make but a faint impression, compared with the actual answers set down in the appendix.

"The whole number of pupils present in the Schools on the days when we examined, was 7,526; the whole number offered for examination, — a number comprising the flower of the Boston Public Schools, — was 530; their average age is about thirteen years, six months.* The whole number of questions put to them

In Geography, — was	31
Definitions,	28
Grammar,	14
History,	30
Natural Philosophy,	20
Astronomy,	31
Making a total of 154 questions.	154

To these there should have been 57,873 answers, if each scholar had been able to answer; but there were only 31,159, of which only 17,216 were correct in sense, leaving unanswered 26,714. The 31,159 answers contained 2,801 errors in grammar; 3,733 errors in spelling; and 35,947 errors in punctuation." — pp. 7, 8.

In order to obtain a comparative view of the Boston schools, the committee extended their examination into some of the schools in the neighbouring towns; but they include only the Dudley school in Roxbury among their returns, feeling a conviction, that, in that school, neither master nor scholars knew any thing beforehand of their questions, while in the others there was room for doubt. As if by way of special rebuke to the pride which Boston feels in her public schools, it appears, that, in the general summing up of the relative merits of all the schools examined,

* In the Girls' Schools, the average age of the scholars examined is about 14 years.

the Dudley school takes precedence of all the Boston schools, and that all of the latter, with one exception, fall very considerably short of it.

Upon the condition of the Boston schools, as revealed by this examination, the committee have much to say in their Report, and many improvements to suggest. Here, too, we cannot follow them minutely or in detail, without expanding a short notice into a long article, but must content ourselves with remarking upon one or two points.

The committee recommend a change in the organization of the schools. They would have them under the charge of one head master instead of two, and would increase the number of female teachers, advancing the standard of qualifications by enlarging their salaries. They recommend, also, the appointment of a school commissioner or superintendent, who shall be a permanent officer, with a competent salary. Here, too, we are emphatically with them. The arguments which they employ in favor of the appointment of this officer are unanswerable, and commend themselves to the good sense of every one who knows any thing about the operation of bodies constituted like the Boston school committee. The vigilant combination of a body of teachers is ever an overmatch for the sleepy wisdom of a board, which meets regularly but once a quarter, and is composed of persons, most of whom have their time and thoughts engrossed by their own affairs. The essential weight of these arguments is also enforced by the good results which have followed the appointment of such an officer in other places.

We have been pleased with the remarks on corporal punishment contained in the Report. They are well conceived and well expressed, and put the whole subject upon its true ground. They flow from an enlightened and humane spirit, restrained by knowledge and experience from running into visionary extremes. We commend them to the careful consideration of all teachers, especially those in the Boston schools, where (we speak advisedly) the rod has been heretofore far too much used, as a moving and restraining power. We give, too, our hearty and admiring assent to the observations upon the moral requisites and duties of the teacher.

A bold and uncompromising Report of this kind, as might be expected, has met with some opposition. Its conclusions have been assailed with vehemence, and even the motives of the committee have been impugned. Forming our judgment from a considerable knowledge of the schools and from an examination of the Report itself, we do not hesitate to say that nothing can be more unwarrantable than such charges. We do not find a line

flowing from a previous prejudice against the schools, but, on the contrary, everywhere the evidence of a deep interest in them, a just appreciation of what is praiseworthy in them, and an earnest desire to make them better. We think, too, that no candid person, who is well acquainted with the schools, will dissent from its conclusions. We honor the members of the committee for the thoroughness and fidelity with which they have discharged their trust. We thank them for the valuable contribution which they have made to the cause of education. We hope that their Report, and the discussions it has provoked, will lead the people of Boston to look more carefully after their schools than they have heretofore done, and bring a more powerful public opinion to bear upon their management. If they fall upon evil tongues, they must console themselves with the reflection, that the abuse which a reformer encounters is exactly in proportion to the need of a reformation.

New Publications Received.

The Miscellaneous Works of Thomas Arnold, D. D., late Head Master of Rugby School, and Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. First American Edition, with nine Additional Essays not included in the English Collection. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1845. 8vo. pp. 519.

Introductory Lectures on Modern History, delivered in Lent Term, 1842, with the Inaugural Lecture. By Thomas Arnold, D. D. Edited from the second London Edition, with a Preface and Notes. By Henry Reed, M. A., Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1845. 12mo. pp. 428.

A Commentary on the Apocalypse. By Moses Stuart, Professor of Sacred Literature in the Theological Seminary at Andover, Mass. Andover: Allen, Morrill, and Wardwell. 1845. 2 vols. 8vo.

Memoirs of the American Academy: The Latitude of the Cambridge Observatory, in Massachusetts, determined from Transits of Stars over the Prime Vertical, observed during the Months of December, 1844, and January, 1845, by William C. Bond, Major James D. Graham, and George P. Bond. By Benjamin Peirce, Perkins Professor of Astronomy and Mathematics in Harvard University. 1845. 4to. pp. 18.

Elementary Grammar of the Latin Language, with a Series of Latin and English Exercises, and the requisite Vocabularies. By Dr.

Raphael Kühner. Translated from the German by J. T. Champlin, Professor of Greek and Latin in Waterville College. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1845. 12mo. pp. 383.

Elements of Logic, together with an Introductory View of Philosophy in General, and a Preliminary View of the Reason. By Henry P. Tappan. New York and London. Wiley & Putnam. 1844. 12mo. pp. 461.

Festus, a Poem. By Philip James Bailey, Barrister at Law. First American Edition. Boston: B. B. Mussey. 1845. 12mo. pp. 416.

A Grammar of the Italian Language, compiled by the Rev. Don Antonio Boschi. Second Edition, with Additions. Florence: Printed for the Author. 1843. 12mo. pp. 224.

The Essays of Elia. By Charles Lamb. First Series. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1845. 12mo. pp. 193.

An Elementary Treatise on Astronomy, in Four Parts, containing an Exposition of the Theory and the more important Practical Problems, with Solar, Lunar, and other Astronomical Tables. Designed for Use as a Text Book in Colleges and the higher Academies. By William A. Norton, A. M., Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Delaware College. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1845. 8vo. pp. 478.

My Uncle Hobson and I; or, Slashes at Life with a Free Broad-Axe. By Pascal Jones. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1845. 12mo. pp. 268.

The History of Oregon and California, and the other Territories of the Northwest Coast of North America; accompanied by a Geological View and Map of those Countries. By Robert Greenhow, Translator and Librarian to the Department of State. Second Edition, revised, corrected, and enlarged. Boston: Little & Brown. 1845. 8vo. pp. 492.

Hercules Furens, a Tragedy of Seneca. Edited by Charles Beck, Professor of Latin in Harvard University. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1845. 16mo. pp. 94.

The Indicator; a Miscellany for the Fields and the Fireside. By Leigh Hunt. Part I. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1845. 12mo. pp. 237.

Essays on Human Rights and their Political Guaranties. By E. P. Hurlbut, Counsellor at Law in New York. New York: Greeley & McElrath. 1845. 12mo. pp. 219.

The Unconstitutionality of Slavery. By Lysander Spooner. Boston: Bela Marsh. 1845. 8vo. pp. 156.

Tales from the German of Heinrich Zschökke. By Parke Godwin. Part I. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1845. 12mo. pp. 214.

The Southern Literary Messenger, devoted to every Department of Literature and the Fine Arts. Vol. X. Richmond: B. B. Minor, Editor and Proprietor. 1844. 8vo. pp. 764.

Rudimental Lessons in Music, containing Primary Instruction for all Beginners in the Art, whether Vocal or Instrumental. By James F. Warner. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1845. 18mo. pp. 240.

Memoranda of a Residence at the Court of London, comprising

Incidents Official and Personal, from 1819 to 1825; including Negotiations on the Oregon Question, &c. By Richard Rush. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1845. 8vo. pp. 640.

A Dictionary of the English Language, containing the Pronunciation, Etymology, and Explanation of all Words authorized by eminent Writers. By Alexander Reid, A. M. With an Introduction by Henry Reed, Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1845. 12mo. pp. 564.

Sparks's American Biography. Vol. XVI. Lives of Ezra Stiles, by James L. Kingsley, LL. D; of John Fitch, by Charles Whittlesey; and of Anne Hutchinson, by George E. Ellis. Boston: Little & Brown. 1845. 12mo. pp. 376.

Manual of Astronomy: a Popular Treatise on Theoretical, Descriptive, and Practical Astronomy. By John Drew, Author of Chronological Charts. London: Darton & Co. 1845. 18mo. pp. 344.

An Essay on Compound and Complicated Fractures, being the Annual Address before the Massachusetts Medical Society, May 28, 1845. By William J. Walker, M. D. Boston: Crocker & Brewster. 1845. 8vo. pp. 101.

A Discourse on the Life and Character of the late Hon. Leverett Saltonstall, delivered in Salem, Mass., May 18, 1845. By John Brazer, D. D. Printed by Request, — not published. Salem. 1845. 8vo. pp. 52.

Our Country, its Dangers and Destiny: an Address delivered before the Cadets of the Norwich University, August 20, 1840. Theophilus Fisk. Washington, D. C. 1845. 8vo. pp. 16.

The True and Spurious Churches Contrasted. By Adiel Sherwood, D. D. Philadelphia: King & Baird. 1845. 12mo. pp. 35.

An Examination of Hume's Argument on the Subject of Miracles. By A. H. Lawrence. Washington. 1845. 12mo. pp. 20.

The Boston Musical Review. Edited by G. W. Peck, Esq. Vol. I., No. I. Boston: Otis, Broaders, & Co. 1845. 8vo. pp. 22.

The Florentine Histories, by Niccolò Machiavelli, Secretary of State to the Florentine Republic. Translated by C. Edwards Lester, U. S. Consul at Genoa. New York: Paine & Burgess. 1845. 2 vols. 12mo.

Ettore Fieramosca, or the Challenge of Barletta; a Historical Romance of the Times of the Medici. By Massimo D'Azeglio. Translated from the Italian, by C. Edwards Lester. New York: Paine & Burgess. 1845. 12mo. pp. 274.

The Glory and the Shame of England. By C. Edwards Lester. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1845. 2 vols. 12mo.

The Condition and Fate of England. By the author of "The Glory and the Shame of England." Second Edition. New York: Henry G. Langley. 1845. 2 vols. 12mo.

Anti-Supernaturalism: a Sermon preached before the Senior Class of the Divinity School in Harvard University, July 13, 1845. By Andrew P. Peabody, Pastor of the South Church, Portsmouth, N. H. Cambridge: John Owen. 1845. 8vo. pp. 26.

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